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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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GEORGIANA LENNOX AFTERWARDS COUNTESS BATHURST.
(From an engraving at Swallowfield by Bartolozzi, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.)

The ROSE GODDESS *and*
OTHER SKETCHES OF
MYSTERY & ROMANCE

BY

LADY RUSSELL

AUTHOR OF "THREE GENERATIONS OF FASCINATING WOMEN"
"SWALLOWFIELD AND ITS OWNERS"

*WITH 28 COLLOTYPE PLATES AND
22 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
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THE writer has been guided in the selection of the subjects for these sketches not always by the intrinsic interest of the stories themselves, but by the fact that in each of them, one or more of the characters are either nearly or remotely connected with her family, so that although several of them are old stories re-told, she has been enabled from private sources to add some intimate particulars.

Many of the illustrations are not generally known to the public, and are produced in this form for the first time.

CONSTANCE RUSSELL.

SWALLOWFIELD PARK,
READING.

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THE ROSE GODDESS, OR THE PHILOSOPHER'S LOVE

Made immortal by a kiss.—CARLYLE.

FOR many years there hung on the walls of Swallowfield a beautiful large oil painting by Chinnery, R.A., of two Eastern children, a boy and girl, life size, in Indian dress, descending a broad marble staircase. The colouring was rich, the whole picture very pleasing and highly decorative, and Sir Henry Russell and his family valued it extremely. In an evil day for them, a lady from Devonshire, Mrs. Phillipps by name, who was paying a visit in the neighbourhood,¹ came over to Swallowfield, and asked to see this picture. Being shown it she was much affected and shed floods of tears, for she was the little girl portrayed by Chinnery. The boy was her brother, who was dead, and the staircase was the entrance to her beautiful home in India, which she had never seen since she was a child. Sir Henry was so touched that he said the picture should be hers, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of his family he left it to her in his will, and at his death, in 1852, it was sent to Mrs. Phillipps in Devonshire, where it still is in the house of one of her descendants. There remains at Swallowfield only an autotype taken from the picture, which gives no idea of the

¹ Mrs. Phillipps was staying with Mrs. Clive at Barkham Manor in the summer of 1846.

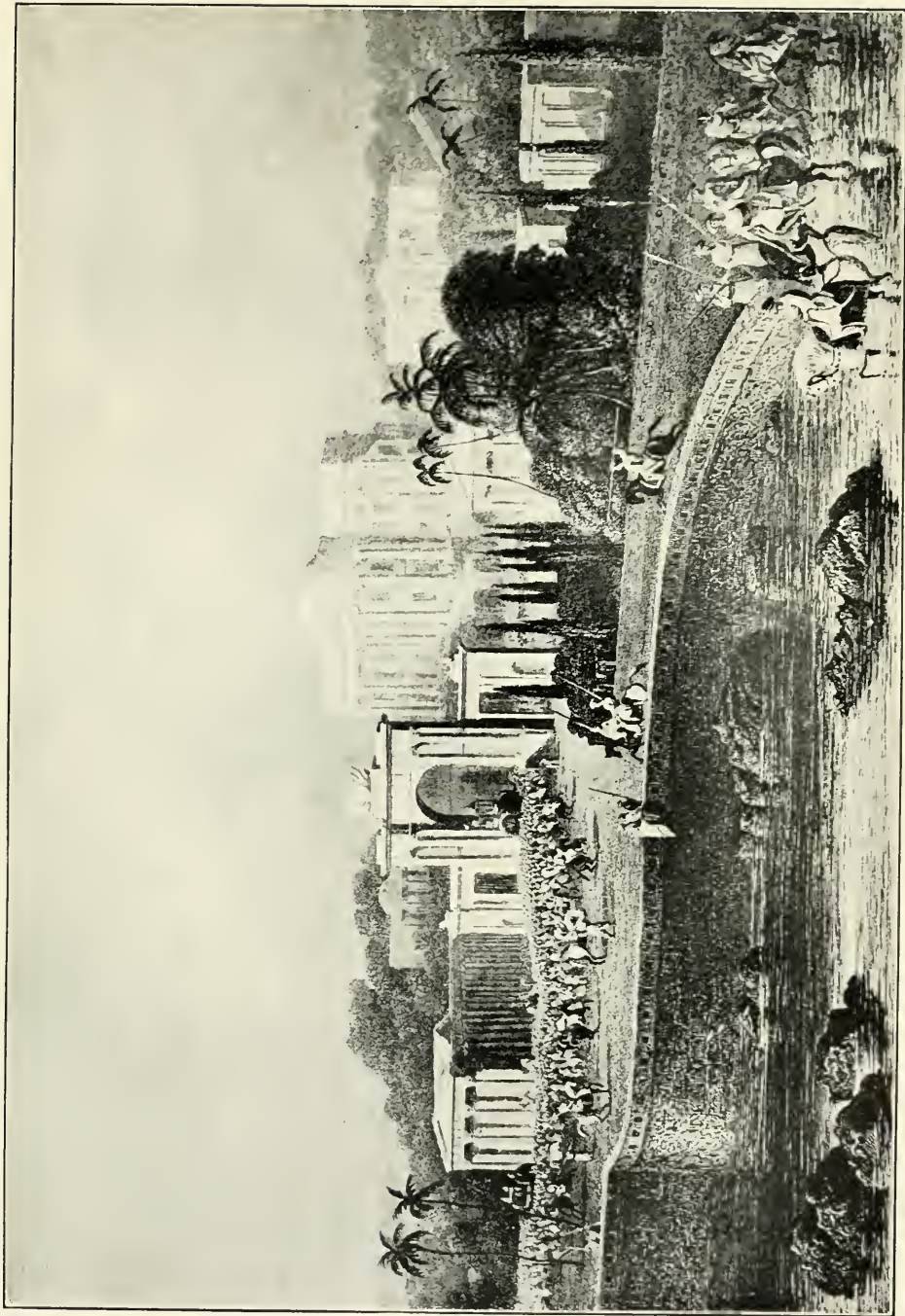
The Rose Goddess

charm of the original, so much of which was dependent on its colouring. The little boy, one can see, was handsome, but it is difficult to realise that the somewhat puffy-faced little girl, as reproduced in the autotype, should have developed into the beauty immortalised by Carlyle as his "Rose Goddess" and the "Blumine" of *Sartor Resartus*—yet such was the case.

The history of the picture is associated with an Eastern romance. In 1761 Colonel James Kirkpatrick, a cadet of the ancient family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who was a cavalry leader of experience in the Madras army, married at Fort St. George, Katharine, daughter of Andrew Monro, Esq. They returned to England in 1779 and settled at Holydale,¹ Keston, near Bromley, in Kent, bringing with them their three little sons, all of whom were destined to make their mark in Indian history. But it is in the eldest, James Achilles Kirkpatrick, that we are specially interested. Born in 1764, he became a most brilliant soldier, and was known in India by the name of "Husherratt Jung," or the "Glory of Battle." He was equally eminent as an able administrator, and in 1797 he replaced his brother William (who was invalided home) as Resident at the court of Hyderabad, with an income of £20,000 a year. During the nine years that he held this post, he successfully conducted many important negotiations and rendered valuable services to the Government under Lord Wellesley. He brought Akbar Ally Khan, the Nizam² of Hyderabad, into alliance with the British power; and this potentate built for him the beautiful palace which has ever since been called the Residency. It was erected by an English engineer, and is a magnificent building,

¹ Holydale was sold by Colonel Kirkpatrick to Lord Derby.

² "The Nizam" was a title introduced and only used by Europeans. His own subjects called him "The Nabob," and his official designation was "Soubadar of the Deckan."



THE RESIDENCY AT HYDERABAD.

From a Water-colour Drawing at Swallongfield.

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with a staircase which was then the finest in India. The Residency stands in the midst of ornamental gardens, and communicates with the Nizam's palace by a bridge of eight arches of granite. The Prime Minister, Meer Allum, who had represented the Nizam with the British Government, was of Persian blood ; born at Aurangabad, he was a Barmecide, or Saiad—that is to say, a descendant of Mahomet—and possessed extraordinary talent.¹ He had a great-niece, the granddaughter of his brother, Akil ood Dowlah, and the daughter of the Begum Shurf oon Nissa,² who was called Khyr oon Nissa,³ and was very beautiful. Although barely fourteen years of age, she fell desperately in love with the handsome Colonel, and told him so. Her first medium of communication was an old woman, who called on the Resident no less than three times to tell him of the young Begum's favourable feelings towards himself, and three times did Colonel Kirkpatrick send her away without any words that were gratifying to her young mistress. Then one evening, when he was sitting alone, the door opened behind him, and a thickly-veiled figure glided in, and coming before him rapidly unveiled and disclosed the beauteous form and face of Khyr oon Nissa.

In a letter to his brother, to whom he confided everything,

¹ Mr. Russell, the Resident at Hyderabad, says : "Of all the natives I ever knew, Meer Allum had an understanding the most nearly approaching to the vigour and comprehension of European minds. He was unquestionably a man of great talents for public business. His income amounted on an average to Rs. 1,718,344 per annum, paid by a commission on the revenues."

² Shurf oon Nissa means "the noblest of women."

³ Khyr oon Nissa (also written Khair oon Nissa) means "the best of women." Sir Henry Russell said that, unlike as the two may look in writing, there is very little difference in pronunciation between Khyr oon Nissa and the Greek Charonice. Mrs. Mohun Harris, her granddaughter, has a miniature of her in an Indian dress of folded white muslin and figured red trousers. Her hair, which was auburn, was dyed black.

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Colonel Kirkpatrick thus describes the event: "I did once safely pass the fiery ordeal of a long nocturnal interview with the charming object of the present letter. It was this interview I alluded to as the one when I had a full and close survey of her lovely person: it lasted during the greater part of the night, and was evidently contrived by the grandmother and mother, whose very existence hung on hers, to indulge her uncontrollable wishes. . . . I, who was but ill qualified for the task, attempted to argue the romantic young creature out of a passion which I could not, I confess, help feeling myself something more than pity for. She declared to me again and again that her affections had been irrevocably fixed on me for a series of time, that her fate was linked to mine, and that she should be content to pass her days with me as the humblest of handmaids. These effusions you may possibly be inclined to treat as the ravings of a distempered mind, but when I have time to impart to you the whole affecting tale, you will then at least allow her actions to have accorded fully with her declarations."

A few days after this interview, Colonel Kirkpatrick received a letter asking him to go to the house where the ladies lived; which he did, and the young princess, "in melting accents," renewed her protestations, and said that if he did not take her she would be forced to marry her cousin, whom she hated. All this was in the presence of her grandmother, who added her entreaties to those of her granddaughter, and as Colonel Kirkpatrick said to his brother, he would "have been something more or less than man to have held out any longer. . . ." They were married by civil contract, according to the Mahometan law, and the Begum lived in a zenana adjoining the Residency, which the Colonel had fitted up with every luxury and embellished

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with many paintings. A portion of the grounds attached to the Residency still goes by the name of "The Begum's Garden." "This alliance," we read, "caused no little stir and scandal, and Lord Wellesley contemplated superseding the Resident in consequence; but Colonel Kirkpatrick's great public services and the importance of his personal influence at a critical period condoned his fault."

Two children were born to Colonel Kirkpatrick and his Begum wife. They were not christened at Hyderabad, but when they were about four or five years old the ceremony was performed in England, where they were sent to Colonel Kirkpatrick's father to be brought up. The boy was given the name of William George,¹ and the little girl was called "Katharine Aurora." It was shortly before their departure that Chinnery, R.A., who was then in India, painted the picture before alluded to. Colonel Kirkpatrick and the Begum went to Madras to see the last of their children, who had an English nurse, and who were also put under the charge of a Mrs. Ure (the wife of the English surgeon at Hyderabad) during the voyage, which in those days lasted six months. The poor mother had not got over the shock of parting with her children when she was called upon to meet a still greater one. Her husband went on to Calcutta, to confer with Lord Cornwallis, the Governor-General, and died there on the 15th October 1805, at the age of forty-one. He was given a public funeral, and there is a monument raised to his memory in St. John's Church, Calcutta, "erected by his afflicted father and brothers." The much-stricken Begum, who was still in her teens, thus deprived almost simultaneously of her husband and children, went back to her mother at Hyderabad. Mr. Russell (afterwards Sir Henry), who was then

¹ William George Kirkpatrick died in August 1828.

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assistant-secretary under Colonel Kirkpatrick,¹ and who shortly after became Resident himself, took much interest in the future fortunes of the beautiful young Begum. After a time, by his advice, she moved to Masulipatam, where Mr. Russell forwarded the picture of her children when Chinnery had given it the finishing touches.

The children never saw their mother again, nor did they ever return to India, though the Begum and her mother wrote pathetic appeals in the hope of inducing their guardians to send them out. Probably it was feared that, if once they went there, the call of the blood might make complications, for we know that at first the children pined for their native surroundings. They were brought up by their grandfather at Holydale, near Bromley, and after his death the girl lived with her married cousins, first with Lady Louis, and then either with Julia, Mrs. Strachey, or with Barbara (the godchild of Sir Henry Russell's wife), who married Charles Buller, their guardian.

Katharine Aurora Kirkpatrick, commonly called "Kitty," who was born in 1802, grew up into a most attractive girl, and we shall see how close a parallel there was between her story and that of "Blumine." She was of a very unusual type. "A singular dear Kitty," as Carlyle calls her, and "peculiar among all dames and damosels." It was in June 1824, at the house of his friend, the celebrated Edward Irving, that Carlyle first set eyes on her, and there can be no doubt that he was greatly struck with her appearance and attracted by her unusual personality, her lovely voice, and fascinating manners, as well as by her many amiable qualities, this attraction not being precluded by his pre-

¹ Mr. Russell was sent to Hyderabad in 1800 as assistant-secretary with a salary of £1200 a year, when he was only sixteen years of age, by Lord Mornington, who said he was the most promising young man he knew.

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occupation with Miss Jane Welsh. This is how he alludes to his first meeting with Miss Kirkpatrick: "Entry of a strangely complexioned young lady, with soft brown eyes and floods of bronze-red hair,¹ a pretty-looking, smiling, and amiable, though most proper, bit of magnificence and kindly splendour whom they welcomed by the name of 'dear Kitty'—a very singular dear Kitty who seemed bashful withal." In the chapter of *Sartor* entitled "Romance," Carlyle obviously describes the same incident: "He finds himself presented to the party and especially by name to—Blumine. Peculiar among all dames and damosels glanced Blumine there in her modesty like a star among earthly lights."² For nearly two years before this meeting Carlyle had constantly heard her mentioned, and her praises sung, not only by the Edward Irvings, on whom she lavished kindnesses, but by her cousins in whose family he lived. "Blumine was a name well-known to him; far and wide was the fair one heard of."

In the spring of 1822, when the struggling and unknown young philosopher was twenty-five years of age, he had obtained, through the recommendation of Edward Irving, the post of tutor to Miss Kirkpatrick's cousins, the three young sons of Charles Buller, her guardian, with a salary of £200 a year, which was a god-send to him in those days; but in June 1824 he gave up tutoring and went as a guest to the Irvings' house at Pentonville.

¹ Her hair was a very uncommon colour and unlike that of any European. She herself said it was supposed to be peculiar to the Persian royal family from which her mother sprung: the latter had the same coloured hair but stained it black. Miss Kirkpatrick's hair, which was naturally curly and wavy, was of a deep auburn colour, and when she was young it gleamed in the sun with a bright metallic lustre.

² Carlyle several times applies the term of modesty, in the sense of bashfulness, to "Blumine" and to Kitty. This quality was always a leading characteristic of Miss Kirkpatrick's, and certainly Miss Welsh's greatest admirers could not say it was one of hers!

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On his arrival there he was greeted with praises of Miss Kirkpatrick, for she had just overwhelmed them with gratitude and delight. When Irving took No. 7 Myddelton Terrace, he was too poor to furnish his drawing-room, and on the first occasion of a temporary absence of himself and his wife, Kitty spent £500 on fitting it up and adding some extra comforts to the somewhat barren house. No wonder that there was much talk about her! Soon Carlyle saw her again in the flesh; this was at Goodenough House, the Stracheys' country-house at Shooter's Hill, a pretty little place, famed for its roses—their variety and their abundance. A fit setting for the Rose Goddess, and where Carlyle saw “the effulgent vision of dear Kitty among the roses and almost buried under them.” Writing long after of her appearance at this date, he says:—

“Kitty was charming in her beautiful Begum sort, had wealth abundant and might perhaps have been charmed none knows. She had one of the prettiest smiles—a visible sense of humour—the slight merry curl of the upper lip (left side only), the carriage of her head and eyes on such occasions, the quaint little things she said in that kind, and her low-toned, hearty laugh were noticeable. This was perhaps her most spiritual quality; of developed intellect she had not much though not wanting in discernment: amiable, affectionate, graceful, not slim enough for the title pretty, not tall enough for beautiful, and something low-voiced languidly harmonious, loved perfumes, &c., a half Begum, in short an interesting specimen of the semi-oriental Englishwoman.”

To his father Carlyle wrote about Kitty in a more prosaic strain:—

“The young Miss Kirkpatrick, with whom I was already acquainted, is a very pleasant, meritorious person—one of the

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kindest and most modest I have ever seen. Though handsome and young, and sole mistress of £50,000,¹ she is meek and unassuming as a little child; she laughs in secret at the awkward extravagance of the Orator (Ed. Irving), yet she loves him as a good man, and busies herself with nothing so much as discharging the duties of hospitality to us all."

One cannot help thinking that Carlyle may then have had airy visions of a time when possibly Kitty might be something more to him than an unattainable star, and that he purposely painted her to his homely parents in the light that would most appeal to them—dilating upon her kindness, her modesty, her housekeeping qualities, and—her £50,000!

During the autumn of 1824 Miss Kirkpatrick and Carlyle were much thrown together. She and the Stracheys rented a house at Dover,² and thither came the Edward Irvings and the Philosopher, and then we hear of wanderings on the beach "in threes or twos," and Carlyle tells us they had readings in the evening of Phineas Fletcher's³ "Purple Island," "over which Irving strove to be solemn and Kitty and I rather not, throwing in now and then a little spice of laughter and quiz." To Miss Welsh Carlyle wrote about this visit, and in his letter says: "This Kitty is a *singular* and very pleasing creature, a little black-eyed, auburn-haired brunette, full of kindness and humour, and who never, I believe, was angry at any creature for a moment in her life;" and "she is meek and modest as a quakeress."

Miss Welsh evidently did not like Carlyle's encomiums

¹ Her guardians had the whole control of her money till she was twenty-one.

² The house was in Liverpool Terrace.

³ Phineas Fletcher, a disciple of Spenser, born in 1584. His brother Giles, equally a poet, wrote a poem on "Paradise Regained," which suggested the subject to Milton, who borrowed many hints from it.

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on the Rose Goddess, and in her answer to him writes in a sneering tone :—

“I congratulate you on your present situation. With such a picture of domestic felicity before your eyes, and this ‘singular and very pleasing creature’ to charm away the blue-devils, you can hardly fail to be as happy as the day is long. Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick—Lord, what an ugly name! Good Kitty! oh, pretty, dear, delightful Kitty! I am not a bit jealous of her, not I indeed!—Hindoo Princess tho’ she be! Only you may as well never let me hear you mention her name again.”

That she was jealous of Kitty is self-evident, and Carlyle’s praises long rankled in her mind. Two years later, in February 1826, she quotes them again thus :—

“There is Catharine Aurora Kirkpatrick, for instance, who has £50,000 and a princely lineage, and ‘never was out of humour in her life’; with such ‘a singularly pleasing creature’ and so much fine gold you could hardly fail to find yourself admirably well off.”

During this visit of Carlyle’s to Dover, a trip to Paris was proposed and instantly decided on. The party consisted of Mr. Strachey, Miss Kirkpatrick, and Carlyle, and Miss Kirkpatrick took her maid. Froude tells us a travelling carriage (which was Miss Kirkpatrick’s) was sent across the Channel, post-horses were always ready on the Dover road, and Carlyle was now to be among the scenes so long familiar to him as names. They went by Montreuil, Abbeville, Nampont, with Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey” as a guide-book. Carlyle sat usually outside, “fair Kitty sometimes sitting,” he says, “by me on the hindward seat.” Carlyle coming on Paris fresh with a mind like wax to receive impressions, yet tenacious as steel in preserving them, carried off recollections from his twelve days’

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sojourn in the French capital which never left him, and served him well in after years when he came to write about the Revolution. Froude goes on to say that his expedition had created no small excitement at his Scottish home. The old people had grown up under the traditions of the war. For a son of theirs to go abroad at all was almost miraculous. When they heard that he had gone to Paris, "all the stoutness of their hearts was required to bear it."

When they returned to England, Mr. Strachey and Miss Kirkpatrick stopped at Shooter's Hill, and Carlyle went to Islington, where he took lodgings near Irving. Whilst here he continued constantly to meet Kitty, both at Shooter's Hill and in Fitzroy Square, where the Stracheys had their town house. And "now that the Rose Goddess sits in the same circle with him, the light of her eyes has smiled on him, if he speaks she will hear it. Nay, who knows, since the heavenly sun looks into the lowest valleys, but Blumine herself might have noted the so unnotable. . . . Was the attraction, the agitation mutual then? . . . He ventured to address her, she answered with attention; nay what if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice.¹ What if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush! . . . the hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy, the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass. . . . At parting the Blumine's hand was in his: in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not angrily withdrawn. Day after day, in town, they met again: like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago and he was yet in all darkness. . . . And now, O

¹ Miss Kirkpatrick's voice was remarkable for its sweet melodious tone, which certainly could not be said of Miss Welsh's.

The Rose Goddess

now ! she looks on thee . . . in free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of music.¹ Such was the element they now lived in : in such a many-tinted radiant aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers² must our friend be blandished. Fairest Blumine ! And even as a star, all fire and humid softness, a very Light-ray incarnate. Was she not to him in very deed a Morning Star. As from Æolian harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy rest. Pale doubt fled away to the distance ; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. . . . If he loved his disenchantress—Ach Gott ! His whole heart and soul were hers. . . . Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state ; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. . . . We glance merely at the final scene. One morning he found his Morning Star all dimmed and dusky-red ; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning Star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned ! She said in a tremulous voice they were to meet no more. We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him ; and hasten to the catastrophe. 'Farewell, then, Madam !' said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes ; in wild audacity he clasped her

¹ The Stracheys constantly had musical parties.

² It is surely a little far-fetched to say that the fairest of Orient Light-bringers is "a poetical expression" describing Jane Welsh, because Haddington was *east* of Edinburgh !

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to his bosom, their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one—for the first time, and for the last! Thus was he made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul as rose the immeasurable crash of Doom.”

Carlyle thought that Mrs. Strachey, whom he calls “the dearest friend I anywhere had in the world,” encouraged his flirtation, and he wrote in his journal: “Mrs. Strachey took to me from the first, nor ever swerved. It strikes me now more than it then did she silently would have liked to see ‘Dear Kitty’ and myself together and to continue near her both of us through life—the good kind soul.” Carlyle was alluding to another of the family when he talks of “the Duenna Cousin, in whose meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy the religion of young hearts was from the first faintly approved of.” Probably Mrs. Buller, Kitty’s cousin, and the wife of her guardian.¹ It was not to be wondered at that those to whose guardianship their rich and beautiful young cousin had been confided, should wish to discourage any possibility of her allying herself with the *ci-devant* tutor, a man of lowly birth and very precarious means, however much they liked him personally and appreciated his genius. Even Carlyle himself says: “What figure at that period was a ‘Mrs.’ Teufelsdröckh [the name by which he called himself] likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound gig, or even a simple iron spring one?”² Pshaw!

¹ Describing Mrs. Strachey, Carlyle says: “She is as unlike Mrs. Buller as pure gold is to gilt copper; she is an earnest, determined, warm-hearted religious matron, while the other is but a fluttering patroness of routs and balls.” In *Sartor* he talks of Mrs. Strachey as the *Gnädige Frau* who, as an ornamental artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtations.

² The famous answer in Thurtell’s trial, when a witness was asked why he called a man respectable, “He kept a gig,” so tickled Carlyle’s fancy, that ever after he talked of “a gigman” and “gigmanity” to denote the world’s estimate of respectability.

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*the divine Blumine, when she resigned herself to wed some other,*¹ shows more philosophy than thou, a pretended man."

Thus ended this romantic episode of Carlyle's early life. To quote his own words, "he loved once not wisely but too well, and once only."

Mrs. Mercer, *née* Elizabeth Ord, a connection of Kitty's, who was one of her most intimate friends, was staying with her at Warberry many years after, and gives us the following interesting recollection: "Kitty was arranging books in the library, when she turned to me and said, 'Lizzie, have you ever read *Sartor Resartus*?' No, I had not. 'Well, get it and read the "Romance." I am the heroine, and every word of it is true. He was then tutor to my cousin, Charles Buller, and had made no name for himself, so of course I was told that any such an idea could not be thought of for a moment. What could I do with every one against it? Now any one might be proud to be his wife.'" Mrs. Mercer goes on to say: "How Mr. Froude and other writers could ever have imagined that 'Blumine' represented any woman but herself puzzles me. Froude says it referred to Margaret Gordon, and others have insisted to Carlyle's own wife; but the description in the 'Romance' was so strictly true that by no possibility could it apply to any one else. . . . A blooming, warm, earth angel, more enchanting than your mere white angels of women.'" Her cousin, Sir George Strachey, says: "That 'Blumine' personified Miss Kirkpatrick has always passed in the family for a certainty, requiring no more discussion than the belief that Nelson stands on the column in Trafalgar Square."

Carlyle left London in March 1825, but, as he says, "if his sudden bereavement in this matter of the Flower Goddess is

¹ How could this apply to Jane Welsh!

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talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby; but rather is compressed closer! For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial; but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs to again; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it, for a Teufelsdröckh will not love a second time.¹ Singular Diogenes! no sooner has that heartrending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural of which there is nothing more to be said. . . . What things soever passed in him—what ravings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of silence. . . . The first mad paroxysm past our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies and buttoned himself together; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the journals, only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes glancing one knew not with tear-dew or with fierce fire, might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within." The climax came when in the course of his wanderings, "the silence was broken by a sound of carriage wheels, and emerging from the northward came a gay Barouche and four; it was open; servants, postilion wore wedding-favours; that happy pair, then, had found each other; it was their marriage evening! Few moments brought

¹ Froude says: "Carlyle admired Miss Welsh, his future wife, loved her in a certain sense; but like her he was not in love. Her mind and temper suited him, he had allowed her image to intertwine itself with all his thoughts and emotions, but with love his feeling for her had nothing in common but the name." In 1827 Carlyle wrote: "Surely *I shall learn at length* to prize the pearl of great price which God has given to me unworthy."

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them near. Du Himmel! It was Herr Towgood and Blumine. With slight unrecognising salutation they passed me, plunged down amid the neighbouring thickets, onwards to Heaven and to England, and I, in my friend Richter's words, 'I remained alone behind them with the night.'"

Kitty Kirkpatrick married Captain James Winsloe-Phillipps, an officer of the 7th Hussars, Lord Anglesey's crack regiment. He was extremely handsome, and Carlyle describes him as "a man of fine presence and unusual charm of personality." The dyspeptic philosopher applied the term of "Towgood" (Tough-gut) to him and others of his set as a generic name for men of sound digestion, often as he thought with more health and good looks than brains.

Kitty's mother was now dead, but her maternal grandmother, Shurf oon Nissa, was still alive; and Kitty wrote to her after she was married to acquaint her with the fact, and sent a picture of herself. She received in return, through Sir Henry Russell, a most affectionate letter in the high-flown and poetic language of her country. It was written in fine Persian writing, on paper sprinkled with gold-leaf, and enclosed in a bag of cloth of gold. In it she says: "My child, the light of mine eyes, the solace of my heart, may God grant her long life; after offering up my prayers that her days may be lengthened, her dignity increased, let it be known to my child that by the mercy and goodness of God her representation arrived after a long time, and having brought happiness with its presence, imparted happiness to my heart and light to my eyes and occasioned such joy and delight that an account of it cannot be brought within the compass of the tongue or pen. The letter written by my child is pressed by me sometimes to my head and sometimes to my eyes. It is written in it that my child has married the nephew



MRS. PHILLIPPS, ("KITTY" KIRKPATRICK).
"The Rose Goddess."
(From a Miniature by Chalons)

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of Sir John Kennaway, 'Delawar Jung.'¹ The receipt of this news replete with gladness has added joy upon joy to me." Then comes a quotation: "If my life had been the sacrifice for this goodness, it would be of no consequence." Shurf oon Nissa goes on to say: "God is my witness that I keep my child in my remembrance even to a greater degree than she has done me. No minute or second passes by in which I do not think of her. May the pure and exalted God speedily lift up the veil of separation from between us and gladden us with a meeting. . . . In compliance with my child's request, I am sending a lock of her mother's hair. I formerly received accounts of the welfare of my children from Sir William Rumbold, but since Colonel Doveton left this, I have received no further accounts." Shurf oon Nissa Begum died in 1846.

Major and Mrs. Phillipps lived very happily if uneventfully in Devonshire. They had eight children, but only four lived to grow up.² He died in 1864, but she survived, "beautiful to the last," till 1888.³ Sir Edward Strachey, in an article which he wrote about her, says: "I remember her from girlhood to old age as the most fascinating of women;" and another writer says: "In person she was far more foreign than English, and it was this rare combination of Eastern grace and beauty with the highest culture which made her so very charming.

¹ Sir John Kennaway had been sent by Lord Cornwallis in 1788 as Envoy to the court of Hyderabad.

² One son and three daughters: John James Winsloe-Phillipps, who married Miss Charlotte Strachey; Mary Augusta married Captain Uniacke of the 60th Rifles; Emily, the Rev. Walpole Mohun-Harris of Hayne; Bertha, Colonel Lucius Carey of Torr Abbey.

³ Twenty-five years before this, Mrs. Phillipps had gone to visit Carlyle, but found only Mrs. Carlyle, who wrote to her husband, "Oh, my dear, she is anything but good-looking!"

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She had a keen sense of humour and the kindest heart, and could not bear to give another pain."

In October 1868, Mrs. Phillipps went to see Carlyle in Cheyne Row, and *à propos* of her visit he quotes from Virgil, "Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ" (I feel the traces of my ancient flame); and shortly after he wrote to her: "Your little visit did me a great deal of good; so interesting, so strange, to see her we used to call 'Kitty' emerging on me from the dusk of evening like a dream become real. It set me thinking for many hours upon times long gone, and persons and events that can never cease to be important and affecting to me. . . . I grudged to be specially unwell that day (below par, in regard to sleep, &c., for three weeks past), and never fairly to see you, except in chiaroscuro, while you talked. You must mend that by making me another visit when the lights are better disposed towards us. With a great deal of readiness, I send you the photograph, which you are pleased to care for, being sorry only it is such a grim affair (thanks to time and what he brings and takes), though, indeed, this was never much a bright image, not even forty-eight years ago, when your bright eyes first took it in." His letter finishes with these words: "All round me is the sound as of evening bells, which are not sad only, or ought not to be, but beautiful also and blessed and quiet. No more to-day, dear lady: my best wishes and affectionate regards will abide with you to the end."—J. C.

If Kitty Kirkpatrick had married Carlyle, the world would probably have been the loser, as his Jane, the love of his intellect, spurred him on, and without her he would not have risen to so high an eminence; but, on the other hand, perhaps the grim philosopher would have been happier with the "undeveloped intellect" of the sweet "Rose Goddess."

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"Your smiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country's arms ;
Their troop we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, O ! there's the spell !
Who can see them and not rebel ?
You make us captives by your stay ;
Yet kill us if you go away."

— *The Fair Stranger*, Song addressed to Mdle.
de Kéroualle by Dryden.

It is said that Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, boasted that she was related to all the great families of France, and that she never omitted to put on mourning at the death of any member of the French aristocracy. Once a French prince and the Cham of Tartary died about the same time. Mademoiselle de Kéroualle as usual donned her mourning, and Nell Gwyn also appeared in sable garb. The latter was asked for whom she wore black. "For the Cham of Tartary," she answered. "What relation was he to you?" was the laughing question. "The same that the Prince was to Mademoiselle de Kéroualle!" retorted the saucy beauty. Another story told with the same import is to be found in one of Madame de Sévigné's letters to her daughter, and reads as follows: "Madame de Kérouel avait pris un grand deuil pour le roi de Suède; à quelque temps de là, le roi de Portugal vint à mourir; Nelgouine (*sic*) parut avec un carrosse drapé et disait :

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‘La Kérouel et moi avons partagé le monde ; elle a les rois du Nord, et moi ceux du Midi.’ ”

Nell Gwyn, however, was in this case more witty than wise, for Louise de Kéroualle could boast with perfect truth of a very ancient lineage both on her father's and her mother's side, and moreover, the great number of kings and queens, not to mention other illustrious personages, that are to be found in her pedigree, is very remarkable. It is not astonishing that Nell Gwyn knew nought of these royal ancestors and noble relations, but it does seem curious that modern writers, who pretend to write true biographies, should print such statements as the following, which appeared in a recent publication entitled “Court Beauties of Whitehall.” The author says of Louise de Kéroualle, “Although Madam Carwell, as the English people called her, has escaped oblivion, the mere spelling of her name has become a matter of indifference to history. . . . A similar uncertainty attaches to her origin. The Duchess of Portsmouth, however, had no doubt about it, and was herself extremely proud of her ancestry, and boasted—when in England, be it understood—an ancient and distinguished lineage. It (*sic*) is characteristic of parvenus.”

Now there is absolutely no uncertainty attached to the origin of Louise de Kéroualle ; no pedigree is better attested than hers, and the veriest tyro in French history can easily ascertain for himself her “ancient and distinguished lineage.” She was no “parvenue” but patrician “jusqu'au bout des ongles.” Her pedigree is to be found *in extenso* in the very well-known work of the greatest authority on noble French families, namely, the *Histoire généalogique et chronologique de la Maison Royale de France*, written by Le Père Anselme, vol. v. p. 928, and we are giving a résumé of it in our appendix, all

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the names surmounted by a cross being of the Royal House of France.

Louise-Renée de Penancoët de Kéroualle was the eldest daughter of Guillaume de Penancoët, Comte de Kéroualle, Seigneur de Kerboronné de la Villeneuve et du Chef-du-bois, by his wife Marie-Anne de Plœuc, daughter of Sébastien, Marquis du Timeur et de Kergorlay.

The house of Penancoët de Kéroualle was a very ancient though impoverished family of Brittany, seated near Brest, and descended from René de Penhoët, living in 1280. The Penhoët family was one of the four great families of the évêché de Léon, of whom it was said :—

“ Antiquité de Penhoët,
Vaillance du Chastel,
Richesse de Kerman,
Chevalerie de Kergournadeck.”

A Penhoët married the daughter and heiress of a Penancoët, Seigneur de Kéroualle, and acquired with her the lands of Kéroualle in Basse Bretagne, an express stipulation being made that he and his descendants should drop their patronymic and take that of Penancoët as well as adopt their shield (“Fasce d’argent et d’azur de six pièces”), which accordingly they did, as also the motto “A bep pen léaddit” (“Loyauté partout”), and “En diayez” (“À découvert”).

But it was on the distaff side that Louise de Kéroualle’s pedigree was so remarkable. Her grandmother was a de Rieux, a daughter of René de Rieux, Marquis de Sourdéac, whose father, Jean de Rieux, was second cousin to King François I. Through the de Rieux’s, Louise de Kéroualle was allied to the houses of de Bretagne, de Penthièvre, de Léon, de Machecoul, d’Amboise, de Clisson, de Rochefort, de Montauban, d’Harcourt,

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de Rohan, d'Illiers, d'Aiguillon, de Loraine, de Derval, de Rougé, de Boyséon, de Montmorency et de Bourbon.

Louise was descended from Jeanne de France, daughter of Charles VI., and also, through the de Rohans, from Jean de Montfort, fifth Duke of Brittany, and his wife Jeanne, daughter of the King of Navarre, who afterwards became the Queen of Henry IV. of England; and consequently Mademoiselle de Kéroualle was related to the Kings François I., Henri II., François II., Charles IX., Henri III., and Henri IV., and thus was a distant cousin of King Charles II. of England as well as of Louis XIV. There is a letter extant written by the French King, Henri III., to the great-great-grandfather of Louise de Kéroualle, in which his Majesty says: "Ayant mis en considération la grandeur, illustre maison, et noblesse de notre cousin Messire Jean de Rieux," &c. &c., and in 1710, when René-Louis de Rieux wrote a letter to Louis XIV. claiming his protection against certain abuses of power committed in the island of Ouessant (Ushant), he reminds the King of the following facts concerning his pedigree: namely, that René de Rieux de Sourdéac, son of the above and great-great-grandfather of Louise de Kéroualle, "had the honour of being fourth cousin to Henri IV.; that since first the de Rieux had made alliances in France, they had always been related to all the Kings of France either in the third, fourth, or fifth degree; that the family of the de Rieux descends through the women, and is allied to all the most considerable crowned heads of Europe; and lastly, that the family take their origin from the ancient (royal) Dukes of Bretagne in a direct line and without any break or change of name."

The descendant of such a line can scarcely be called a "parvenue"!

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In "Court Beauties of Whitehall" we also find the following curious statement: "Her father (Louise's) went to Paris as a boy to seek his fortunes. Of this (*sic*) he appears to have amassed in the wool trade sufficient to enable him to retire in middle life to his native Brittany." Now! it is the author who must be wool-gathering: as a matter of fact, Guillaume de Penancoët was a soldier; he took part in the sieges of Hesdin (1639) and of Arras (1640), where he was wounded; and he was also at the sieges of Aire and Bapaume in 1641. On his return from Perpignan he was made "Guidon de la Compagnie des Gens d'Armes" of the Cardinal Richelieu, and later on he commanded "l'arrière ban de l'évêché de Léon."

"Revenons à nos moutons," it is quite possible that on the farms of the Comte de Kéroualle the little Breton sheep thrived and were duly shorn and their wool sold, but this would no more have constituted him a wool-trader than it does his descendant, the Duke of Richmond, because he is the owner of the celebrated South Down wethers!

With regard to the several ways of spelling the family name of the Duchess of Portsmouth, which the author of "Court Beauties" brings forward as another proof of the uncertainty of her origin, surely this rather tends to show its antiquity! We have found it in old family documents and historical archives spelt in the following ways: Kéroël, Kerouazle, Kerhouet, Kerhoual, Kerhouent. In England it was generally written Quérouaille, and the common people called it "Carwel." In the old family papers it is usually "Kéroualle," which rendering we therefore adopt.

Louise's father married, as we have said, Marie-Anne de Plœuc, daughter of the Marquis du Timeur. She was dis-

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tinguished for her piety and her ardent love of the Catholic religion, and after she married (in 1645), we find her constantly standing as "marraine" at the "conversion" of Huguenot soldiers at Brest.

John Evelyn in his Diary writes on the 15th June, 1675, as follows: "Mr. Querouaille and his lady came to see Sir Richard Browne (Evelyn's father-in-law), with whom they were intimately acquainted in Bretagne at the time Sir Richard was sent to Brest to supervise his Majesty's sea affairs.¹ This gentleman's house was not a mile from Brest. He seemed a soldierly person and a good fellow. His lady had been very handsome, and seemed a shrewd understanding woman. His daughter was Duchess of Portsmouth, and in the height of favour, but he never made any use of it." According to Monsieur Walckenaër, Louis XIV., in consequence of the line that the Comte de Kéroualle took with regard to his daughter, wrote the following letter² to him:—

"Les services importants que la duchesse de Portsmouth a rendues à la France m'ont décidé à la créer pairresse, sous le titre de duchesse d'Aubigny, pour elle et toute sa descendance. J'espère que vous ne serez pas plus sévère que votre roi, et que vous retirerez la malédiction que vous avez cru devoir faire peser sur votre malheureuse fille. Je vous en prie en ami et vous le demande en roi.—LOUIS."

The Comte de Kéroualle died in 1690, his wife survived till 1709. There are portraits of them and their only son at Goodwood. The son, whose name was Sébastien, was in the

¹ Sir Richard Browne was Ambassador in Paris during the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.

² Published in Monsieur Walckenaër's *Mémoires sur Madame de Sevigné*, vol. iii.



GUILLAUME DE PENANCOET, COMTE DE KÉROUALLE.
(From a picture in the possession of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood)

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French navy under the Duc de Beaufort, and assisted in the taking of Candia in 1669: he died unmarried on his return from this expedition at the age of twenty-two.

Of the two daughters of the Comte de Kéroualle, the youngest, Henriette-Mauricette, married firstly, Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, K.G., and secondly, Timoléon Gouffier, Marquis de Thoix, by whom she left issue. The eldest daughter, Louise-Renée, the subject of this sketch, was born at Kéroualle, near Brest, in September 1649, and was baptized at Guiler (or Guylar), for the poor of which place she left money in her will. Louise was sent for her education to the "Couvent des Ursulines" at Lesneven, a small town near Brest. Owing to the poverty of the Kéroualle family, it would have been quite impossible for her parents to give Louise any "dot," and she was destined to a religious life; but when she was nineteen, though then somewhat too thin, she had so much promise of beauty, as well as such great intelligence and rare charm of manner, that some relations in power intervened and brought her to Paris, and in the year 1668, chiefly through the influence of Monsieur de Chaulnes, Governor of Brittany, a friend of her father's, she was nominated one of the Maids-of-honour ("aux appointemens de 150 livres") to Henriette, Duchesse d'Orléans, sister of Charles II., and sister-in-law of Louis XIV., celebrated in French history as "Madame d'Angleterre." The Maids-of-honour were under the surveillance of Mademoiselle Anne de Bourgogne, with Mademoiselle Catherine d'Orville as "sous-gouvernante," and the other Maids-of-honour were Mademoiselle Marie-Simone du Bellay, Mademoiselle Hélène Fourré de Dampierre, and "Madame" du Lude, afterwards Chanoinesse de Poussay. We are distinctly told that at this time the conduct and demeanour of Mademoiselle de Kéroualle

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was most decorous, and that nothing was ever heard against her. "Quoi qu'il en soit par froideur ou par vertu, par ambition ou par scrupule religieux, Mademoiselle de Kéroualle ne fit point parler d'elle" (Le Moine). Her name only appears in one document of the time. This was in January 1669, *à propos* of a grand reception given to the Venetian Ambassador by the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, when a ballet took place, and Charles Robinet addressed some verses to Madame, in which he alludes to—

"Votre fille d'Honneur nouvelle,
Également mignone et belle,
Et gai, par dessus ses appas,
Sait figurer de galans pas,
Ce qui veut dire qu'elle danse,
Et sait à ravir la cadence."

The following year Mademoiselle de Kéroualle accompanied the Duchess of Orleans when she went with Louis XIV. to visit his new acquisitions in Flanders. The royal progress, which started in April 1670, was most ostentatious, the King being attended by an army of 20,000 men, Lauzun riding at the head of the Royal Guards; and "le roi Soleil" was accompanied by the Queen, the Princesses, the Dauphin, La Grande Mademoiselle, and Madame de Montespan, each with their respective suites making a colossal retinue. Madame's alone consisted of 237 persons, amongst whom were the Comte and Comtesse de Grammont, Anthony Hamilton, the Maréchal de Plessis, and the Duke of Monmouth. They stayed at Douai, Courtrai, Tournay, and Lille. Before they reached Douai they went through many vicissitudes, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "La Grande Mademoiselle," in her Memoirs gives a most amusing account of the hardships

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they encountered. The weather was very bad and the roads were atrocious; the horses stuck in the mud and sank in the bogs, and carriages were overturned. The first night the cavalcade had to cross a river to get to Landrecies, but it was so swollen as to be practically impassable. Some of the party attempted it, and had to leave their coaches in the river, and unharnessing their horses ride back to *terra firma*. The Queen refused to go further, and the King's party had to take refuge at one o'clock in the morning in a miserable house in a meadow, where there were only two rooms, one bed, and one candle! Some mattresses were brought by the King's servants and laid on the floor side by side, there being no room for any space between them. The Queen was horrified at the idea, and said, "Cela serait horrible, quoi coucher tous ensemble!" but the King replied, "Quoi! être sur des matelas tout habillés, il y a du mal?" La Grande Demoiselle was asked her opinion, and said that she saw none; so the Queen consented, and the King and Monsieur and ten or twelve ladies prepared to rest. The Queen laid on the one bed, which she had placed so that she could see all round the room, and the King said to her, "Vous n'avez qu'à tenir vôtre rideau ouvert: vous nous verrez tous"! Amongst the sleeping party Mademoiselle mentions Madame de Montespan and Mademoiselle Louise de la Vallière, and the Queen and Madame had their respective Maids-of-honour in waiting, so we may presume that Louise de Kéroualle had her share of the mattresses. In the second room were Monsieur de Lauzun and "les grands officiers du Roi." Monsieur de Lauzun was constantly being called away, and each time had to pass through the room containing the sleeping beauties. Once in doing so his spur caught in the coiffe of Mademoiselle

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de la Vallière, which made every one laugh excepting the Queen; but even the latter could not help smiling at a remark of Madame de Thianges, who said that hearing the cows and the asses in the adjoining stable made her feel devout. After this we are told they all slept, and the next morning at four o'clock Monsieur de Louvois came in to tell the King a bridge had been made and the journey could be continued.

When the royal party arrived at Lille, Madame said, as if on the spur of the moment, that she could not be so near England without going to see her beloved brother, and accordingly, accompanied by her suite, which included Mademoiselle de Kéroualle, she went to Dunkirk, where King Charles sent the English fleet, commanded by Lord Sandwich, to meet her and convey her to England. Madame reached Dover on the 25th May, and the King, who was an expert oarsman, rowed himself out several miles to meet her at five o'clock in the morning: he was accompanied by the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth. On the 29th the Queen, for whom Charles had sent, arrived at Dover, and great rejoicings took place, that being the tenth anniversary of the Restoration. There were gay doings also on other days. The King took his sister to Canterbury, where a ballet and a comedy were acted before her, and a banquet was given in their honour at St. Augustine's Abbey. On the 8th June the royal party went for an expedition in one of the King's yachts.

Happy as she always was to see her brother, and much as she enjoyed her sight-seeing, Madame's chief object in this visit was to influence him in the matter of the secret treaty with France which had been privately discussed between him and Louis XIV. for nearly two years. Charles had made several attempts to

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arrange a league with France before the Triple Alliance which that able diplomatist, Sir William Temple, had brought about in 1668, and on the day that it was signed Charles wrote to his sister and said, "Finding my proposition to France receive so cold an answer, which in effect was as good as a refusal, I thought I had no other way but this to secure my selfe." Very soon after the Duke of Buckingham commenced to enter into projects with the Duchess of Orleans for defeating the ends of the Triple Alliance, and the Duke of York, who had just joined the Church of Rome, fell in with their plans, out of zeal for his new religion. Early the next year King Charles, impatient at the delays of France, took the affair into his own hands, and continued the correspondence with the Duchess of Orleans, sending her a cypher "very easy and secure." He wished she could come to England and "then things might have been adjusted." Louis wrote to Charles that "he was happy in the Duchess of Orleans being the mediatrix," and thus it came about that the meeting at Dover was pre-arranged. Charles suggested that Turenne should be of the party to fix the plan of war, but Colbert dissuaded him from this project, as a thing likely to produce comment. Sir Richard Bellings, the Queen's secretary, was employed by King Charles to draw up the treaty.

The English King, who loved the French and hated the Dutch, agreed to support Louis XIV. in his plans against the United Provinces (the acquisition of Holland having always been one of the favourite projects of Le Grand Monarque), and at the same time to back the French interests in Spain; Louis on his side engaging to give Charles such pecuniary aid as would make him independent of his Parliament, and promising that, should an insurrection break out in England, he would

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send an army to assist him at his own cost. At this time there was no standing army in England, and there were not sufficient troops to protect Whitehall against the rising of the mob, and Pepys writes soon after the Restoration, "The King is not able to set out five ships at this time without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores."

On his accession Charles found himself in a state of great embarrassment, and all his adherents, and those who had helped him in his long wanderings, as well as many who had done nothing for him, were expecting to be recouped for moneys they had either lost or paid. His first Parliament did little to remove his difficulties, notwithstanding their fervent expressions of loyalty. It was to relieve himself from these worries that he became the husband of Catherine of Braganza, but the funds which this alliance placed in his hands were in great part swallowed up by the expense of the armament despatched to assist the Portuguese fleet, and by the preparations for taking possession of Bombay, ceded to the King on his marriage. The financial embarrassment was as bad as ever in a few months. Carte declared he "proved to demonstration that Charles's revenue, even though it had been managed with economy, was inadequate to the expenses of his government." The Commons alone could legally make him grants, and this they would not do without interfering with all his prerogatives, and he was bent on emancipating himself from their control. Dalrymple says: "In an evil hour for Charles, Clarendon had taught him in the very first years of his reign to receive money from France unknown to his people." These were the inducements which led to the ignominious treaty which has been called the "Traite de Madame." It was signed at Dover on the 1st of June, 1670, by Colbert and the four English

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Commissioners, Clifford, Arlington, Arundel, and Bellings, and was soon after ratified by the private seals of the two kings. A stipulation was made in the treaty that Charles should avow himself a Catholic; he suggested that he should do so before he declared war against the Dutch, but the French King wished the declaration of war to come first. It was left to the Duchess of Orleans to negotiate concerning this matter, with the result that Charles gave way.

Ten days later Madame left Dover, but not before she had her portrait painted by Henri Gascar, a French portrait-painter then visiting England. This picture, which represents her as Diana, and is seven feet three by five feet, was painted for her brother the King: it now belongs to the Duke of Richmond, his descendant, and is at Goodwood House.

Madame had a profusion of fair hair, bright blue eyes, a beautiful nose, perfect teeth, and a complexion "pétri de lis et de roses," which Lord Chesterfield said was unparalleled. Benserade the poet writes: "Madame brillait comme une rose panachée dans un parterre de fleurs"; but it was not so much for beauty that she was celebrated as for her indescribable charm and that "je ne sais quoi" which is more than beauty. Her infinite grace and the winning sweetness of her manners, combined with much wit and great intelligence, gained all hearts. The best description of her is given by Cosnac, Bishop of Valence, who summed up by saying she was the most perfect of women and had divine qualities.¹ She was undoubtedly a great flirt, and many lovers were attributed to her; she had had none of the usual pleasures of youth when at sixteen years of age she was married to a man whom no right-minded woman could

¹ Cosnac went to Holland to buy up the whole edition of a libel which was published there called *Histoire galante de M. et du Comte de G.*

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do anything but loathe and despise, so that she threw herself, sometimes rather recklessly, into the manners and customs of the day. But Lord Chesterfield said that, though her discourses would charm an anchorite, something of majesty about her would stifle the breath of any unruly thought, and on her deathbed she solemnly averred to her worthless husband that she had never been unfaithful to him.

When she left Dover she wept bitterly at parting from her brother, who loaded her with presents and three times bid his dear "Minette," as he called her, a fond farewell, as if he could not let her go. The poet Waller wrote an ode on her departure from Dover, and presented it to her as she was about to sail. It ended with these words:—

"But we must see our glory snatched away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea ;
No wind can favour us, howe'er it blows,
We must be wretched, and our dear treasure lose ;
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell,
Fair, lovely, great and best of nymphs, farewell."

Little did any of her friends at Dover think how soon these prophetic words would be realised: in three weeks' time this enchanting creature was snatched away for ever, to the infinite grief not only of France but of all Europe. Her end was very sudden. She was only seriously ill for nine hours, but during that time had the most agonising pain,¹ which gave rise to the belief that she had been poisoned. This, however, was certainly not the case. A post-mortem examination took place before the English Ambassador, at which, besides the French doctors, Dr.

¹ The Comte de Tr ville, who was a witness of her death, was in such a terrible state of mind that he had to be taken away from St. Cloud, and he ultimately became a monk.



HENRI GASCAR, pinx.

HENRIETTE, DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS ('MADAME.')

(From a picture in possession of the Duke of Richmond)



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Hugh Chamberlain, and Boscher a surgeon, both sent by King Charles, assisted. Boscher, though he found no traces of poison, thought that Madame had been very unskilfully treated. She was always delicate, the circumstances of her birth being enough to account for this. She came into the world in the midst of terrors, being born at Exeter soon after the Queen her mother, more dead than alive, had taken refuge there for fear of falling into the hands of the Parliamentarians, and it was then that King Charles I. wrote the pathetic little note to Sir Theodore Mayerne, his chief physician, which still exists: "Mayerne, for the love of me go to my wife.—C.R." Sir Theodore, though very ill himself, went at once to Exeter, and took with him Sir Martin Lister. They found Henrietta Maria with fever and a sort of paralysis, and it was then that Madame first saw the light. She never was strong, and had a slight though imperceptible curvature of the spine. The fatigue of the royal progress through Flanders had greatly tried her, and it was noticed at the time how ill she looked, but her wonderful vivacity and high spirits deceived many of those around her. On her return to St. Cloud she had, greatly against the advice of her doctor, taken to bathing in the river, which had very bad results, and her death was due to what would now be called "acute peritonitis."

St. Simon, in his *Mémoires*, maintains that she was poisoned, but his testimony cannot weigh against those of magistrates, bishops, and all the doctors who were present at the time and at the post-mortem examination, whereas St. Simon was not then born, and wrote his account seventy years after the event.

Madame bore her sufferings with the greatest patience and fortitude. Almost her last words were, that the only regret she had in quitting this world was leaving her brother Charles.

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“Je l’ai toujours aimé plus que ma vie, et je n’ai nulle autre regret en la perdant que celui de le quitter.” When all hope was over Mademoiselle de Montpensier went to Madame’s husband, and asked that she might have another confessor, as the Curé of St. Cloud, who had been in to see her, only remained with the dying woman such a short time. “Vous avez raison,” said the heartless man. “Son confesseur est un Capucin, qui n’était bon qu’à faire figure dans un carosse aux voyages pour dire qu’il y en avait un; mais il faut autre chose à la mort; qui enverrons-nous chercher qui eût un bon air à mettre dans la Gazette qui eût assisté Madame à la mort? Ah! j’ai trouvé le fait: l’Abbé Bossuet, qui est nommé à l’Évêché de Condom, est habile homme, homme de bien. Madame lui parlait quelque-fois, cela sera tout à fait bien.” When Bossuet was suggested, Madame expressed great eagerness to see him. She had been deeply impressed, the year before, by the sermon he had preached at her mother Queen Henrietta Maria’s funeral at Chaillot, and ever since then had gone to him regularly three times a week for religious instruction. Meanwhile her friend Madame de la Fayette had sent for Monsieur Feuillet, a stern Jansenist priest, who was with Madame for a long time, and spoke to her of her mode of life in very severe terms. After she had received Extreme Unction, Bossuet arrived. He was far more tender and sympathetic. His first words were “L’espérance, l’espérance,” and he brought great comfort to the poor troubled soul and remained with her for an hour till the end came. In writing to his brother he gave a touching account of her last moments, in which she showed such courage and fervent piety that he was greatly overcome. She gave him on her deathbed a large emerald ring, which he ever after wore. It remained for him to immortalise her by the magnificent “Oraison Funèbre,”

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which he so eloquently delivered at her funeral—his masterpiece, many passages of which have often been quoted. “Madame, cependant, a passé du matin au soir ainsi que l’herbe des champs. Le matin elle fleurissait; avec quelle grâce, vous le savez, le soir nous la vîmes séchée”; and again, “Madame fût douce envers la mort, comme elle l’était envers tout le monde”; and again, “O nuit désastreuse! O nuit effroyable où retentit tout à coup comme un éclat de tonnerre cette étonnante nouvelle, ‘Madame se meurt, Madame est morte.’”

The Duchess of Orleans was buried with greater state, it is said, than any previous royal personage, and Madame de Sévigné wrote that “Heaven could not have more exquisite music than Lulli and his violins provided for the ceremony.”

The news of Madame’s death was in the first instance conveyed to King Charles by Sir Thomas Armstrong, a young Englishman who happened to be in Paris at the time,¹ and who relates with what a violent outburst of grief the King received the intelligence. Charles loved his sister better than any one else, and had always from his earliest childhood kept up a most loving correspondence with her, and at the news of her death he took to his bed for many days. At first he believed the rumour that she had been poisoned, but after he had seen the Maréchal de Bellefonds, who was with Madame till her death and her special friend, he was quite disabused of his erroneous idea.

And now to go back to Mademoiselle de Kéroualle. In her capacity of Maid-of-honour she was a witness of the agonising scenes of her beloved mistress’s end, and was present at the

¹ Sir Thomas Armstrong afterwards attached himself to the Duke of Monmouth, and is often alluded to in the Diary of Henry Sidney. He was executed in 1684 for his participation in the Rye-House Plot. He had escaped into Holland, but was apprehended at Leyden and brought back to London.

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funeral. Soon after she had to think of her own future, and again life in a convent seemed to be the only thing in store for her, but before long another alternative was suggested, which she accepted, no doubt with deep gratitude. This was to go to England, and be one of the Maids-of-honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza.

It was said that, when Madame was leaving Dover, King Charles asked her for a jewel in memory of her visit. She sent Mademoiselle de K roualle to fetch her jewel-case, and when the Maid-of-honour returned with it, the King, bowing over the hand of the pretty girl, said, "This is the jewel I wish you would leave me." It is probable, therefore, that Charles had expressed admiration of the young French girl, which suggested the idea to Colbert that she might become a valuable auxiliary at the English Court, and so it was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

The Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent to France as Envoy at the time of the Duchess of Orleans' death, was to join Mademoiselle de K roualle at Dieppe and take her over to England, but it is said that, with his usual carelessness, he forgot his engagement! anyhow he crossed by Calais, and the young lady was left at Dieppe for several weeks. When he heard of it, Montagu, the English Ambassador at Paris, immediately sent over for a yacht, and ordered some of his own people to convey her to London, where she arrived in August 1670, and was received at Whitehall by Lord Arlington.

This same month Colbert, the French Ambassador, writes to L onne as follows: "The King is always finding opportunities to talk with this beauty in the Queen's room, but he has not yet gone up to chat with her in her own room." Reresby gives us a delightful picture of Mademoiselle de K roualle, and says



LOUISE DE KÉROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
(From a painting by Henri Gascar belonging to Lord Talbot de Malahide)

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that "the sweet languor of her childish face and her refined charm of manner was a new experience for Charles." Her gentle manners, low voice, and sad eyes, combined with great freshness and a delicate, high-bred look, formed a pleasant change from the bad temper and boldness of the imperious though beautiful Lady Castlemaine, or the vulgar hilarity of saucy Nell Gwyn, delightful though she was in her way.

The King's intercourse with the Maid-of-honour continued on this footing for more than a year. Colbert, writing to Louvois on October 8, 1671, deploras the platonic nature of Mademoiselle's friendship with the King. St. Evremont, to whom Louise had been told to look for advice, urged her to give way. In his *Problème à l'imitation des Espagnols*, which he dedicated to her, he says: "Il y a bien de la peine à passer la vie sans amour. Laissez-vous aller à la douceur des tentations, au lieu d'écouter votre fierté. Ce n'est pas la vertu rigide qu'il faut poursuivre, mais l'art d'accomoder deux choses qui paraissent incompatible, l'amour et la retenue. La retenue consiste à n'aimer qu'une personne à la fois, cela est se donner; on s'abandonne en ayant plusieurs amans: de cette sorte de bien comme des autres, l'usage est honnête et la dissipation est honteuse." This specious philosophy was only one of the many influences brought to bear upon the scruples of Louise, who was only now twenty-one years of age, and there does not appear to have been a single person who advised her to keep the path of virtue. It devolved finally upon a woman to effect her moral ruin, no doubt with a view to her own and her husband's aggrandisement. The Countess of Arlington, who was Dutch, arranged with Colbert that he should bring Mademoiselle de Kéroualle to stay with her and Lord Arlington at Euston in October (1671), during the

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time that the King was at Newmarket for the race meeting, which arrangement was accordingly carried into effect. John Evelyn was at Euston, and describes the party. The Queen and a large number of ladies of high rank, nobles, and courtiers, altogether more than two hundred persons, were entertained in a princely way for fifteen days. The Queen did not go to the races, but spent a good deal of her time hunting and hawking. Sometimes she was accompanied by Mademoiselle de K  roualle, to whose physical attractions she made an unfortunate foil. Louise is described as of medium height, and at this time very slender. She had masses of very dark hair, with lighter shades in it which shone like bronze, lovely eyes with an interesting expression, an oval face, small features, pearly teeth, and a particularly white skin. The Queen was excessively short in stature and broad, her complexion olive, and her teeth, which protruded, were very bad. In some MS. notes before us, written in the eighteenth century, we are told that the old Vicomtesse Longueville (*n  e* Barbara Taylor of Laycock), who died in 1763 nearly a hundred years old, used to tell many anecdotes of Charles II.'s Queen, whom she described as "a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged that when she stood upon her feet you would have thought that she was on her knees, and yet so long-waisted that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman."

The King came over every other day, and sometimes supped and slept at Euston, and made no secret of his attentions to the youthful Maid-of-honour.

November 21, 1671, found Mademoiselle de K  roualle back at Whitehall and giving an audience to Colbert de Croissy, the French Ambassador, who came to offer her the formal congratulations of Louis XIV. "J'ai donn   bien de la joie

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à Mademoiselle de Kéroualle," he writes to Louvois, "en l'assurant que sa Majesté serait très aise qu'elle se maintint dans les bonnes grâces du Roi." At the same time the French King sent Lady Arlington a necklace of pearls in grateful recognition of her delicate services! No wonder that any scruples which Louise had become blunted.

Her fortune had been foretold according to Madame de Sévigné, who wrote to her daughter in March 1672, "Ne trouverez-vous point bon de savoir que Kéroual dont l'étoile avait été devinée avant qu'elle partit, l'a suivie très fidèlement. Le roi d'Angleterre l'a aimée, elle s'est trouvée avec une légère disposition à ne le pas haïr." *À propos* of this, Monsieur Jean Le Moine says in writing of Louise de Kéroualle in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "Ne nous en laissons point trop imposer par son autorité: des Rabutin elle (Madame de Sévigné) avait l'esprit caustique et une jalousie particulière pour cette Bretonne (Louise) qui fit une carrière plus brillant que Madame de Grignan." Startling as it sounds, Madame de Sévigné was undoubtedly jealous for her daughter of Mademoiselle de Kéroualle's position. We have the authority of Bussy Rabutin, Madame de Sévigné's cousin and dear friend, for stating that the friends of Mademoiselle de Sévigné, a girl whom Bussy calls "La plus jolie fille de France," wished for no better fate than that she should occupy the same position in France as Louise de Kéroualle did in England. Some of Bussy's letters "s'agit des bruits que l'on faisait courir sur l'inclination du roi (Louis XIV.) pour Mademoiselle de Sévigné," and Madame de Montmorency writes to him on the 15th July, 1668, as follows: "Pour des nouvelles . . . d'un autre côté La Feuillade fait ce qu'il peut (auprès du Roi) pour Mademoiselle de Sévigné." To which letter Bussy

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answers on the 17th July, "Je serais fort aise que le roi s'attachât à Mademoiselle de Sévigné car la demoiselle est forts de mes amies et il ne pourrait être mieux en maîtresse."

On the 29th July, 1672, Louise de Kéroualle had her only child, a son. The King was present at his baptism, and gave him his own Christian name, "Charles," and the surname of "Lenox" or "Lennox."

Soon after her son's birth Louise petitioned the King for leave to become an English subject, and the following year (1673) in August was created by King Charles, Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Farnham, and Duchess of Pendennis, the latter title being immediately changed to that of Duchess of Portsmouth. Four months later Louis XIV. made her Duchesse d'Aubigny, with remainder to her descendants. Aubigny-sur-Nièvre in Berri had been given in 1422 by Charles VII., King of France, to John Stuart (an ancestor of the first Dukes of Richmond, in consideration of his military services for France, and at the death of Charles, the last of the Stuart Dukes of Richmond, Aubigny went back to the crown of France, and at the same time the title of Duke of Richmond expired, as Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond, left no son; Charles II. revived the title in the person of his son by Louise de Kéroualle, and created him, by letters patent dated 9th August, 1675, Baron Settrington, Earl of March, and Duke of Richmond in the county of Yorks, so that the place and the title still kept together. In 1830 it was legally proved and certified that the act of 1422 giving Aubigny to John Stuart contained, "aucune condition de retour," so that King Charles II. had the right of disposing of it himself as much as he had of the other lands and titles that the last Duke of Richmond left him, and there was no necessity for asking Louis XIV. to bestow it on Louise.



HENRI GASCAR, 1843.

LOUISE DE KEROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH, WITH HER SON
THE 1ST DUKE OF RICHMOND.
(From a painting in the possession of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood)

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The Duchess of Cleveland, who had been promised that her son should be made Duke of Grafton, insisted, with her usual imperiousness, that he should have precedence over "the Frenchwoman's son." Charles tried to please both ladies by suggesting that the two patents should be made simultaneously, but the Duchess of Portsmouth scored one! She persuaded Lord Treasurer Danby to receive her attorney at midnight, just as he was stepping into his coach to go to Bath, and to affix the seal to the patent of the Duke of Richmond there and then! Next morning the Duchess of Cleveland's lawyer went to the Lord Treasurer's house to find him gone! and in consequence the Duke of Richmond has a month and two days precedence of the Duke of Grafton.

The little Duke of Richmond was furthermore enrolled a month later amongst the peers of Scotland by the titles of Baron Methuen of Torbolton, Earl of Darnley, and Duke of Lennox, all of which titles the present Duke of Richmond continues to hold.

The Countess Marischal, a Scotchwoman, was appointed his "governess" with a salary of 2000 livres, and afterwards Richard Duke, the poet, became his tutor. A grant was made to the young Duke of twelvepence for every chaldron of coal shipped from the port of Newcastle. This continued to his descendants till 1799, when the right was purchased by the Lords of the Treasury for an annuity of £19,000, henceforth payable out of the Consolidated Fund to the Duke and his heirs.

When he was nine years of age the young Duke was elected and installed a Knight of the Garter. Up till this date (1681) the K.G.'s wore the blue ribbon round the neck with the George appendant on the breast, but the Duchess of Portsmouth introduced her son to the King with his ribbon over the left shoulder and the George appendant on the right,

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and his Majesty was so pleased with the alteration that he ordered it in future to be adopted. Wissing painted the Duke at this time with the robes of the Garter, and the picture was engraved in mezzotint by R. Williams.

The Duchess of Portsmouth soon gained immense influence with the King, and kept the first place in his affections till his death.

Dr. Airy says: "The Duchess held her own with a certain dignity against the anger of the Commons, the hatred of the people, the attacks of politicians, and the waywardness of Charles, and for many years she was virtually Queen of England," and he goes on to say that "when the King wanted refinement, charm of conversation, and delicacy—and it is a mistake to forget this side of his nature—he retired to the apartments of the Duchess." She had excellent manners, never lost her temper, and never wrangled, but if she failed to carry her point she had recourse to tears. This is alluded to in the "Essay on Satire," said to be the joint production of Dryden and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. It was, as a matter of fact, written by the latter, but Dryden got the credit of it, and a castigation in consequence! Lord Rochester, thinking that the poet was the author, had him waylaid and beaten, and the Duke of Buckingham, in his "Art of Poetry," speaking of Dryden, says—

"Though prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes."

Louvois, who calls the Duchess of Portsmouth "La Signora Addolorata," says on one occasion, "Elle versait un torrent de larmes; les soupirs et les sanglots coupaient ses paroles. Enfin, jamais spectacle ne m'a paru plus triste ni plus touchant." This



CHARLES LENNOX, 1ST DUKE OF RICHMOND.
(From a Mezzotint at Swallowfield, by R. Williams, after Wissing)

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was when she thought that King Charles's affection for her was lessening, but other things affected her to tears. At the time when she was so interested in the passing of the Exclusion Bill, Sydney in his Diary writes: "The Duchess of Portsmouth is crying all day for fear the Parliament should be dissolved." If the melting mood was inefficacious, it was said that fits of sudden illness were brought into requisition, and Lady Cowper in her Diary tells the following story: "Once one of his lords came and told the King that the doctors declared the Duchess of Portsmouth could not live half-an-hour, and that she had sent to him to take his leave of her. He replied, "Gads fish! I don't believe a word of it: she's better than you or I are, and she wants something, that makes her play her pranks over this; she has served me so often so, that I am as sure of what I say as part of her." No doubt this story did not lose in the telling; anyhow, when the Duchess was really ill the King was most tender and attentive. We hear of him during one of her illnesses never leaving her room during the whole day, and we have before us some original autograph letters of his to her very tenderly inquiring after her health when she had not been well. In one written from Newmarket, he says:—

"I shall not be out of pain till I know how my dearest gott to London, and for that purpose I send this expresse to come away to-morrow morning to bring me word how you have rested after your journey. I will not trouble you with a long letter now, knowing how troublesome that is to one indisposed, and pray do not answer this yourself, except you are out of paine: all I will add is that I should do myself wrong if I told you that I love you better than all the world besides, for that were making a comparison where 'tis impossible to express the true passion and kindnesse I have for my dearest, dearest Fubs!—C.R."

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“Fubs” was no doubt a nickname given to the Duchess by King Charles, probably in consequence of her increasing *embonpoint*. One of the King’s yachts was called *The Fubs* or *Fubbs*, and one of the last recorded sailings of his was made in the *Fubbs* round the North Foreland about 1680.¹

The Duchess had several severe illnesses, but her good constitution always pulled her through. In May 1676 she went to Bath for her health, though her journey was postponed because of the report that small-pox and purple fever were there. On her return a sort of congratulatory dinner was given in her honour by the Comte and Comtesse de Ruvigny, who had a concert afterwards, for which Louis XIV.’s singers had been sent over from France—Giles La Forest and Godesneche being accompanied by Lambert, the father-in-law of Lulli.

The following year the Duchess was very ill for many weeks, and was supposed to be at the last extremity. Madame de Scud ry writes to Bussy Rabutin that, crucifix in hand, the Duchess of Portsmouth preached to the King and urged him to change his way of living. The Duchess, however, recovered, and we do not hear any more of her insistence on this change of life.

In March 1682 she went to her beloved country, where she stayed nearly five months, feeling no doubt perfect confidence that on her return her power would be as great as ever, and as a matter of fact it was redoubled. The Duchess of Portsmouth was accompanied on her journey to France by her sister, Henriette, Countess of Pembroke, and by her son, the youthful

¹ An account of this voyage was written by John Gostling, Minor Canon of Canterbury, who was the King’s guest on board. The weather was very stormy, and both the King and the Duke of York handled the ropes.

Gostling confided his adventures to Purcell, who in honour of the event wrote his anthem, “They that go down to the sea in ships.”



SIR PETER LELY, *pinx.*

LOUISE DE KÉROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
(From an engraving by S. Freeman)

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Duke of Richmond, whom the French found "charmant et plein d'esprit." They went over in a yacht from Greenwich to Dieppe, and then on to Paris, where they had a splendid reception at Court, which St. Simon describes. "The Duchess and her son," he says, "were royally received at St. Cloud. Louis XIV. sent an Envoy to welcome her, and Monsieur went in person to call upon her. She was at all the royal fêtes, and the King presented her with some very fine earrings which cost 32,000 livres." "Rien n'est pareil," writes St. Simon, "à l'accueil qu'elle reçut." Even the Capucines came out from their convent to meet her with cross, holy water, and incense! and Madame du Lude, Abbess de Bellechasse, who had been Maid-of-honour to the Duchess of Orleans, went to receive her, embraced her tenderly, and remained with her an hour.

From Paris the Duchess went to Aubigny, then to see her father and mother, and on to Bourbon with her sister, where she took the waters and spent the months of May and June. Bourbon was the fashionable resort of the French aristocracy, and at this time it was crowded with the "beau monde," but we are told that the Duchess of Portsmouth eclipsed every one by the sumptuous manner of her living. She then went to Brittany, where she bought back the old family estates of Kéroualle and Mesnoüales, situated in the Évêché de Léon in Basse-Bretagne, which her father had been obliged to sell, and two years later she purchased the Terre du Chastel from the creditors of Henri Albert de Cossé, Duc de Brissac, which had formerly belonged to the de Rieux, her ancestors on the female side. Before leaving France she paid another visit to the French Court, and the *Gazette* of the 5th July tells us she was driving with the Queen. The last honour paid to her at this time was a magnificent banquet given by Croissy-Colbert. It was the end of July 1682

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when the Duchess of Portsmouth returned to London, a greater personage than ever—after receiving such a reception from Le Grande Monarque, and being the recipient of that most coveted of honours, “le tabouret,” which every one knows is the right to sit on a stool in the presence of royalty. Louis XIV. continued to keep up a correspondence with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and we have before us a packet of his letters to her, written quite irrespectively of any political intrigue. The French King always addresses her as “Ma Cousine,” and the letters are of a most friendly nature. We have also many of her letters to him; the matter of these is good, they are well expressed, and she wrote a fine hand of the large type, but the spelling is atrocious—quite phonetic. The Ursuline nuns had much to answer for in this respect! Good spelling was, however, the exception in those days, and Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, Louis XIV.’s sister-in-law, celebrated for her enormous correspondence, writes: “Bien peu de dames la savent,” alluding to what she calls “ortographe.” “Les fran  aises m  me font presque toutes des fautes.” This Duchess of Orleans liked the Duchess of Portsmouth, and writes: “C’est la meilleure femme de ce genre que j’ai vue de ma vie; elle est fort polie et d’un commerce tr  s agr  able. Du temps de Monsieur nous l’avions souvent    St. Cloud. Aussi je la connais tr  s bien.” *   propos* of one of the Duchess of Portsmouth’s visits to St. Cloud, the Duchess of Orleans in August 1690 tells the following funny story: “Madame de Portsmouth, que nous avions ici il y a quelques jours, m’a racont   que le feu roi (Charles II.) avait coutume de dire: ‘Vous voyez bien mon fr  re quand il sera roi, il perdra son royaume par z  le pour sa religion, et son   me pour de villaines genipes, car il n’a pas le goust assez bon pour en aimer de belles,’ et la proph  tie s’accomplit d  j  : les royaumes sont   



SIR PETER LELY, *pinx.*

LOUISE DE KÉROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
(From a portrait in the possession of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood)

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vau l'eau et l'on prétend qu'à Dublin il avait deux affreux laiderons avec lesquels il était toujours fourré."

Whilst giving the Duchess of Portsmouth credit for the ability and solid judgment which enabled her, notwithstanding the tremendous disadvantages of her nationality and her religion, to hold her own for so many years, yet we must not believe, as Mr. Fornéron would have us to do, that in matters of foreign policy King Charles was a puppet in her hands. In the very able review of Mr. Fornéron's *History of the Duchess*, which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* some years ago, the writer says: "The Duchess of Portsmouth is here made the pivot of European history. At particular junctures, no doubt, her cool judgment and unfailing tact enabled her to set up an initiative of her own. In the schemes for the marriage of the Duke of York she dissented from the policy of Colbert de Croissy and Louvois, who were pressing the claims of the Duchess of Guise. Again, she dissuaded King Charles from a premature avowal of the Roman Catholic faith, but it is idle to accuse her of responsibility for the infamous subservience of the English to the French Court. . . . It is not so much unjust as unhistorical to accuse 'Madame Carwell' of selling Charles to the French. That very wide-awake monarch was never sold by anybody except himself. . . . You may read Mr. Fornéron and come away with the impression that Charles was a puppet who could be worked at the pleasure of the male and female schemers about him. His character and conduct we are not concerned to defend, any more than to write an apology for 'Madame Carwell.' But his prodigious talents, his practical shrewdness, and, when he pleased to exercise it, his supple persistence, are as undisputed as was the victory over all opponents which he secured before the end of his reign."

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  propos of the suggestion that King Charles should openly avow the Roman Catholic religion, the following is very characteristic of him: Colbert writes that the King desired a theologian to be sent to him from Paris to instruct him in the mysteries of the Catholic faith, but his Majesty desires that this theologian may be a good chemist! As with his uncle Prince Rupert, chemistry was one of King Charles's favourite pursuits; he had his own private laboratory fitted up at Whitehall, and was far more active there than at his Councils. Sorbi res, who visited England in 1663, says, even at that early date, "He (the King) has acquired a knowledge (of science), at which I was surprised when I was received by his Majesty; no one did so much for physical science, and so powerfully incited people to make experiments." The King showed Sorbi res his "cabinet of natural and mechanical curiosities," and the telescopes which he had had erected in St. James's Park.

At the close of 1684, the King was much taken up with experiments on the property of mercury, and only a few weeks before his death he was occupied with a process for trying to fix it. Buckingham, we know, joined him in this hobby—

"Chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

Besides chemistry, surgery and medicine greatly interested King Charles. These tastes he apparently transmitted to his grandson, Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond, who, in 1749, was a Doctor of Physic and a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, as well as a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the same love of science has come out in more than one of his descendants in later times.

To go back to Louise, the writer whom we have already quoted says: "The Duchess of Portsmouth was more clever,



SIR PETER LELY, *pinx.*

CHARLES II.

(From a painting in possession of the Duke of Richmond)

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more successful, and (be it added) more virtuous than her rivals, and at the same time less popular than any of them. There is something which extorts an unwilling admiration in the pertinacity with which she pursued and finally gained the highest rank and the fullest recognition in her own country¹ as well as in England." Most of the great families in England recognised her. The Arlingtons, the Sunderlands, the Arundels, the Cliffords, the Lauderdales, and the young Duchess of York were her great friends. The Russells, the Cavendishes, and the Butlers stood aloof. The Duchess of Portsmouth once sent word to the old Duchess of Ormond that she would dine with her on such a day; the honour was not declined, but the Duchess of Ormond made her granddaughters leave the house, and received the Duchess of Portsmouth alone with no one but her chaplain! But it was very seldom that she received any rebuffs. We even hear of Queen Catherine being her partner at loo, and when the Act was passed in 1678 obliging all persons to take a test against Popery, and a proviso was inserted in favour of the Queen and nine ladies about her person, she required all her attendants to cast lots, but named the Duchess of Portsmouth as excepted; and once when Phyllis Temple, the Maid-of-honour, was rude to the Duchess, the Queen deprived the young lady of a quarter's salary. This shows to a certain extent that the Queen had no special personal animosity against the Duchess of Portsmouth,² though the King must have required all his well-known tact to keep the balance. The following original letters of his addressed to the Duchess, which we have before us, show this:—

"MY DEAR LIFE,—I will come to-morrow either to dinner

¹ See the statement quoted on page 20.

² The Duchess of Portsmouth always behaved towards the Queen with the deepest respect.

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or immediately after, and then wil settel all, but certainly I shal not mind the Queen when you are in the case. Adieu : I am yours."

And then the following :—

"MY DEAR LIFE,—There was a mesage from the Queen to-day to desire the ladys to dine att their table and to invite strangers, and there being a good deal of company, I can't come till after dinner. Adieu, my Life."

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Duchess of Portsmouth had a certain pride in her position. She considered herself "ma tresse en titre" and quite on a different footing from Nell Gwyn and such like. Both the Duchess and Nell Gwyn were at Oxford during the memorable Parliament of 1681, and it was probably on this occasion that, when some one in the crowd looked into the Duchess's carriage and called her a bad name, coupling her with the actress, she said, "Me no —, if me thought me ware, me would cut mine own throat."

The extravagance of the Duchess seems to have been unbounded, and King Charles denied her nothing. Carte tells a story showing her love of acquisition and his subservience to her wishes. When the daughter of his sister Henrietta was engaged to the King of Spain, King Charles ordered the famous jeweller Laguse to make a fine ornament of gems, which was to cost £15,000, and which Lord Ossory was to take her as a present from his Majesty; but when the jewel was shown to the Duchess of Portsmouth, she admired it so much that the King gave it to her. Evelyn says that "the Duchess of Portsmouth's splendid apartments at Whitehall were luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory of the Queen's, such massy pieces of plate—whole tables, stands, &c.,



PIERRE MIGNARD, *pinx.*

LOUISE DE KÉROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
1647—1734.

(From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery)

Photo. EMERY WALKER.

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of incredible value!" and at a later period, in describing her rooms, he says: "Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry; for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with hunting figures and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras,¹ &c., all of a massy silver, and out of number, besides some of his Majesty's best paintings."

In 1682 these apartments were pulled down and rebuilt three times to please the Duchess. Their ultimate fate was destruction by a fire in 1691, which burnt "all the buildings over the stone gallery at Whitehall to the waterside." Besides her apartments at Whitehall, the Duchess had a house out of London—at Kensington—from 1775 till 1788, nearly opposite Kensington Palace gates, and here she used to retire for change of air. Afterwards Elphinstone kept a school there, and Dr. Johnson used to visit him. Then it became a Roman Catholic boarding-house, in which Mrs. Inchbald died in 1821; and in quite modern times it was a "maison de sant ." Now it no longer exists.

Out of evil good may come, and there is no doubt that Louise de K roualle did much to encourage "les beaux-arts" in England, and greatly advanced the taste of our country by the introduction of many French artists in various departments. During the Civil War and the Protectorate, those branches of trade allied to ornamental art, which bring employment to the

¹ *i.e.* brasier, a movable hearth of silver for coals, transportable into any room, much used in Spain. (Evelyn's "Fop Dictionary," 1690.)

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higher classes of artisans and mechanics, were wholly extinguished. John Addington Symonds talks of "the Puritan hostility of Culture," and civilisation had gone back many degrees between the years 1640 and 1660.

The Duchess of Portsmouth had many French workmen brought over to England, and Colbert helped her to establish royal workshops. The epoch of Le Grand Monarque was remarkable in the history of art. Those were the days of Andr  Charles Boule, and the Duchess had his pupils in London; and Charles Le Brun, too, of the famous Gobelins factory, a painter by profession, but who designed for her ormolu mounts. The magnificent patronage she gave to artists drew them to our shores in multitudes. Lely was succeeded by Kneller; the two Vanderveldes, Varelst, Verrio, Wissing, Gascar, and Laguerre were amongst those who worked for her. The Duchess also had over from Paris Le N tre, the French landscape gardener, to lay out and improve St. James's Park, which King Charles had begun immediately after the Restoration. It was Le N tre who planted the avenue of trees at the Mall on the north side of the Park. The walk on the south side was lined with aviaries containing birds. Edward Storey was the keeper of the birds and had a house at the entrance, hence the name Storey's Gate. Wet or fine, King Charles was in the habit of going out every morning to feed the ducks in the canal and his other birds, many of those there now being said to be their descendants. The King's friends were always lamenting the little care he took of his health, especially the way he exposed himself to wet and cold.

It was after a hawking expedition, early in the autumn of 1679, that he had what the doctors called "an intermittent tertian," and in the following spring his condition caused the

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greatest alarm. The Dowager-Countess of Sunderland, in writing to Mr. Sidney, on the 10th May, says: "I was then, like most others, out of my wits with the King being ill, and greater distraction never was anywhere for the time. Thanks be to God it did not last long; yesterday he was very well, but I take the less comfort in it, because he had taken the 'Jesuits powder;' the fits he had did not last above two or three hours." Young Lady Sunderland (Sacharissa) writes the same day: "We have all been sadly alarmed with the King being sick, but he is now very well again, and I hope will continue so, if he can be kept from fishing when a dog would not be abroad." Fishing was one of the favourite amusements of King Charles, and no amount of bad weather stopped him from pursuing his sport, the Thames at Datchet being one of his favoured spots. Apparently these fits to which the King was subject were of the nature of ague, and "Jesuits' powder" was nothing but quinquina or Peruvian bark, called also chin-chona, from its valuable properties having been just established in 1640 by the cure of the Comitissa del Cinchon, wife of the Spanish Viceroy at Peru. It was called "Jesuits' powder" from the interest the Cardinal de Lugo and the Jesuits took in its distribution. On its first introduction into Europe it was reprobated by many eminent physicians; hence when it was given to King Charles it caused great distrust in the minds of many bigoted persons. Sir William Temple in his "Essay on Health" alludes to these suspicions. Sir Leoline Jenkins, writing a few days after the attack, says: "I had the honour to see his Majesty perfectly recovered of his aguish distemper," and he goes on to say "he was abroad at prayers in the public oratory. He dined with the Queen and had a very good appetite, and the physicians are in no

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apprehension, blessed be God for it! of the returning of his ague."

About four months later King Charles was seized with "an intermittent fever of so malignant a character that his life was in danger. Great excitement prevailed, and, of course, according to the monomania of the period, the illness was attributed to poison. Lady Sunderland writes: "I believe yet that there is scarce anybody beyond Temple Bar that believes his distemper proceeded from anything but poison, though as little like it as if he had fallen from a horse . . . if the Privy Councillors had not used their authority to keep the crowds out of the King's chamber he had been smothered: the bed-chamber men could do nothing to prevent it." The King, however, speedily recovered under the care of Dr. Micklethwaite, who was in consequence knighted.

Notwithstanding these warnings King Charles took no care of himself, and on the 2nd of February 1685 he had a fit of apoplexy, which was followed by several others; and on the 5th it was obvious that he was dying. At first the Duchess of Portsmouth sat by his bed and supported his head, but when the Queen came she retired to her own apartments, and desired Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to take the Duke of Richmond, now thirteen years old, to receive his father's last blessing. The King, we are told, frequently recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her son to his successor, "in terms," says Burnet, "as melting as he could fetch out."

On the second day of the King's seizure, Barillon found the Duchess in her apartments overwhelmed with affliction, but instead of speaking of her own grief or her own affairs, she was keenly anxious for the state of the King's soul. "Nobody,"

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said she, "tells him of his condition or speaks to him of God ; the Duke of York thinks only of his affairs. Go to him, I conjure you, and warn him to think of what can be done to save the King's soul—lose no time, for if it is deferred it will be too late ; the King is really a Catholic, but he will die without being reconciled to the Church, his bedroom is full of Protestant clergymen."

Whatever religious tendency King Charles had, there can be little doubt that it was in the direction of Roman Catholicism. He imbibed its first principles from his mother Henrietta Maria, who was a devoted mother and a bigoted Catholic, and it was the religion of the only two other women whom he had really loved, his sister and the Duchess of Portsmouth. It was said that Father John Huddleston¹ had brought him some religious works to read during his concealment at Moseley Hall after he left Boscobel, and certainly King Charles had given thought to it at times. Two papers written on the subject in his own hand, and found after his death in his strong box, showed signs of study and reasoning. The story is well known of how, in consequence of the Duchess of Portsmouth's entreaties, the Duke of York managed to introduce privately into the royal bedchamber a priest, on ascertaining from his brother that it was his earnest desire ; that the only available priest happened to be the same Father Huddleston to whom we have alluded ; and that King Charles died in the profession of the Catholic faith.

Lord Chesterfield, who was with him during the last forty-

¹ Father Huddleston, whose name is for ever associated with King Charles II., was the second son of Joseph Huddleston of Faringdon Hall, near Preston. When the King arrived at Moseley Hall, the house of Mr. Thomas Whitgreave, he was there acting as tutor to two of Mr. Whitgreave's nephews, Francis Reynolds and Thomas Paylin, and also to Sir John Preston.

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eight hours of his life, says "he died as a good Christian, praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage and as a good-natured man in a thousand ways," and "hoped," he said, "that he should climb up to heaven's gates."

On the morning of Friday, the 6th of February 1685, all the churches were full, and when the prayer for the King was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply he was loved. The end came quietly at noon. The Duke of York and Mary Beatrice were with him to the last, and an eye-witness writes that the new Queen "was a most passionate mourner, and thought a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother," her own words being, "I was so greatly afflicted for the death of King Charles that I dared not give free vent to my grief, lest I should be suspected of hypocrisy. I had loved him very dearly, and with reason, for he was very amiable, and had shown me much kindness."

Almost the last words that King Charles said to his brother were to implore him to look after the Duchess of Portsmouth and her son; "I have always loved her," he said, "and I die loving her." The first visit of condolence which the new King paid was to her, and he gave her many assurances of his friendship and protection. The Duchess gave herself up to an agony of grief, which even Macaulay allows "was not wholly selfish." She continued to hold her apartments at Whitehall, but six months after King Charles's death she went to Versailles, where Louis XIV. received her with great kindness. It is said that she took over with her a large sum of money besides her jewels, and she lived at first with considerable splendour. When not in Paris she occasionally occupied the old family house in Brest, opposite the ancient church in the rue des Sept Saints,

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then the aristocratic quarter of the town, and the Duchess also went periodically to her château of Kéroualle, which she had had decorated with mythological paintings, some of which still remain on the ceilings, including a representation of the story of Andromeda and Perseus—the daughter of Cepheus, chained to a rock, being the likeness, it is said, of herself!

The Duchess was accompanied when she left England by her young son, the Duke of Richmond, who was then fourteen years of age. He had been given by King Charles the appointment of Master of the Horse, which during his minority was placed in the hands of three commissioners, Henry Guy, Theophilus Oglethorpe, and Charles Adderley. But soon after King James's accession to the throne, the office was removed from him, at which the young Duke felt so aggrieved that he left England in great dudgeon, and soon after he arrived in France became a naturalised French subject. The French Court was much pleased with him, and the following lines appeared at the time :—

“Ce n'est pas ta mine charmante,
Aimable My lord, qui m'enchanté,
Mais ton esprit, vif et brillant,
Puisé dans le sein de ta mère,
Et qui fait que dans cinquante ans,
Comme aujourd'hui tu sauras plaire.”

The Duchess was now most earnestly desirous that her son should embrace the Roman Catholic religion. For this purpose she wrote to Louis XIV. as to “les moyens de convertir le duc de Richmond,” and the King suggested placing him in the hands of Bossuet, to whom a letter was sent saying, “Sa majesté est bien persuadé que la conversion de M. le duc de Richmond ne peut estre en meilleurs mains que les vostres, mais elle croit que ce n'est pas assez de lui donner un

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pr cepteur catholique et de bonnes m eurs si en mesmes temps on ne cong die son gouverneur huguenot." All this was accomplished with the desired result. The ceremony of the young Duke's reception into the Catholic Church was very impressive. It took place at Fontainebleau on the 21st October 1685, and was conducted by M. de Meaux (Bossuet), whose splendid oratory on this occasion enthralled all his hearers. He preached on the gospel of the day, taking for his text Matthew xxii. 20 and Luke xiv. 25, and melted, it is said, the Court to tears. Madame la Dauphine was in transports and spoke of nothing else. "Jamais je n'ai ou  parler comme il fait," said she; "il me fait un plaisir que je ne puis exprimer, et plus je l'entends plus je l'admire." Twelve years later, to the great grief of his mother, the Duke of Richmond declared himself a Protestant, his re-conversion to the Anglican Church taking place in Lambeth Palace on Whitsunday, May 15, 1692. The Duke had returned to England on the accession of William III., and the following year took his seat in the House of Lords. King William is said to have taken a great fancy to him. He made him one of his aides-de-camp, and as such the young Duke saw active service in Flanders, and was at the battles of Steinkerque and Nerwinde, where he gave great proofs of valour.

K nigsmarck writes from the camp at Halle to a friend as follows: "In a previous letter I told you that there were very few distinguished-looking men in the train of the King or the Elector; but if I had seen the Duke of Richmond (now in his twenty-first year), son of the Duchess of Portsmouth, sooner, I should not have said so, for he is the most charming youth. He unites to perfect manners an air of great distinction; he is well-made, and has a handsome face and fine eyes."



CHARLES LENNOX, FIRST DUKE OF RICHMOND.

From a Mezzotint at Swallowfield by I. Faber, after the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart. (1731).

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Spring Macky describes the Duke¹ some years later as "a gentleman good-natured to a fault, very well-bred, with many good things in him, an enemy to business, very credulous, well-shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles." Swift calls him "a shallow coxcomb." The Duke's manners, learnt at the Court of Versailles, were not likely to appeal to the Dean. Hearne lamented that the Duke of Richmond was "a man that struck in with everything that was Whiggish and opposite to true monarchical principles." He certainly did not approve of his uncle King James's measures, and was one of those who joined the celebrated association called the Kit-Cat Club, which pre-eminently laboured for the Protestant succession. His portrait, painted by Kneller, hung over the chimneypiece at Barn Elms in Surrey, the house of Jacob Jonson, the secretary, where the club often met.

The Duke married, on the 10th January 1693, when he was only twenty-one, Anne, Lady Belasyse, a widow of twenty. She was *née* Bruce, the daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, son and heir of the Earl of Cardigan (whom he predeceased), and her first husband was Henry, second Baron Belasyse of Worlaby. There are several portraits of her at Goodwood by Kneller and Lely, one of which we give here.

The Duchess of Portsmouth was very friendly with her daughter-in-law, and we have before us most affectionate letters that passed between them. The Duchess was sponsor to the eldest daughter of her son, born in 1694, and called Louise after her, the christening taking place at St. James's, Piccadilly, and she lived to see her married to James, Earl of Berkeley, and become the mother of two children; but she must have been rather shocked at her bad manners, for Lady Louise

¹ "Characters of the Court of Great Britain."

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appears to have been a wild tomboy! Swift in his "Journal to Stella" writes, on the 6th June 1711, about a practical joke played on him by her which does not sound dignified for a married woman, though it is fair to say she was only sixteen. The Dean writes: "It put me in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. I dined with Lady Betty Germain and there was the young Earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and Lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it and pay her and old Lady Weymouth a visit with some more bell-dames." This little hoyden, we conclude, must have sobered down, as in two years she was appointed Lady-of-the-Bedchamber to Caroline, Princess of Wales. If her life was a merry one it was of short duration, for three years later it came to an end, small-pox carrying her off at the age of twenty-three.

The first Duke of Richmond must have rented Goodwood from the Compton family before he bought it in 1720, as when the Grand Duke of Tuscany came on a visit to William III., that King took him there to stay with the young Duke, and they hunted together with the Charlton pack of hounds, the first ever established in this country. Charlton, which is near Goodwood, was the Melton-Mowbray of the day, and was brought into fashion by the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who hunted there when staying with Ford, Lord Grey, and these two kept a couple of packs of foxhounds at Charlton. The writer's grandfather had a gamekeeper who died in 1807 aged ninety-four, who had



SIR GODFREY KNELLER, pinx.

LOUISE, COUNTESS OF BERKELEY.
(From the painting in possession of the Duke of Richmond)

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heard his grandfather speak of Monmouth and his particular love for Charlton, the Duke saying to him jestingly that when he was King he would come and hold his court there!—so early were his hopes of the Crown alluded to. A letter still extant, dated February 17, 1670, from Bishop Carlton to the Metropolitan, makes apologies for the apparent want of loyalty shown by the inhabitants of Chichester, who made so much of the Duke of Monmouth and received him with bonfires and ringing of bells and finally conveyed him in state to the Cathedral!

Lord Burlington built a banqueting-hall at Charlton for the votaries of the chase, which was called Foxhall, from the gilt fox surmounting a tall flagstaff erected in front of it—a gift from Henrietta, Duchess of Bolton, Monmouth's daughter, who was a constant visitor there. The first Duchess of Richmond with her daughter, Lady Anne Lennox, held evening assemblies at Foxhall, and at one of them the Duchess of Portsmouth was present. Soon after the Duchess of Richmond died, and the Duke only outlived her a few months, dying in 1723 at the age of fifty-one. The Duke was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, but in 1750 his body was moved to the vault under Our Lady's Chapel in the Cathedral at Chichester. On a tablet at the end of this vault is this inscription:—

"Sibi et suis posterisque eorum hoc Carolus Richmond dedit; Sivi nix et Albinici dixit anno erve christianæ MDCL. Hoc est domus ultima."

The concluding words gave rise to the following epigram:—

"Did he, who thus inscribed this wall,
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul?
Who says there is—where'er it stands—
Another house not built with hands;
Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a house—for Lords!"

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Although the Duchess of Portsmouth lost her son and his wife, she survived to see many of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and she always took the keenest interest in their matrimonial alliances. In 1722 we find her writing about the marriage of her son's second daughter, Lady Anne Lennox, who married the following year William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, by whom she became the mother of fifteen children; and the Duchess of Portsmouth, on her last visit to England, saw her three great-grandsons, the young Keppels, who were destined to distinguish themselves a few years later at the capture of the Havana.

But most of all was she interested in her grandson, Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She had been greatly pleased that his birth should have occurred on the 29th May (1703), and she was much taken up about his marriage—arranged so prosaically and ending so poetically. Like his mother, the first Duke of Richmond was an inveterate gambler; he won an immense sum from Lord Cadogan, that distinguished cavalry officer who fought with Marlborough. Lord Cadogan could not pay, but he had two daughters, co-heiresses of the fortune of their mother, who was a Dutch heiress, daughter of John M nter of Amsterdam,¹ and it was agreed that the gambling debts should be cancelled if Lord Cadogan gave his eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Cadogan, as a wife to the Duke's eldest son. Accordingly, as the story goes, the young Lord March, who was eighteen years of age, was brought from college, and Lady Sarah, aged thirteen, from her nursery, for the ceremony. The bride was silent and astonished, but the bridegroom exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" Married, however, he was, and directly

¹ Margaretta Cecilia M nter was married to Lord Cadogan at the French Church at The Hague in 1704.



SIR GODFREY KNELLER, *pinx.*

ANNE, 1ST DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
(From the painting in possession of the Duke of Richmond)



SIR GODFREY KNELLER, *pint.*

MARGARETTA CECILIA, 1ST COUNTESS CADOGAN.
(From a painting in the possession of the Duke of Richmond)

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afterwards his tutor took him off to the Continent to make "the Grand Tour," and Lady Sarah went back to her mother. Three years elapsed; Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such an uninteresting recollection of his bride, was in no hurry to claim her, and went the first evening of his return to London to the Opera. There he noticed that all eyes—and lorgnettes—were directed to one box where, surrounded by several persons, sat a most beautiful young creature. Turning to a man beside him he asked who she was. "You must be a stranger in London," was the answer, "not to know the reigning toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March!" Lord March lost no time in going to the box and introducing himself to his bride, with whom he ever after lived so affectionately that their devotion to each other became proverbial. Thirty-eight years afterwards Horace Walpole says, *à propos* of the unusually large number of children that she gave birth to, "but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty; her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride." When the Duke of Richmond died in 1750 she never rallied from the shock, and followed him to the grave a few months afterwards. Eight of their children were born during the life of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the eldest, Lady Caroline (born 1723), went with her parents to stay with her at Aubigny, and as she was eleven years old when her great-grandmother died, she could remember her perfectly. There was romance, too, about her marriage: she was one of the four bridesmaids who supported the train of Princess Augusta on the occasion of her marriage with Frederick, Prince of Wales, when we are told she was dressed the same as the bride excepting the mantle, and wore diamonds of from £20,000 to £30,000." At this time Mr. Fox, familiarly known as "Harry Fox," the

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second son of Sir Stephen Fox, fell in love with her and she with him. His addresses were rejected by the ducal parents with indignation, for although Mr. Fox had been educated at Eton and held several more or less important Government offices, his father was a self-made man, said to have been a chorister boy in Salisbury Cathedral. Such a *mésalliance* could not be thought of, and Lady Caroline was forbidden to see him. Furthermore the Duke of Richmond, having a desirable suitor on hand, bid her one day prepare to receive him. Lady Caroline determined to make herself as unattractive as possible, and for this purpose shaved off her eyebrows, which appears to have had the desired effect, and she looked such a figure that her parents told her she had better keep her room till they had grown again.¹ Left thus to herself she had some further communication with her lover, and ultimately eloped and was secretly married to him in the beginning of May 1744. The marriage took place at the house of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the famous wit, and the Duke of Marlborough gave her away.

Horace Walpole thus describes the consternation this runaway match occasioned : “Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lennox, asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman, her great-grandfather a king : ‘*hinc illæ lachrymæ!*’ All the blood-royal have been up in arms. . . . If his Majesty’s Princess Caroline had been stolen there could not have been more noise made.”

Lady Caroline was not forgiven by her parents for four years, till after the birth of her eldest son, when they wrote her a delightful letter, ending with these words:—

“So, my dear child, you and Mr. Fox may come here at the

¹ They certainly did grow again and probably much stronger, for we have a portrait of her in middle-life in which she appears with far too marked eyebrows.



CHARLES LENNOX, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND.

From a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart., belonging to the Duke of Richmond.

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time that shall be settled by yourselves, with my Lord Ilchester, and be both received in the arms of an affectionate father and mother.

“RICHMOND, &c.

“SA : RICHMOND.”

This also turned out a thoroughly satisfactory marriage, and a more devoted couple never existed. They lived together most happily for thirty years. Mr. Trevelyan says: “Neither of them ever knew content except in the possession or the immediate expectation of the other’s company, and their correspondence continued to be that of lovers until their long honeymoon was finally over. Perfect trust and passionate affection breathe through every page of the letters, so close upon each other in date and so ungrudging in length, in which Harry Fox’s easy, kindly, and humorous words lie disordered in the paper, just as hearty nature speaks them.”

Lady Caroline Fox was created Baroness Holland in 1762, and in the following year Mr. Fox was raised to the peerage as Baron Holland. At Holland House, which was their home, there is a door surmounted by an heraldic shield bearing Lady Holland’s arms, with this motto under it: “Re e Marito,” in allusion to the double source whence she got her honours.

Lord Holland died in 1774, and Lady Holland survived him only twenty-three days. Their third son was Charles James Fox. Another daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, Lady Louisa Lennox, was the Duchess of Portsmouth’s god-child, and was staying with her in Paris when she died. His sixth daughter, Lady Emilia Lennox, who married the Duke of Leinster (then Ireland’s only Duke), and had twenty-one children (including the celebrated Lord Edward Fitzgerald), was also born during the lifetime of the Duchess of Portsmouth, as also

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their brother Charles, third Duke of Richmond.¹ She did not, however, survive to see the birth of the most celebrated of her great-granddaughters, Lady Sarah Lennox, who was so nearly Queen of England, and who was the mother of the Napiers.

We have already alluded to the extravagant tastes of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and added to this she was an inveterate gambler. In 28 Car. II. a patent was issued granting her a yearly pension of £8600, to be paid out of the revenue of excise dues upon beer, ale, and other liquors in England, Wales, and Berwick, and to her executors for one year after her death. In 1715 a confirmation of this grant by James II. set forth the reasons why the Duchess had never received it. Then follows a direction that letters patent under the Great Seal should issue granting £5600 per annum to the Duchess for her life and after her death to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox for thirty and one years after, such sums to be charged on the revenues of Ireland and to be in bar of the former grant of £8600. The document (now before us) is directed to the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Galloway, and is dated from Dublin, 19th November 1715, and signed by Sam. Carleton. On the accession of William III. her pension was stopped, and this, combined with great losses incurred through Law—

“Cette Ecossais célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans égale,
Qui par les règles de l'algèbre
A mis France à l'hôpital”—

brought the Duchess of Portsmouth into serious monetary difficulties. As a romantic writer puts it: “Elle, dont les ancêtres s'étaient reposés sur les bords du Jourdain, assouvis de gloire

¹ Charles, third Duke of Richmond, died without male issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, grandfather of the writer.



SIR GODFREY KNEILLER, *pin.*

SARAH, 2ND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
(From the painting in possession of the Duke of Richmond)

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et de conquêtes, et dont l'histoire domestique faisait la moitié de l'histoire de la Bretagne, elle, enfin, la favorite toute puissante d'un puissant monarque, elle s'aperçut que sa fortune se trouvait émiettée, pour ainsi dire."

The Duchess was obliged to sell her lands in Brittany, including the baronage of Du Chastel and the lands of Kéroualle and Mesnoualles. They were purchased by a rich financier from Auvergne, Antoine Crozat, who became Marquis de Moüy in 1716. Some of the Du Chastel property had previously been taken by Louis XIV. for his fortifications at Brest, and the Duchess had received compensation for them. The Duchess also appears to have sold some land in 1715 to Louis Chabot, duc de Rohan, and we have before us an original autograph document concerning the sale, signed "Louise Renée de Penancoyt, D^{sc} de Portsmouth et d'Aubignie," and "Charles Lenos, duc de Richmond, le 14 aout 1715." It alludes to land at Lesnuen, Sesteurieur (?), Landernean, and Coëtméal, and speaks of "10 mille livres de rente viagère."

In 1718 the Regent added 8000 livres to her French pension, equal to £800 a year. St. Simon says: "Elle était fort vieille, très convertie et pénitente, très mal dans ses affaires," &c.

At the death of her son the Duchess of Portsmouth went to Aubigny, where she lived for the next ten years a very retired life, giving herself up to religion and good works. She founded a convent of "Régieuses Hospitalières," which still exists, and she gave land near Vannes for the Carmelites of Nazareth. She saw few visitors, but the Duke of Richmond, her grandson, and his wife, and other members of her family often visited her.

In 1730 the Duchess was very ill, and the following letter

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was written to the Duke of Richmond by the cur  of Aubigny:—

“Monseigneur, je suis charm  de donner   votre grandeur de meilleures nouvelles de la sant  de Madame la Duchesse. Il y avait tout bien de craindre des suites facheuses d’une maladie aussi lente; elle a souffert dix jours de suites des douleurs les plus vives: pendant ce temps elle a  t  saign e au bras et au pied, ou luy a donn  pr s de trente rem des, et elle a  t  mise dans le bain sept ou huit fois: il faut  tre d’un temp rament des plus forts pour avoir soutenu tous ses rem des comme elle a fait. Je ne fais point de doute que si la fi vre fut survenue qu’elle aurait fallu ceder. A pr sent elle est sans douleur.”

The Duchess seems to have quite recovered from this illness, as in March of the following year (1732) she entertained for a week at Aubigny two English travellers, Mr. G. Shirley¹ and a young Mr. Cross,² and the former writes to the Duke of Richmond: “We found her Grace ye good old lady you described her to be;” and he goes on to say, “she was very good and obliging and made us very happy for a week.”

The Duchess’s last visit to England was in 1732–3. After that she again fell ill, and came to Paris to consult doctors, but they were not able to cure her, and she died there on the 14th November 1734, in her house in the rue des Saints P res at the corner of the rue de Verneuil in the parish of Saint Sulpice. At the time of her death the Duchess of Portsmouth was eighty-five years old and two months; she retained all her faculties to the last as well as great remains of beauty. Voltaire, who saw

¹ Probably the Hon. George Shirley of Lower Easington, Captain of the 1st Foot Guards. He married Mary, daughter of Humphrey Sturt.

² Probably Crosse of Shaw Hill, Lancaster, who was related to Mr. Shirley through the Leghs of Adlington.

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her when she was seventy, describes her as still surprisingly beautiful, “avec une figure encore noble et agréable que les années n’avaient point flétrie ;” and George Selwyn, who met her at Richmond in 1733 when she was eighty-four, says she was then possessed of many charms.

The Duchess wrote her own will—a very long one—on the 13th February 1731. It begins as follows :—

“Pleinement convaincu de la certitude de la mort, dans la crainte d’en être surprise sans avoir fait connaître mes dernières intentions sur le peu de bien que j’ai à dispenser, je, Louise Renée de Penancoyt de Queroualle, Duchesse de Portsmouth et d’Aubigné, fait et écrit volontairement sans induction ni suggestion de personne mais dans la seule vue de plaire à Dieu, le suppliant de m’accorder le pardon de tous mes pechés et la grâce de mourir la mort des justes qui est précieux dans ces yeux.”

She desires not to be buried until she has been bled after her death, a mass to be said every day for a year for the repose of her soul, the chanoines to say a hundred masses, the Rev. Father Augustin ditto, and the same at Oysson and at Guylar. She leaves money to the poor at Aubigny and an ornament for its church.

Her grandson, the Duke of Richmond, was her universal legatee.

“Mon lesgastaire (*sic*) universel, monsieur le duc de Richemond, mon petit-fils, en conséquence de ce que M. le duc de Richmond, son père, avait été légitimé par le feu roy Louis XIV., lui, ses enfans et ses successeurs, pour pouvoir succédé à mes biens et je le fait avec d’autant plus de raison que je puis rendre témoignage comme je le fait et le rend à ma conscience que tous les effets dont je despense en sa faveur

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viennent de la libéralité de feu Charles Seigneur, roy d'Angleterre, qui me les avait donnés à la charge d'en conserver la propriété à feu M. le duc de Richmond."

The Duchess left legacies to all her servants alive past and present, mentioning every one by their full name and occupation, also to all her French nephews and nieces, amongst them the Marquis de Thoïs, l'Abbé de Gouffier, Marianne, widow of Louis de Bourbon, the Comte de Bussy, Mme. Marie de Poulpry, &c. Apparently, when very near her end, she thought she had forgotten some, and two days before she died she sent her secretary at two o'clock in the morning to fetch the notary in order to make some fresh codicils.

Louise de Kéroualle was buried in the Église des Carmes Déchaussés, in the chapel of the Maison de Rieux, amongst her illustrious ancestors.

We cannot finish this sketch better than by quoting from an eminent French author, who, talking of Louise de Kéroualle, says: "Si l'on essaie de juger la duchesse de Portsmouth dans cet esprit d'impartialité, en tenant compte des passions de son temps et du milieu où elle vivait, il y a certainement à retoucher de nombreux traits de son portrait. Demeurant entendu qu'il est blâmable d'être maîtresse royale et qu'il vaut mieux se marier honnêtement dans son village, on reconnaîtra que pour le devenir elle eut toutes les circonstances atténuantes: la pauvreté, l'opinion de ses contemporains sur les amours royales, une longue résistance, l'intérêt de son roi et de sa religion, et l'insistance de tout son entourage," and surely to these inducements may be added the fascination of the man as apart from the glamour of the monarch, a fascination acknowledged by all, and which even Macaulay says "was not easy for the most austere Republican to resist."

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It is remarkable, as Monsieur Le Moine says, “avec quel soin vindicatif et impitoyable ont été relevées ses moindres faiblesses.” This is indeed the case, her vindictive detractors have even taken the trouble to bring the charge of “gourmandise” against her. But the culminating point remains with her latest biographer who, not content with collecting together all the charges ever made against her—many of them absolutely untrue, and taken from a source so puerile in its palpably false assertions as to be beneath refutation¹—now descends to impugn her ancestry and disparage her father!

Even those who wish to hang the proverbial dog by giving him a bad name, do not think it necessary to deny his good-breeding when he is a thoroughbred!

Poor Louise de Kéroualle may be allowed her pedigree if nothing else. R. I. P.

¹ *Histoire Secrète de la Duchesse de Portsmouth.*

“CHE SARÀ, SARÀ,” OR FOUR TRAGEDIES IN ONE FAMILY

“THE bridesmaids, especially Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Sarah Lennox, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures.” Thus writes Horace Walpole to General Conway *à propos* of George III.’s marriage in 1761. The last-mentioned of these maidens, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, was the youngest daughter of William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, and his wife, Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. She had inherited much of the good looks of her mother and also of her great-grandmother (*du côté gauche*), Louise de Kéroualle, and besides her looks had many fine qualities which made her generally beloved. One of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ most beautiful portraits is a full-length of her in the dress she wore as Queen Charlotte’s bridesmaid. The picture, which is at Woburn Abbey, is thus described in the *Life of Sir Joshua* by Leslie and Taylor: “Lady Elizabeth Keppel in her state costume is decorating the statue of Hymen with flowers, while a negress, whose dark face serves as a foil to the delicate carnations of her mistress, holds up the massive wreaths. The picture is of the pearliest colour, warmed by wreaths of clustering flowers, the sheen of satin and silver ribbons, the sparkle of diamonds against the white neck and in the soft hair and rose-tipped ears of the beautiful bridesmaid, the dusky upturned face of the negress, the crimson awning pendant from the tree that overhangs the statue, the reflected light in the bronze tripod



LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL, AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.
(From a mezzotint at Swallowfield, by Fisher, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.)

“Che Sarà, Sarà”

crowned with its flickering flame.” Sir Joshua’s whole heart was in this work, and he was keenly anxious to do justice to the sister of his life-long friend, Admiral Keppel, in which he certainly succeeded. Sir Thomas Lawrence said he thought if it were not Sir Joshua’s *chef-d’œuvre*, it could only be equalled by his portrait of Mrs. Siddons.¹ Sir Joshua had previously painted Lady Elizabeth when she was only fifteen years of age; this, which is also a charming picture, is now at Quidenham, Lord Albemarle’s seat in Norfolk. Three years later Lady Elizabeth Keppel married Francis Russell, Marquess of Tavistock, eldest son of the Duke of Bedford. Horace Walpole gives the following account of the engagement in a letter to Lord Hertford:—

“STRAWBERRY HILL, *June 8, 1764.*

“To be sure you have heard the event of this last week? Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief, and except a few jealous sultānas, and some sultānas valides, who had marketable daughters, everybody is pleased that the lot is fallen on Lady Elizabeth Keppel. The house of Bedford came to town last Friday. . . . The next morning Lady Elizabeth received a note from the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Tavistock’s sister, insisting on seeing her that evening. When she arrived at Marlborough House, she found nobody but the Duchess and Lord Tavistock. The Duchess cried, ‘Lord! they have left the window open in the next room!’ went to shut it, and shut the lovers in too, where they remained for three hours. The same night all the town was at the Duchess of Richmond’s. Lady Albemarle was at Tredille; the Duke of Bedford came up to the table, and told her he must speak to her as soon as

¹ It is fair to the reputation of an unknown artist to say that the draperies in this picture which are so beautifully painted were the work of one “Toms,” for which he only received twelve guineas. This clever “Drapery man” took to drink and committed suicide in 1776. The picture has been beautifully engraved by Fisher.

“ Che Sarà, Sarà ”

the pool was over. You may guess whether she knew a card more that she played. When she had finished the Duke told her he would wait on her the next morning to make the demand in form. . . . The Duke asked no questions about fortune, but has since slipped a bit of paper into Lady Elizabeth's hand, telling her he hoped his son would live, but if he did not there was something for her; it was a jointure of three thousand a year, and six hundred pounds pin-money. She has behaved in the prettiest manner in the world, and would not appear at a vast assembly at Northumberland House on Tuesday, nor at a great Hay-making at Mrs. Pitt's on Wednesday. Yesterday they all went to Woburn, and to-morrow the ceremony is to be performed.”

The wedding took place on the 9th June, and the honeymoon was spent at Oakley, near Bedford, from whence Lord Tavistock wrote the next day to his father as follows:—

“ OAKLEY, *Sunday, 10th June.*

“ MY DEAREST FATHER,—This line is only to tell you that we got here very safe and in very good time last night. I dare not say how happy I am. I beg you would make my best respects to Lady Albemarle, and assure her her daughter is perfectly well. Ever yours, my best of fathers, F. T.”

Eighteen days later Lord Tavistock writes from Woburn to a great friend the following letter:—

“ In any other situation than my present one, I should have reproached myself with a neglect of friendship in not having wrote to you sooner, but that I am now in is so new a one—has so many interesting concerns that a single life has not, that I really can think of nothing else; besides my present happiness may perhaps be but a dream, and if it is no better, I should be sorry to lose a single moment of it. I shall never find time to write you word of all the details of my courtship, my wedding,

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and my present way of life. More I must reserve till we meet. Let it suffice that I have every reason in the world to be satisfied with my wife—her sense, her virtue, her love, and her attention to everything that can give me pleasure, demand all my affection and my gratitude. I feel for her an attachment equally binding with the most violent love—tho’ it wants its enchanting fire and delirium. I allow I have a tenderness for her of which I did not think my heart was capable; but which was very different to what I felt for Lady —

“You talk in your letter of wishing to see my ménage before Parliament meets . . . We shall be here or at Blenheim till Bedford races, which begin August 6th, and after that time shall stay in this country till after Christmas. About September I believe I shall inhabit my house, and consequently shall like much better to see you there. Indeed, I am so well satisfied with the country, and so is my wife too, that I think I shall not see much of London this year . . . Adieu, my dearest R., guess how much I dislike writing, since it is disagreeable to me to make any longer this letter which is to the man to whom I can most freely speak of all I think and do. Ever yours,

“F. T.”

“My present happiness may perhaps be but a dream.” Alas! this was a prophetic surmise which the decrees of fate had settled should be fulfilled.

In less than three years the happiness of this young couple was brought to a tragic end by the unexpected death of Lord Tavistock. When out hunting he had a fall, and his horse kicked him, fracturing his skull. This terrible news came to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford whilst they were at the Opera. Lady Tavistock and the Duchess of Marlborough being with them, and both ladies being in delicate health, the Duke and Duchess, fearing for them a sudden shock, concealed the news, and actually sat through the remainder of the opera hiding

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their ghastly secret. The suppressed agony of the father had a curious effect upon him: his head the day after broke out in boils, which probably, it was said, saved his life. Lord Tavistock was twice trepanned, but died on the 22nd March 1767. Horace Walpole writes: “No man was ever more regretted; the honesty, generosity, humility and moderation of his character endeared him to all the world. The desolation of his family is extreme.” Besides being high-minded and right-principled, Lord Tavistock was very accomplished and in every way a young man of great promise.

Lady Tavistock, who loved him passionately, never recovered from the shock, though she lingered for many months. Four months after her husband's death she gave birth to a posthumous son, who was given the name of William. After this event was over there was a consultation of the three physicians, Ward, Damian, and Ford, and they recommended her being taken to Lisbon, more with an idea of affording her some relief through change of scene and a warm climate than with the hope of any real cure, her mental anguish being terrible to witness. A touching story was told by one of the doctors. During a visit to her, he wished to feel her pulse in both wrists, and finding a reluctance to open one of her hands, he used a gentle violence, and saw that she had concealed in it a miniature of her husband. “Ah, Madam,” he said, “all our prescriptions must be useless, while you so fatally cherish the sorrow that destroys you.” “I have kept this,” she replied, “either in my bosom or my hand, ever since my dear lord's death, and thus I must indeed continue to retain it, until I drop off after him into the welcome grave.”

Lady Tavistock was accompanied to Portugal by her brother, Admiral Keppel, and by her sister, Lady Caroline



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *pinx.*

FRANCIS RUSSELL, 5TH DUKE OF BEDFORD; LORD JOHN RUSSELL (AFTERWARDS 6TH DUKE OF BEDFORD); LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, AND MISS HENRIETTA VERNON (AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF WARWICK).

(From a Mezzotint at Swallowfield, by V. Green, 1778)

“Che Sarà, Sarà”

Adair, with her husband, but neither change of scene nor climate produced any good effect upon this broken heart, and she died at Lisbon on the 9th of November of the same year (1768) aged twenty-eight.

The tragedies of these two deaths did not complete the chain of disasters that befel this ill-fated family.

One of Sir Joshua's well-known allegorical pictures—and a very poor one—is composed of four figures, three of whom—youths in armour—were the sons of the aforesaid unfortunate Lord and Lady Tavistock.¹ The eldest youth, who is supposed to be St. George attacking the Dragon, in the foreground of the picture, was Francis, Lord Tavistock, who succeeded his grandfather as fifth Duke of Bedford in 1771. He seemed to have everything that this world could give, position, great talents, and immense wealth to enable him to utilise it for the good of his country, which he showed every desire to do, and a lovely bride, Lady Georgiana Gordon, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, to whom he was shortly to be united, when suddenly this promising life was brought to an early close, like his father before him, as the result of an untoward accident. He injured himself playing at racquets, and died in a few days, after suffering intense agony, borne with the greatest fortitude and thinking only of others to the last. Seldom has any one been more lamented by the public, as well as by his friends and relations. Charles James Fox, his cousin, made an eloquent and touching eulogium on him in the House of Commons, seconded by Sheridan. He was succeeded by his second brother, Lord John, who became sixth Duke of Bedford, and married, as his second wife, his late brother's fiancée, Lady Georgiana

¹ The fourth figure was their cousin, Miss Henrietta Vernon, who married the Earl of Warwick.

“Che Sarà, Sarà”

Gordon. He had a prosperous life and left innumerable descendants; Lord John Russell, K.C., the Prime Minister, was one of his sons,¹ and the late Duchess of Abercorn one of his daughters. His youngest son, General Lord Alexander Russell, a man of charming personality, died only quite lately.

The culminating tragedy of this family fell upon the third and youngest of the brothers. In the picture Lord William is represented crouching in the background, supposed to be terror-stricken at sight of the Dragon which his brother is attacking with his spear; but there is no look of horror in his face, and one story is, that when Sir Joshua told him to look more frightened, he laughingly said he could not manage to do so at such a ridiculous creature!

Sixty-three years later he must have had the expression on his face that Sir Joshua had desired to depict, when as an old man of seventy-three years of age he saw the midnight assassin's cruel knife descending over his defenceless head.

In May 1840, Lord William Russell, then a slight, frail man, very deaf, lived alone; his wife, Lady Charlotte Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, had been dead thirty-three years, and his two daughters were married, one to her cousin, Lord Wriothsley Russell, and the other to the Hon. Grey Bennet, son of Lord Tankerville; but he had a son, Mr. William Russell, a barrister, who always lived in London, and either he or his wife, who had been one of the beautiful Miss Campbells of Islay, and was a great favourite of Lord William, visited the old gentleman every day without fail.

Lord William occupied No. 13 Norfolk Street, Park Lane,

¹ Lord John Russell, K.C., created Earl Russell, was third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, by his first wife, the Hon. Georgiana Byng, daughter of the fourth Viscount Torrington.



GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, DAUGHTER OF ALEXANDER, FOURTH DUKE OF GORDON.

From a Miniature by R. Cosway, R.A.

“Che Sarà, Sarà”

a fourteen-roomed house, keeping a very small establishment—namely, a cook and a housemaid and valet indoors, and a coachman and groom, who both lived over the stables close by. On Tuesday morning, May 5th, Mrs. William Russell, after her husband had left for Lincoln's Inn, started off as usual from her house in Chesham Place to visit her father-in-law, going across the Park on foot. Before she reached Norfolk Street she got into an immense crowd, and as she was trying to make her way through she was stopped by a cordon of police, who told her she could not pass. On asking why, she was horror-stricken at the answer she received, namely, that Lord William Russell had been found murdered in his bed. Greatly overcome, Mrs. Russell resolved, however, to go on to the house, and the police, hearing who she was, conducted her there. She at once interviewed Sarah Mancer the housemaid, Mary Hennell the cook, and François the valet. She ascertained that Lord William had spent the previous afternoon and evening much as usual. In the morning he had been to see Lord Albemarle at the Stud-House, and early in the afternoon he walked to Brookes's Club in St. James's Street. Before going there he gave his valet several messages to deliver, one being to the coachman who was to bring his phaeton for him to the club at four o'clock. François made a mistake in the hour, and Lord William had to take a cab to bring him home, for which he reprimanded his servant on his return. Lord William, who was very methodical, always returned at the same hour in order to take out his large Swedish sheep-dog, of whom he was extremely fond. Lord William dined alone at seven o'clock, and afterwards went up into the back drawing-room to write. At nine o'clock the coachman came as was his wont to take the dog to the stables for the night.

“Che Sarà, Sarà”

Lord William retired to his bedroom about half-past ten, at which time the maids went to bed. The valet said he had sat up till nearly twelve when Lord William's bell rang and he then went up to assist him to undress, saw him get into bed, and by his lordship's desire lighted a candle and gave him a book. Then he said he went to bed himself. The housemaid told Mrs. Russell that she had not heard any noise in the night, although her room was immediately over Lord Williams', but that on going downstairs before seven that morning she found all the papers in her master's room scattered about, his gold opera-glass, his cloak and other articles done up in a bundle and placed in the hall, and the plate all lying around. She thought it was a case of burglars, and rushed upstairs to tell her fellow-servants. The valet then followed her down, and they both went into Lord William's room. François proceeded to open the shutters, and Sarah Mancer, on approaching the bedside, saw that Lord William was dead, with his face covered with a towel and the pillow saturated with blood. The horrified woman rushed screaming into the street to give the alarm, ringing the door bells of the two adjoining houses. Her cries soon brought to the spot Lord William's coachman, who fetched a surgeon. He at once went to the bedroom and found that Lord William's throat had been cut from ear to ear, so that the head was nearly severed from the body. Several of the neighbouring servants now came in, including the butler from Mr. Jones Lloyd's, who lived at 22, and did all they could to help the affrighted maids; but the valet did nothing, and the housemaid found him writing in the dining-room. On her asking him indignantly why he had not gone for the police, he said he must write to Mr. Russell, and his only remark

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was, “It was here they entered,” pointing to some marks of violence on the pantry door. The police, however, who had been summoned by the neighbours, were soon upon the scene, and took possession of the house, detaining all the three servants. The coroner’s inquest took place in the house the same day, and corroborated all the housemaid had said. Mr. Commissioner Mayne, who arrived very soon at the house, stated that he had had a conversation with the man-servant, who was very much agitated, and said, “This is a shocking job, I shall lose my place and lose my character.” The back door near the pantry, which had been locked the night before, was a good deal bruised, but the police said that it had been opened from the inside, and the general opinion was that some one had entered the house early in the evening when the man-servant was out and had remained secreted till midnight. This idea created quite a panic in the neighbourhood. Some suspicion, however, was attached to the valet, who had only lived with Lord William for five weeks. He was a young Swiss, François Benjamin Courvoisier by name, aged twenty-three; but Mr. Fector, M.P., who was one of the first persons who called at the house, with whom Courvoisier had lived for two years previous to entering Lord William’s service, gave him a very high character. The jury came to a verdict of “Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,” but the police remained in the house, and none of the servants were allowed to leave it. It was found that some silver forks and spoons as well as Lord William’s watch, rings, and other articles were missing: £50 was offered for their recovery, and £400 for the conviction of the murderer. The excitement in London was unprecedented, and increased rather than diminished each day. The street was always blocked, not

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only with relatives and friends of the murdered man going to inquire for news and leaving messages of sympathy, but with the public, who congregated as near as they could get from early morning till late at night. The house was besieged by messengers from the Royal Family and Cabinet Ministers. Prince Albert was deeply interested and sent several times; and amongst those who called personally were the Duke of Wellington, Lords Salisbury, Hawarden, Cowley, Ailesbury, Jersey, Elphinstone, Ashburnham, and Normanby. The latter had several conferences with Mayne, the head of the police.

Three days after the murder a discovery was made of a most important nature—namely, on removing the skirting-board adjoining the sink in the butler's pantry the police found many of the missing articles, including a ten-pound note, a gold watch, some rings, gold coins, and Lord William's Waterloo medal. In consequence of this Courvoisier was committed for trial, but odd as it seems now, it was thought at the time that he might escape conviction, and so strong a feeling was excited on his behalf that a considerable subscription was raised among the foreign servants in London to defray the expenses of counsel. He was tried by Lord Chief Justice Tindal, who had Baron Parke with him. The prisoner had for counsel Phillips, a very gifted Irishman, the prosecution being in the hands of Adolphus,¹ an advocate of great ability. Each day the court was thronged, the application for seats being far greater than the accommodation. Preference was given to relatives; amongst these on the first day were Lord and Lady Arthur Lennox and the Countess of Charleville, these ladies being sisters of Mrs. William Russell. Amongst others present were Lady Burghersh, Lady

¹ John Adolphus was a friend of Thackeray, and is alluded to in “Pendennis” as “Gustavus”—“Gustavus still toils with Solomon to aid him.”

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Sondes, Lady Granville-Somerset, Lady Julia Lockwood, Lady Bentinck, the Earls of Sheffield, Mansfield, Cavan, Clarendon, Lucan, and South, Lord Rivers, Lord Gardner, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Frederick Gordon, Hon. Mr. Villiers, &c.

On the second day a new witness appeared, the mistress of a French hotel in Leicester Square. She said that, four years ago, Courvoisier was her servant for about a month, but then, through the instrumentality of his uncle, a most respectable man, who was butler to Sir George Beaumont, he had obtained several very good situations, and she had lost sight of him until a short time ago, when he suddenly called to see her, and on leaving wished her to take care of a parcel for him; which she had done, but that, reading the advertisement for Lord William's missing plate, she had opened it, and finding the contents consisted of silver forks and spoons, now produced it. They proved to be the property of Lord William, and had on them the Bedford crest. On the third and last day of the trial, Mr. Phillips addressed the court and jury for the prisoner in a most eloquent manner, and brought forward every possible argument in his favour. His speech was made under circumstances of exceptional difficulty, as on the second day Courvoisier had sent for his counsel in court and whispered to them, “I have sent for you, gentlemen, to tell you I committed the murder.” Phillips was staggered, and said, “I presume then you are going to plead guilty?” “No, Sir,” was the reply, “I expect you to defend me to the uttermost.” Phillips' first inclination was to throw up the case, but he consulted Baron Parke, who said he was bound to go on, and to use all fair evidence. Whether Phillips did so confine himself has been considered a moot point, and given rise to much discussion. The *Westminster Review*

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had some severe censures on him, especially with regard to his (reported) solemn protest that the omniscient God alone knew who committed this crime; but Mr. Fortescue, a barrister in court, stated that this was inaccurately reported. What Phillips did say was the following: “But you will say to me, if the prisoner did it not, who did it? I answer, ask the omniscient Being above us who did it; ask not me, a poor finite creature like yourselves. Ask the prosecutor who did it; it is for him to tell you who did it, it is not for me to tell you; and until he shall have proved by the clearest evidence that it was the prisoner at the bar, beware how you embrue your hands in the blood of that young man,” &c.

Lady Arthur Lennox heard at the time that Courvoisier had a *tendresse* for the housemaid, and he feared suspicion might attach itself to her, and therefore made his confession.

After an absence of an hour and twenty-five minutes the jury found Courvoisier guilty, and Chief Justice Tindal immediately passed sentence of death. Extraordinary to say, a petition was sent to the Home Office to spare the murderer's life, but on the 6th July 1846 he was hung outside Newgate. On the Sunday before the avenues to the prison chapel were blocked up before nine by those who had obtained admission to hear the condemned sermon and see the criminal. On the day of the execution many persons of distinction were admitted to the prison before seven o'clock, including the actor Edmund Kean, “for the advantage of his professional studies.” Amidst this throng Courvoisier received the Holy Sacrament, and afterwards, as he was going to be pinioned, Mr. Sheriff Evans drew a letter from his pocket and asked for his autograph! Nearly fifty thousand persons were spectators of his execution, amongst them being Lords Powers-

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court, Glentworth, Lovat, Fitz-Harris, and Arthur Paget, and the Marquis Saldanha, the Portuguese Ambassador. Lord Orford with others hired a window to see it. They had to go very early and all fell asleep, not awakening till some time after the execution had taken place. This is said to have been the origin of “Lord Tom Noddy” in the “Ingoldsby Legends.” Thackeray was present at the scene, and afterwards wrote his plea for the abolition of public executions, under the heading of “Reflections on Going to See a Man Hanged.” This, however, did not take effect for twenty-seven years, notwithstanding Mr. Rich’s Bill which he brought before Parliament for the better ordering of the execution of criminals, instancing the closing scenes of Courvoisier’s life as “an affront to a Christian and civilised community.” Courvoisier whilst in prison made two attempts at committing suicide, but both were frustrated by the warders. Courvoisier received the ministrations of the chaplain of the gaol and of a minister of the French church, and joined in their prayers with fervour. He was visited by his uncle and wrote letters to his relatives; and two days before his execution he himself wrote a full confession, especially mentioning that the housemaid knew nothing about the murder. He said he was in the dining-room abstracting some more plate, having previously taken forks and spoons, when suddenly he was startled by seeing the figure of Lord William in his dressing-gown watching him at the door. Lord William said to him, “You will quit my service to-morrow and I shall acquaint your friends as to what you have done,” and then his lordship went back to bed. Courvoisier now knew that all would be found out, and after thinking over what he should do for more than an hour, determined to kill his master. Accordingly he went

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upstairs with a carving-knife, and finding Lord William fast asleep, cut his throat. Lord William put up his arm to shield himself from the blow, and in doing so his thumb was partially cut off. Had the dog slept near his master the crime would probably never have been perpetrated, as he was devoted to Lord William; and when the faithful animal was taken back to the house after the tragedy it showed the greatest uneasiness, and rushed about whining from room to room and looking up imploringly in the faces of those around him.

An article appeared shortly after in the *Examiner* stating that it was reading Harrison Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" that gave Courvoisier the idea of murder, and this was made the groundwork of a most acrimonious attack on the able writer's romance. Harrison Ainsworth wrote a contradiction, in which he said that the prisoner himself denied the statement.

Lord William Russell was buried at Chenies amongst his ancestors; to the last the interest and excitement continued, and by six o'clock on the morning of the day fixed for the funeral there were more than two hundred persons assembled in Norfolk Street. Those were the days of the dreadful paraphernalia at funerals; and on this occasion we read of "mutes," "scarves," and "a fid of feathers."

Amongst the chief mourners was Lord William's nephew, Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, who was so deeply affected that he could not go to the grave side, but remained in the church.

Who would have thought, when that bright and lovely girl acted as bridesmaid to Queen Charlotte, that she and her future husband and her eldest son should all be carried off in their prime, and that her youngest son should meet with such a terrible death. "Che sarà, sarà."



HON. RICHARD EDGCUMBE, LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, LADY CAROLINE SPENCER.

From an Engraving after a Painting by J. Roberts, 1778

ROBIN ADAIR, OR THE FORTUNATE IRISHMAN

MOST persons know, or at all events have heard of, the once popular song "Robin Adair," but few perhaps are aware of its romantic origin.

Rather more than a hundred and fifty years ago there was a good-looking and clever young medical student of that name studying in Dublin. As was not an unfrequent occurrence there in those days he got implicated in some row in that city which necessitated his leaving it, and he determined to try his fortunes in London. Accordingly he managed to cross the sea, but found that he had not sufficient money to pay for any conveyance that would carry him on to the end of his journey. He therefore started off on foot, intending to walk until he could meet with some Good Samaritan who would help him on his way. But fate, and in his case a very kind one, soon overtook him, for he had not gone many leagues before he came upon the scene of a recent accident, and he was just in time to help a fair lady out of her coach which had been overturned in a ditch. Fortunately for him, her ladyship—for she was a well-known personage of the Upper Ten—had incurred a slight injury necessitating surgical aid, which he was able to give her, and furthermore her nerves were so shaken, that she entreated the young surgeon to accompany her to the metropolis. This one can imagine he was nothing loath to do, and at the end of the journey he

Robin Adair, or the Fortunate Irishman

found himself with a cheque for £100 in his pocket and a standing invitation to one of the best houses in London.

This unexpected piece of good fortune was the commencement of a most successful career. Robert Adair soon gained a large practice in London and made many friends. But the climax of his good fortune came when he won the heart and ultimately the hand of a charming young lady of high position.

The young surgeon met Lady Caroline Keppel at a ball given by his patroness, and it was a case of love at first sight on both sides; but the course of true love ran anything but smooth.

Lady Caroline, who was born in 1737, was the daughter of William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, K.G., who commanded the left wing at Culloden, and who ended his life as Ambassador at the court of Versailles, where he lived in such splendour that Horace Walpole called him "the most magnificent spendthrift of his time." He was greatly liked in Paris. Marmontel, in his *Memoirs*, says, in talking of his death: "Lord d'Albemarle mourut à Paris aussi regretté parmi nous que dans sa patrie. C'était, par excellence, ce qu'on appelle un galant homme, noble, sensible, généreux, plein de loyauté, de franchise, de politesse et de bonté, et il réunissait ce que les deux caractères de l'Anglais et du Français¹ ont de meilleure et de plus estimable." Directly after giving him this excellent character Marmontel goes on to say: "Il avait pour maîtresse une fille accomplie, et à qui l'envie elle-même n'a jamais reproché que de s'être donnée à lui. Je m'en fis une amie;² c'était un moyen sûr de me faire un ami de my lord d'Albemarle.

¹ Lord Albemarle was of Dutch extraction, and was educated in Holland, and only came to England when he was fifteen years of age.

² She was the "Adelaide" in Marmontel's *La Bergère des Alpes*.

Robin Adair, or the Fortunate Irishman

Le nom de cette aimable personne était Gaucher ; son nom d'enfance et de caresse était Lolotte. C'était à elle que son amant disait, un soir qu'elle regardait fixement une étoile, 'Ne la regardez pas tant, ma chère ; je ne puis pas vous la donner !''

Mademoiselle Gaucher must have been as accomplished as she was charming, for Marmontel also tells us that, "après la conversation de Voltaire la plus ravissante pour moi était la sienne." After Lord Albemarle's death, Mademoiselle Gaucher married the Comte d'Hérouville. By this means the fair Lolotte hoped to make herself a position in French society, but she met with so many humiliations that it was said her social ostracism caused her death. Lord Albemarle had inherited the estates of Elveden Hall, Suffolk, and Quidenham in Norfolk, and £90,000 in the Funds ; and with his wife, Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, he got £25,000. Added to this he had the lucrative sinecure of the Governorship of Virginia, and his public employments brought him in £15,000 a year ; yet such was his extravagance that at his death in 1754 he left vast debts and deeply mortgaged estates.

Lady Albemarle had fifteen children, of whom seven only survived their infancy. One of them was the celebrated Admiral Keppel, created Viscount Keppel of Elveden. He and two of his brothers greatly distinguished themselves at the taking of Havana, and when Lady Albemarle, who got the name of the Mother of the Gracchi, first appeared at the Drawing-Room after the news had arrived, she received a sort of ovation from the royalties, and the Duke of Cumberland said to her, "By Gad, my Lady, if it wasn't in the Presence-Chamber I should kiss you !"

Lady Albemarle's brother, the second Duke of Richmond,

Robin Adair, or the Fortunate Irishman

with his wife, who was Lady Sarah Cadogan, were said to be the proudest and the most exclusive couple in England. Thus it is not to be wondered at that Lady Caroline Keppel met with determined opposition when she announced that she wished to marry the young Irish surgeon. Her only sister had lately become the wife of Lord Tavistock, the Duke of Bedford's eldest son, and as Lady Caroline was very pretty there seemed no reason why she too should not make an advantageous match. But she would not hear of giving up her "Robin." She was taken abroad in the hopes that absence would make her forget him, but in this case it verified the proverb and made the heart grow dearer, and nature came to her rescue; she fell ill and had to be brought home. Then Bath was tried with no good result, and it was whilst she was there that it is said she composed the well-known song, "Robin Adair"—

"What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not near;

He whom I wish to see,

Wish for to hear!

Where's all the joy and mirth,

Made life a heaven on earth?

Oh! they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair."

Ultimately, seeing no hope of obtaining the consent of her relations, Lady Caroline took the law into her own hands; and as soon as she was of age, on the 22nd February 1758, she eloped with Robert Adair and was privately married to him.

Shortly afterwards he was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and furthermore George III., who took a fancy to him, gave him the post of Royal Sergeant-Surgeon as well as that of surgeon to Chelsea Hospital. But still Lady



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *pinx.*

LADY CAROLINE ADAIR.

Robin Adair, or the Fortunate Irishman

Caroline was not forgiven by her relations, who held out for nine years. Then Lady Caroline's sister, the charming and amiable Lady Tavistock, who was fast sinking into her grave, never having rallied from the shock of her husband's untimely death, and who was about to leave England on what proved to be her last journey, effected a reconciliation. Lady Caroline and Mr. Adair and her brother, Admiral Keppel, accompanied Lady Tavistock to Portugal; but the change of scene and climate was unavailing, and she died in that country. Lady Caroline herself only outlived her sister for one year, dying at the birth of her third child, after ten years of happy married life. Her husband survived her for twenty-one years. They had three children. The son, who became the Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, was the well-known diplomatist. It was of him that the following story was told. When he was sent to St. Petersburg the Empress Catherine asked Mr. Whitworth, afterwards Lord Whitworth:

"Est-ce un homme très considérable ce Monsieur d'Adda?"

"Pas trop, Madame," answered Mr. Whitworth, "quoique son père était grand *saigneur*!" alluding to the fact that Adair's father was a surgeon.

Their second daughter, Elizabeth Adair, married the Rev. George Barrington, who became fifth Viscount Barrington; and through her there are innumerable descendants of "The Fortunate Irishman."

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A DIPLOMAT: AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

IN November 1809 a great sensation was caused in diplomatic circles, as well as in London society, by the most mysterious disappearance of a very well-known young Englishman.

Benjamin Bathurst was the third son of Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich (nephew of Allen, first Lord Bathurst), his mother being Grace Coote, sister of Lord Castle Coote of Lepperstown, near Dublin. He was given the family name of Benjamin after his grandfather, Benjamin Bathurst of Battesden, of whom it is worth noting that he had no fewer than thirty-six children, namely, twenty-two by his first wife, Miss Finetta Poole, an heiress, and fourteen by his second spouse, Miss Catherine Broderick, a niece of Lord Middleton.

The Bishop of Norwich was the second son of the latter lady, and besides being a very able man, was celebrated for his many virtues and unswerving integrity. It was to him that Bulwer Lytton alludes in "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," as the prelate with whom the virtues lived so long that, wearying at last of the society of a man who had not one redeeming vice, the most volatile of them set out on the famous expedition.

The son was worthy of the sire. Born in 1784, young Benjamin Bathurst was educated at Winchester. When there his father talks of him as "an uncommonly fine boy, with a fair share of industry, considerable attainments for his age

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(fourteen), and full of affection." He went to Oxford as Fellow of New College when he was only fifteen, and entered the Diplomatic Service at a very early age, being described at that time as "a singularly gifted youth."

In January 1804, when he was barely twenty, he held some post at Vienna under Sir Arthur Paget, the English ambassador. He remained there till March 1805, when he made a tour in Italy and Greece to re-establish his health, which he said had been "somewhat injured by a residence of fifteen months in the most unwholesome capital of Europe." On his return to England, when he was still only twenty-one years of age, he was appointed Secretary of Legation at the Court of Stockholm; and it was then that Mr. Bathurst took unto himself a wife, his bride being Phillida, daughter of Sir John Call, Bart., of Whiteford, Cornwall.¹ She was a charming girl, some years older than himself, and he had been engaged to her for two years. Her uncommon name was said to be a diminutive of her mother's, which was Philadelphia; but "Phillida" was the name of the heroine in one of Colley Cibber's plays, a favourite part of Kitty Clive.

In writing to announce his engagement to his brother James (afterwards Sir James Bathurst and A.D.C. to Lord Wellington in the Peninsula), Benjamin Bathurst says: "I am sure you will admire her candour, simplicity of manners, and cultivated mind which gain every heart wherever she is known. No person was ever more beloved by her intimate relations or esteemed more by the generality of the world; indeed I consider myself most fortunate in this lot, whatever

¹ Sir John Call was the eldest of four brothers who went to India about the middle of the eighteenth century, sons of John Call, Esq., of Launcells, co. Cornwall; he served in India as military engineer with considerable reputation, and was created a Baronet in 1791.

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success may attend me in my progress through life in other respects."

Mr. Bathurst was about this time Secretary of Legation at Leghorn, and in 1807 was sent a second time to Stockholm on a special mission, and on both of these occasions he was accompanied by his wife. In the spring of 1809 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary on an important secret mission to the Court of Vienna, his orders being to assure the Cabinet there of the intention of England to send a powerful contingent into Spain, and to use his best endeavours to induce Austria to declare war. From Pesth he wrote in the middle of June: "It would be endless to go over everything that has happened to me since my being on this station, where I have hitherto witnessed scarcely anything but distress and misfortune. I got to Vienna the very day of the terrible accounts from the Danube, and have seen little since to cheer the scene. The desperate resolution of the Austrians keeps pace with the military blunders they improve upon daily. No reverses can correct, no experience instruct them; a cause quite sacred, pursued with a frantic zeal, an incomparable army and resources without end, all yield to the ascendant of our abominable opponent and his superior military skill. A miracle (or another battle of Aspern, which was little less) may restore us, but scarcely any other effort. I cannot say I am quite in Paradise, though a very flattering situation, and an immediate actor in events which inspire the deepest interest, atone a little for a separation from Phillida, and a variety of other inconveniences."

On October 14, 1809, Mr. Bathurst wrote to his wife as follows:—

"I am able to give you a few words of intelligence of me, my dearest Phillida, by Heligoland, though hardly more from

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the smallness of the packet I am obliged to observe in sending through this channel. Things are in the most desperate condition, and if Bonaparte can be removed from Vienna without some very signal catastrophe to Austria, the utmost of our hopes will be fulfilled. My fate will, of course, be decided amongst the other articles of the Peace. If the intercourse with England is put an end to, which is next to certain, I shall endeavour to get home by Colberg and Sweden, rather than the Mediterranean, of which I had so disagreeable a specimen in the spring. This, as far as my foresight will carry me, is likely to be the result, unless some interposition of Providence happens, for I hardly think anything else however will do. I shall rejoice to return once more to you, and as the affairs of the Continent are for the present so hopeless, I shall not much regret abandoning them. Krause (the King's messenger) came back from Hamburg yesterday, having sent on my despatches and letters. I see by the newspapers he brings that Lord Bathurst¹ is Premier. For myself I have now nothing but Parliament to look to. I must succeed in placing myself there somehow or another. My distress is very great owing to having no intelligence from England. I have not received a word from you since the letters you sent by Krause; write to Heligoland to Mr. Nicholas and he will forward your letters to me; but the advertisement comes, I am almost afraid, too late. Adieu, my dearest! yours ever most affectionately.

“B. B.

“I am quite recovered.”

On October 15th, the day after the above letter was written, in consequence of Napoleon's triumphs at Eckmuhl, Assern, Elsling, and Wagram, the treaty of peace between France and Austria was signed. Austria was compelled to prohibit all

¹ Mr. Bathurst's cousin, Earl Bathurst, had married in 1789 Georgiana, daughter of Lord George Lennox, and sister to the fourth Duke of Richmond.

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intercourse with England, and the speedy return of Mr. Bathurst was looked for by his family and by the Foreign Office. But day after day passed and no further news was heard of or from him. At first his relations and friends allowed themselves to be buoyed up with the hope that he had been obliged to take a circuitous route to avoid falling into the hands of the French; but as week after week elapsed and no tidings arrived, their agonies of suspense became very great. "At length," writes his sister Tryphena (afterwards Mrs. Thistlethwayte), "one evening in December, my father received an express from Lord Wellesley requesting his immediate attendance at Apsley House, his lordship having something of importance to communicate. On my father's return, we were all alarmed at his pale and dejected aspect. He informed us that Government had received intelligence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my brother at Perleberg, a small town in Brandenburg, where he had stopped on the route from Vienna for rest and refreshment."

It appears that when Mr. Bathurst was told he must no longer consider himself accredited to Buda, where the Court then resided, he left that place, but instead of going direct to England proceeded at first to Berlin, where he was in communication with Baron Wissenberg, the Austrian minister, who had married an English lady, and with whom he was intimate. On his return journey he stopped at the Post-House at Perleberg on Saturday the 25th November at midday. Soon after he sat down to write in a small room, and remained there some hours, afterwards burning several of his papers. He then ordered fresh post-horses to be ready by seven o'clock to go on to Lenzen, the next station, and went to the "White Swan," an inn close by, and had an early dinner; after which he inquired who was in command

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of the soldiers quartered in the town. He was told it was Captain Klitzing, and he went to that officer's residence and asked if he might be given a guard in the inn, as he feared his life was in danger. He appeared agitated, in consequence of something he had heard. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Bathurst, it was said, rather mistrusted Krause, concerning whom he had received a warning; and finding that Krause had a bill for £500 upon him at Perleberg roused his suspicions. In consequence of Mr. Bathurst's application, two soldiers were appointed to guard the inn. At seven o'clock he dismissed them, that being the time he had settled to start; but at the last moment he changed his mind and countermanded the post-horses till nine o'clock. At that hour they were ready at the door—the postilion was adjusting the harness and the hostler holding a horn-lamp, as the oil lantern hung across the street gave but a dim light, and the night was dark. Krause, who though sometimes called King's messenger, is also called "the secretary," was paying the account, the landlord standing cap in hand preparing to wish his departing guest God-speed, and, as the story goes, Mr. Bathurst's servant had actually opened the door of the carriage for his master (who had been standing near the horses' heads watching his portmanteaux being placed on the top of the vehicle) to step in and take his seat, when at that moment Mr. Bathurst, without any warning, sound, or cry disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. At first nothing was thought of the delay; but when nearly an hour had elapsed his companions began to make inquiries for him in and out of the building. All in vain; he was nowhere to be found, and every one about the place denied having seen him. Mr. Bathurst's servant then went to inform the governor, Captain Klitzing, of the

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circumstance, and that official sent immediately to the local authorities at Perleberg and charged them to make all possible inquiries. The four magistrates of the town were roused from their sleep to join in the investigations. At the same time, Captain Klitzing sent Krause and Mr. Bathurst's valet to the hotel of the "Golden Crown," and ordered a guard of cuirassiers to keep watch over them there. On Sunday, every search having been fruitless, this officer went to Berlin to communicate with the authorities there. Time was lost by this journey, and it was not till his return that a judicial investigation took place, when all the inhabitants of the Post-House were closely examined. They consisted of the hostler Schmidt, his wife, son, and daughter, and their servant, Elizabeth Nagel Schmidt, who besides being the head of the Post-House was also the letter-carrier of the place, and had formerly been a non-commissioned officer. Considerable suspicion attached itself to the son, August Schmidt, as he was known to be a vagabond and a gambler; and moreover Mr. Bathurst's valuable travelling coat of sable was found in his possession. This, however, was explained (and apparently the explanation satisfied the authorities) by the statement that it had been left in the Post-House; so that August and his mother were only sentenced to eight weeks' imprisonment for not having declared it, and even that short sentence was reduced in consequence of a general amnesty.

On December 10th Krause departed for Berlin, where he went to the Head of the Police to urge further investigation, and he also laid the matter before the English Ambassador. Meanwhile the search at Perleberg was continued with renewed vigour; citizens, peasants, gamekeepers and huntsmen worked assiduously in every direction, the latter using their dogs to

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assist. All cellars, lofts, and every barn, ditch, and wood were examined. The river Stepnitz was let off during two days by the mill-master, and searched thoroughly, but all to no purpose. The only trace of the missing man that came to light was a pair of grey "pantaloon," or "overalls" (as they were variously called), which an old woman brought to Krause and said she had found in a copse three miles from the town. This only added mystery to mystery. They certainly were the "overalls" worn by Mr. Bathurst at the time of his disappearance, but they had obviously been laid out in the copse in a position purposely to catch the eye; furthermore they had two bullet holes in them, but there was no blood, and it was thought from this that the shots had been fired into empty trousers.¹ In one of the pockets there was a half-written letter to his wife, scribbled on a dirty scrap of paper in pencil, which had got soaked with wet from the heavy rains. The letter contained a representation of all the dangers to which he was exposed in consequence, as he said, of his being surrounded by enemies, and expressed fears that he should never reach England, and that his ruin would be brought about by Comte d'Antraigues² and the Russians. It also contained a request to Mrs. Bathurst not to marry again in the event of his not returning.

The English Government offered £1000 reward for authentic news of Mr. Bathurst, his family another thousand; ten thalers were added to this by the local authorities at Perleberg, and one hundred friedrichs d'or by Prince Frederick of Prussia—but these large rewards produced no evidence. Nothing authentic ever came to light, though many and various were

¹ It seems probable that they had been placed there after the search.

² Comte d'Antraigues, a political adventurer, who was in the pay of both France and Russia. See Appendix.

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the stories circulated, each new one contradicting the last. Some palpably incorrect statements were printed at the time, and these have since often reappeared in print. Thus one reads in some that Mr. Bathurst was rash enough to be travelling quite alone, whilst other accounts state that he foolishly took all his suite with him. Neither of these statements are correct: he had with him Krause (or Krouse), a King's messenger, who appears to have acted as his secretary and courier on this occasion, and his own Swiss body-servant, Nikolaus Hilbert, in whom he had the greatest confidence, which apparently was not misplaced. Mr. Bathurst and Krause travelled under assumed names, the former as "Koch" and the latter as "Fischer," and were described as merchants. At Berlin it was given out that Mr. Bathurst had shown symptoms of insanity and that he had destroyed himself; but this appears to have had no foundation, and if it had been the case his body, sooner or later, would have been found.

At the end of December the traveller Roentgen (or Röntgen), a man well known in his time, who was a personal friend of the Bathursts, volunteered to go to Perleberg to see what he could discover. He went armed with money to distribute amongst those who had exerted themselves for so many weeks in the search, but he failed in getting any fresh definite information. At Berlin he was joined by Mrs. Bathurst herself. She had started for the Continent in the spring of 1810, accompanied by her brother, Mr. George Call, as well as by a German interpreter and her own Swedish maid, and travelling over Germany made the most exhaustive inquiries, having first been solemnly assured by Napoleon that he was in complete ignorance of her husband's fate. The following is the story of Mrs. Bathurst's search told in her own words: "In the spring

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of 1810 I wrote to Napoleon to ask for passports to seek for my husband, and desired they might be sent to our Foreign Office, then under the direction of Lord Bathurst; but my brother George advised me, as I was bent on going, not to wait for passports from Paris (for if refused by the Emperor we could not risk going), but to go with Swedish passports round by the Baltic. This I consented to do, and Baron Rehausen gave us passports to land at Gothenburg as Mr. and Mrs. Call, and get into Prussia by Pomerania. On arriving after many adventures at Berlin George advised me to send for the French Minister, and, letting him into our secret, claim his protection, as he was literally the king of the country. This I did, and Count St. Priest came to see me. On discovering to him my name, he said, 'Ma chère madame, j'ai des passeports pour vous depuis hier signés par S. M. l'Empereur lui-même.' I answered, 'J'ai demandée des passeports à S. M. l'Empereur, mais j'ai aussi priée S. M. de me les envoyer à Londres à notre Bureau des Affaires Étrangères, et comme je suis partie sans que personne ne le savait, pas même Lord Bathurst, ni aucun membre de nos familles que ma mère et mon beau-frère, cela me paraît assez remarquable.' He replied, 'Effectivement, madame, je ne comprends rien, mais j'ai vos passeports directe par un courrier de Paris'; to which I answered, 'Oui, monsieur, cela prouve que votre système d'espionnage vaut mieux que le nôtre, car on savait à Paris que j'étais partie avant qu'on le savait chez nous.'

"In my idea this formed a link in the d'Antraigues' affair, he being then supposed to be an English spy, but in reality was a French spy in London. With these passports we went all over the Continent free of annoyance, and Röntgen, whom I had sent on discoveries some months before, joined us at Berlin. He told me a lady of Magdeburg had been heard to say that the English

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Ambassador, whom everybody was looking for, was in Magdeburg fortress. To that lady he, Röntgen, went; she confirmed what she had said, and added that the governor of Magdeburg had told her so in these words: 'They are looking for the English Ambassador, but I have him up there,' pointing to the fortress. Of course I settled to go myself to the governor of Magdeburg, though Röntgen had already seen him. He did not deny his words, but said it was a mistake. I thought, however, that governors do not make such mistakes, and decided on verifying it myself.

"We set off, taking Perleberg by the way. There I saw the woman who found the overalls; I went to the spot where she found them; I saw the room my husband inhabited; the table on which he slept some hours; the river which was dragged for his body; and followed up every report, going round all the Hanse towns in hopes of intelligence, and finally, on our way to Paris, went to Magdeburg, where I had an interview of two hours with the governor. I begged, I prayed on my knees, I menaced God's wrath on his head if he deceived me: 'Yes,' he said, 'I did say so to a lady at a ball, but it was a mistake of mine; the person in question was one Louis Fritz, a spy sent out by Mr. Canning and taken up by the *douaniers* and brought here.' 'Well, sir,' said I, 'let me see Louis Fritz.' He replied, 'He is gone to Spain from Magdeburg.' We went to Paris, where I got permission from the Emperor to advertise for my husband in all the papers, even in the *Moniteur*."

In the autumn of 1810, Mrs. Bathurst and Mr. Call returned to England; but before they were allowed to leave France they went through great difficulties. Finally they got away with passports from the Duc de Cadore, although the Duc de Rovigo, Minister of the Police, whom Mrs. Bathurst found "brutal and

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overbearing," refused to countersign them. They went from Morlaix in a trawler, which landed them at Saltash after having journeyed 2054 miles by land and 700 by sea. Mrs. Bathurst in her account goes on to say: "After embracing my angel children and my dear mother at Bath, I took up my abode with my brother in Bond Street, when in November, Röntgen, who had been to the Foreign Office with a message to Mr. Canning, asking him if he had ever sent out any one of the name of Louis Fritz, that gentleman, after taking the trouble of looking over all the passports of 1809, sent me word no such passport had been granted and no such person sent by him! While I was considering this as a confirmation of my suspicion of the Magdeburg story, Röntgen told me a gentleman called Comte d'Antraigues wished to see me. The name, unknown to him, but familiar to me from my husband's letter, made me start, and I desired he would come to me as soon as possible. He came the next day. He began by telling me that I might put on my weeds, for that he could prove to a certainty the death of my husband. He abused the Emperor and the French, but I was on my guard on account of what my husband said. He told me that had he known I was going to look for him, he would have given me letters to Fouchet, who would have confirmed what he said, and that what I heard about Magdeburg was true; and that my husband, on going away from Perleberg, had been taken up by the *douaniers-montés* (a guard armed to the teeth), and had been conducted to the fortress of Magdeburg, that the governor had written to Paris to know what he should do with him, and received for answer from Fouchet, the Minister of Police, that the Emperor must not be troubled with all the madmen England sent out, like Drake, Sir Sydney Smith, Pichegru, and Rumbold, therefore, to put him out of the way;

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that the governor was alarmed then, having spoken of my husband, and therefore made up the story he had told me, but that my husband had perished there. I replied that it was possible, but that I must have proof of his assertions. He answered that he desired me to remain in town long enough for him to write in cipher to Paris, and he would translate and show me the answer he should get. I did so; he wrote, as he assured me, but about the time that the answer should arrive, he and his wife were murdered by a foreign man-servant whom they had lately hired. They were coming out of their house at Twickenham, and the Countess had her foot on the step of her chariot when the servant came behind her, and over her shoulder plunged a dagger in her breast, killing her instantly. The Count, who was following down the little garden, ran back to his bedroom for pistols—the man after him; two reports were heard, and when the servants ran into the room, both master and man were lying dead on the floor. Now you must know that this d'Antraigues was a spy of the French and Russian Governments, and was also being employed by our Foreign Office in the same capacity. The affair was hushed up, and so ended that clue.”¹

Mr. Bathurst's mother never gave up the idea and the hope that her son existed to the last moment of her life, and friends as well as relations continued for many years to prosecute inquiries. One of the former, Mr. Richard Underwood, writing in November 1816, says: “On my arrival on the Continent I sought every one who I thought could give any information that would tend to elucidate this extraordinary

¹ The murder of Comte and Comtesse d'Antraigues was thought by many to be political, in order to get hold of some papers; but it is more probable that the servant Lorenzo, who was said to be rather mad, was exasperated by the Countess, who was a virago, and had dismissed him the previous day.

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and mysterious affair. I have been several times in company with Dr. Armstrong, and the result of all the evidence he collected at Perleberg is the conviction he feels that Mr. Bathurst was robbed and murdered in that town, either by August Schmidt or his friend Hacker, the brandy-distiller, a notoriously bad character, who was said to have lived afterwards in Altona as an opulent man."

In 1852 Mrs. Bathurst's sister Tryphena, then Mrs. Thistlethwayte, visited Perleberg with her daughter and a courier. Her object, she said, was to see the last spot in which she had heard of her poor brother and the last persons with whom he had conversed there. Accordingly she saw at least five persons in the town who were living at the time of his disappearance, two of whom had seen and remembered him perfectly. Mrs. Kestern, the wife of the governor's doctor, was at the date of Mr. Bathurst's visit to Perleberg a young woman of about twenty, who acted as housekeeper in the house where the governor lived, and she recognised a miniature of Mr. Bathurst which Mrs. Thistlethwayte showed her. She was the person who had at the time given the following evidence: namely, that at about five in the evening (the night of the disappearance) Klitzing came to her and asked her to get something ready—he thought tea would be the best, as he had a stranger in his room perished with the cold. She herself took the tea into the room, and described the stranger as a particularly fine young man of distinguished manners, wearing a handsome diamond brooch, light trousers, and a magnificent fur coat. When the stranger left, to her astonishment he did not cross the market-place to return to the Post-House from whence he came, but turned round the corner and entered the street leading to the shoe-market, where was situated the

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suspicious house of Hacker, the brandy-distiller. At first she thought to run after him and put him on his right way, particularly as he appeared to be in such a great hurry; but then it occurred to her that perhaps he intended to go to the German Coffee-house where a ball was being given that evening to the provincial nobility. Shortly after this came August Schmidt and inquired about the lord. She pointed out in what direction Mr. Bathurst went, and August, she said, must have been in time to lay hold of him, and upon the word "hold" she put a particular stress. Soon there came the companion (Krause) and the servant to ask for him, and the whole place was in an uproar at the disappearance.

Mrs. Thistlethwayte whilst at Perleberg was shown the skull and part of the under jaw of a skeleton that had been found under the floor of a stable adjoining an old house that was being pulled down, and which had at the time of the disappearance been occupied by Mertens, a waiter at the "White Swan" where Mr. Bathurst dined. The skull had apparently been fractured by a blow from behind. The chief magistrate told her that an investigation was at that very time taking place by command of the Prussian Government, and that the King of Prussia was extremely interested on the subject. The moment, however, that Mrs. Thistlethwayte saw the skull she felt convinced it was not her brother's, as the whole contour was exactly opposite to the shape of his head, and the chief magistrate, a medical man, also attested that the jaw could not have belonged to the person whose portrait Mrs. Thistlethwayte produced. At the same time it was considered rather suspicious that Mertens the waiter should have been able to portion his two daughters, one with £120 and one with £150. This seems to have been the last inquiry

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ever made, and the mystery of the disappearance remains unsolved.

Captain Klitzing, the governor of Perleberg, believed that Mr. Bathurst had been murdered for his money. He had a good deal about him and had foolishly displayed it, and he was also wearing a valuable diamond pin, besides the very rich sable coat already alluded to. In England, Germany, and Prussia the public opinion was that he had been killed by order of Napoleon or his emissaries, and the *Times* in a leader on January 23, 1810, asserted this so strongly that the *Moniteur* took up the controversy and indignantly denied it. In 1840 the German writer, Varnhagen von Esse, resuscitated the episode, still accusing the French; and the *Spectator* did the same in 1862, suggesting that the crime was committed to get hold of Mr. Bathurst's despatches and prevent verbal communication. Furthermore it was known that Mr. Bathurst himself believed that Napoleon bore him special enmity on account of his exertions to incite the Austrian Ministry to a declaration of war. But Mr. Call, his brother-in-law, was of quite a different opinion, and wrote: "In justice to the Emperor Napoleon, I must acquit him and his Government of any foul practice towards Mr. Bathurst." His theory was that his brother-in-law got alarmed at Perleberg, and thought it wise to escape without saying anything to anybody. That he did this under cover of the darkness, dropped his "overalls" in order to be in better walking order, and finally made his way to Königsberg. Mr. Call's theory was in some way borne out by the fact that evidence came out that shortly after his disappearance a stranger, who refused to leave his name, had called at the house of the British agent at Königsberg, and not finding him at home asked the servant to say that an Englishman requested to see

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him next morning at the Post-House. The agent went there the following day, and was told that a person had been there and left. Two vessels foundered at sea going from Königsberg at this time, and Mr. Call's theory was that Mr. Bathurst had taken ship in one of them for Stockholm (his former post) and been lost at sea.

Mr. Bathurst's brother, Sir James Bathurst, also totally disbelieved that Napoleon had anything to do with the disappearance. Otherwise it was not likely that, on his return from Egypt, he should have asked to be presented to the First Consul.¹

Mr. Bathurst was only twenty-six years of age at the time of his disappearance, and was described as "handsome, tall, and slender, fair complexion, with most beautiful hands and teeth, a calm and thoughtful countenance, remarkably large blue eyes which fixed the attention of those persons he addressed, but a gentle kindness in his looks which would dispel any timidity in a moment." He had brilliant talents, and at the age of twenty-five had attained a prominent position as a diplomatist, and a distinguished professional career would probably have been his if he had been spared to his country and his friends.

Mr. Bathurst left two infant daughters; the second one Emmeline, married in 1830 Edward, Viscount Stuart, who succeeded his father as Earl of Castle Stewart, and secondly at Rome in 1867 Signor Alessandro Pistocchi, and died in 1893, having added to her unfortunate mother's bitter sorrows.

The eldest daughter, Rose, or Rosa, Bathurst, who was born

¹ It was on this occasion that Napoleon asked him if he had flirted much with the pretty Egyptian girls. "Sire," replied Sir James, bowing respectfully, "we had something else to do." "Ah! oui, jeune homme," said Napoleon, "vous me faites souvenir des circonstances désagréables—Bonjour."

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at Stockholm, grew up to be both beautiful and charming, as well as good and highly accomplished, and was said greatly to resemble her father. When she was sixteen years of age she went to spend the winter with her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer, at Rome, where she was greatly admired and much liked by all the society she adorned. On March 16, 1824, whilst riding on the banks of the Tiber with the Aylmers, and accompanied by the French Ambassador, the Duc de Montmorency-Laval, and several other persons, a terrible tragedy occurred, which is best described by giving the following narrative, written shortly after by Lady Aylmer in the form of a letter to an inquiring and sympathising friend :—

MY DEAR — ,—I think you wish for more details of the melancholy event of our poor Rosa's fatal end, and as I am the only one whose pen can give them, you shall have facts and truth from me however painful, even at this distance of time, the relation may be ; on such a subject memory is too tenacious and every particular of that awful day is deeply imprinted on my mind. First, it has been a source of consolation to us that we did not decide on our choice of road, or other arrangements, in that fatal ride. On the contrary, my poor child and I particularly wished to go some other, for the sake of some fine turf on which we wished to canter ; but Lord Aylmer's horse having come to the door lame, the amiable Duc de Montmorenci made his groom dismount, and giving Lord Aylmer his horse, sent the groom back for another, and he was ordered to meet us at the Ponte Molle . . . the Duc proposed a path on the opposite side of the river, and undertook to guide us to it. A gate through a vineyard, usually open, on that day being shut, the Duc continued in a path by the river, turning short round by the path ; each, as we turned, disappeared from the sight of those who followed.

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I had under my charge that day, at her mother's request, a young lady, on whom, as being a timid rider, my attention was more particularly directed, and as I was before her, immediately on seeing the line of path, I called back to her without turning my head to dismount before she came to a narrower path which I had then reached, where to do so would have been attended with difficulty. The young lady had her groom following her and she accordingly jumped off, and I then felt satisfied. Rosa was an excellent horsewoman, was on her own English horse,¹ and I had her before me; and as it was impossible without risk to attempt returning, we had only to go forward and follow the Duc and Lord Aylmer, who were before us, and had ridden on to where the road widened. Lord Aylmer returned to reassure us, and to tell us that a few yards farther it was quite safe and good. As he was approaching us the dear child's mare seemed to descend into a little dip, or watercourse, before her, and I called out, 'Do not let your horse turn.' My eyes fixed on her movements. I jumped off my pony to approach her, and at that moment the animal backed, and losing her footing, the bank being rather precipitous, she slid down and was in one instant plunged with her precious burden into the dreadful Tiber, and as instantly carried by the impetus out beyond the reach of any mortal near her, and into the current of the swollen river. To rush down the steep bank and plunge in was to Lord Aylmer the desperate act of the moment. Hat, coat, and all his heavy clothes about him, he struggled on; a tolerable swimmer, he was more than commonly impeded, for, owing to his state of health, he was encumbered with a good deal of flannel, and when he found himself unable to contend with the sweeping force of the swollen river, thick as it was on that day from the snow and various matters brought to its rapid course from

¹ Given to her by Lord Algernon Percy, to whom it is said she was engaged.

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the higher grounds, he made for the shore, and hurrying off with some difficulty his coat and waistcoat, he again plunged in to struggle a second time with death and the almost despairing hope of reaching the angel girl who had, during those agonising moments, divided my interest with him whom I saw still rising and sinking before me; and then I beheld her turn as it were upon her saddle and fall from it into the river. She never rose again—too certainly something in the mysterious depths of that horrid Tiber had caught her habit and dragged her off the horse, which till then she had clung to, and as she was not unseated when the horse slid backwards I had the most sanguine expectations it would have brought her to land. But neither horse nor man could struggle against such a stream when once in the middle current of it. Till this moment, even in our agony, all had been silent; at first, indeed, I well remember the sound of my own voice, screaming loudly to the Duc to come and help us, but he was out of sight, hid, I believe, by some bushes. I called in vain . . . the only man with us was the groom before mentioned; on the instant I directed him to a point of land where, probably, the horse would make for, on the current driving her to the bank. ‘Can you swim?’ I called out. ‘No,’ was the answer. ‘Then do not attempt anything.’ Thank God! I had the courage to say this . . . my wretched and exhausted husband reached the shore, and then it was that I struggled with him in his distraction. Then it was that I was mad enough to say, that if he again attempted to do anything so rash, it should not be alone. We were both on the very brink of the river, and having made him comprehend that the body had entirely disappeared, there was an awful ending to all. I had made the young lady and her groom mount, and they rode home as quickly as they could for assistance. We made our dispirited way on foot to the Ponte Molle, where the first person I met

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was Lady Coventry, whom I was too wild at that moment to recognise. She rode back to Rome, sent us on her way a sort of carriage, into which, without hat or coat, and dripping, cold and exhausted, my poor Aylmer threw himself. I lay upon him, that my long habit might keep the cold from his body, and in this way we reached the town and our apartments, where, after I had despatched two perfect strangers, whom I met before entering the house, for Lord Howden and Dr. Wilson—and to their credit both executed my commissions—I set about, with the help of the servants, cutting off Lord Aylmer's clothes and getting him to bed, where many hours passed before our efforts could restore warmth or animation, and many months after some effects of this wretched day's tragedy remained in his constitution. . . . We had the comfort of Dr. Wilson's (himself a good swimmer) testimony as to the utter impracticability of any man, however good a swimmer, saving that unfortunate victim. Had he been there, he said, he should have made the attempt, yet he thought, in the then state of the impetuous and sweeping current, he should not have been able to beat the horse, whose stronger efforts to reach the shore were not successful, notwithstanding she had her head toward the shore when she slipped in and naturally made immediate efforts to reach it. During the following days the young Englishmen then at Rome, most of whom were acquainted with our poor niece, headed by the kind Duke of Devonshire, took every proper measure to search for the body. Boats were out in every direction, and £50 offered as a reward for the discovery, but all to no effect. The whole society of Rome was absorbed in the most intense grief at the loss of one who, though so young, was considered one of its most brilliant ornaments and who was the charm of all her friends from her beauty and cultivated mind. Lady Blessington, in her Diary, mentions how she had seen her coming out of the Opera two years

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before, and even then was greatly struck with her appearance ; and she goes on to say, *à propos* of her death : ‘ The dress in which she was to appear that very night at a Ball was spread on the bed whence she had risen in all the health and gaiety of early youth that fatal day, while she—the beloved, whom her protectors would have shielded with anxious care from the most genial shower of spring—was sleeping in death with the waters of the Tiber booming over her beautiful form, and sullyng those long and silken tresses of which those who loved her—and they were many—were so proud.’ ”

Many elegiac verses were written on the sad occasion of her untimely fate. Amongst others those most admired were by Lady Flora Hastings and Lord Compton ; but the following were composed by Mrs. H. de Crespigny, Mrs. Bathurst’s sister :—

“ Yes, she was all perfection’s self could paint,—
Description sinks beneath the effort faint,—
Her father’s talent, and her grandsire’s mind,
With every charm of loveliness combined ;
Yet now in vain, the heart of all she won,
Britannia’s child, the pride of Rome she shone,
Like some bright meteor in the starry sphere,
That burst with splendour but to disappear.
Oh ! who can tell, at that sad hour of awe,
That form divine, that soul-subduing grace,
The heaven that beamed from thy expressive face,
Float for a moment upon Tiber’s wave,
Then sink for ever in a watery grave.
No hope was left, all human aid was vain,
Not e’en thy relics could that aid obtain,
Yet on that spot some angel sure will stray,
To chase each rude unhallowed foot away ;
Mute sorrow there shall build herself a shrine,
And breathe around the air some spell divine ;
Soft pity, bathed in tears, shall linger near,
And bid her memory live for ever there.”

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When all hopes of finding the body were over, Lord and Lady Aylmer left Rome and retired to a villa near Geneva, with Mrs. Bathurst and her remaining daughter.

The remainder of the tragic story we will give in Lady Aylmer's words:—

“Mr. Mills was absent at Naples when the horrid catastrophe happened, but returned at once to the Villa Palatina, and was of much comfort to us; then when we went away, he having been so much affected, left Rome for six months. He returned there in September, and as he passed the Ponte Molle, he stopped his travelling carriage from the sad but inevitable instinct of looking towards a spot which interests though it pains us. Seeing a crowd assembled on the banks, he inquired the cause, and learnt that the body of the poor girl had just floated to the top, and was brought to shore, and now laid on the banks. Thousands ran to see it; apparently she had been for a long time covered with sand, by which she was preserved. The flesh remained untouched and the face preserved its fulness, but the contact of the atmosphere very rapidly produced decomposition. Her riding-hat was tied under her chin, and she still had on a little veil, and her rings on her fingers. The Minister of Hanover and the Chargé d’Affaires of France took charge of the precious remains during the absence of her family.”

Mrs. Bathurst erected a monument on the spot near where her daughter was lost. Lady Blessington writes:—

“The monument erected to the memory of the fair and youthful Miss Bathurst was glittering in the sun when I passed before it.”

This monument, so applicable to the youth and beauty of her whose fate it commemorates, is the work of Mr. Richard



MISS ROSE BATHURST.
(From a Miniature belonging to Col. Joscelin Bagot)

The Strange Disappearance of a Diplomat

Westmacott, to whose taste and skill it is highly creditable. It has on it the following inscription:—

Beneath this stone are interred the remains of Rosa Bathurst who was accidentally drowned in the Tiber on the 16th March 1824, whilst on a riding-party, owing to the swollen state of the river and her spirited horse taking fright. She was the daughter of Benjamin Bathurst, whose disappearance when on a special mission to Vienna some years since was as tragical as it is unaccountable—no positive account of his death ever having been received by his distracted wife. His daughter, who inherited her father's perfections, both personal and mental, had completed her sixteenth year when she perished by as disastrous a fate.

READER

“Whoever thou art, who may pause to peruse this tale of sorrow, let this awful lesson of the instability of human happiness sink deep in thy mind. If thou art young and lovely, build not thereon, for she who sleeps in death under thy feet was the loveliest flower ever cropped in its bloom. She was everything that the fondest heart could desire or the eye covet—the joy and hope of her widowed mother who erects this poor memorial of her irreparable loss:—

“‘Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven.’”

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESSES

IN JULY 1854 there was a painful excitement amongst the aristocracy of Russia at hearing that two Princesses of the royal Georgian family, both of whom were Ladies-in-waiting to the Empress, had been carried off with their children and attendants by a body of Lesghiens, followers of the redoubtable Schamyl, and that they were all prisoners in his seraglio at Dargi-Vedenno, an almost inaccessible fortress in the mountains of the Caucasus.

Princess Anna Tchavtchavadzé and Princess Varvara Orbeliani, her sister, were daughters of the Tzarivitch Ellico, seventh son of George XIII.,¹ the last King of Georgia, who abdicated in 1801. Both these Princesses were beautiful women, but Princess Anna specially so; she was now twenty-eight years of age, and was said to have the finest eyes in Georgia, the land of fine eyes. Alexandre Dumas, who knew her in 1858, writes that what struck him even more than her eyes was her pure Greek profile, or rather her Georgian profile, which is Greek plus animation. "*La Grèce, c'est Galatée encore marbre; la Géorgie, c'est Galatée animée et devenue femme.*"

¹ George XIII., the last of the Bagratides to occupy the throne of Georgia which his ancestors had held for the space of 1029 years, seeing no hope for his country from the attacks of the Persians and the Turks, sent an embassy to St. Petersburg offering his throne to the Emperor Paul, who accepted it, but was murdered before he had time to do so publicly. His successor Alexander I. issued a proclamation in 1801 announcing the fact to the people of that country, and Georgia, to which was soon added Mingrelia and Imeritia, have ever since formed part of the Russian Empire.

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Princess Varvara, who was two years younger, was in the deepest mourning for her husband, who had been killed a few months before whilst fighting against the Turks.

At the time of this episode both sisters were staying at Tsenondahl, the seat of Prince David Tchavtchavadzé, Princess Anna's husband.¹

Tsenondahl, or Tsinondále, as it is also written, is in the province of Kahetia in Georgia, five miles from the town of Télaff and about thirty from Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. It is situated in the midst of lovely scenery, the view from the house overlooking the valley of the river Alazán with the snow-capped peaks of the Caucasus rising one above the other being extremely grand. The country, too, is highly favoured by nature; owing to the extreme mildness of the climate and the richness of the soil, the land is generally very fertile, and the fruit-gardens and vineyards are celebrated. Tsenondahl itself in the month of June was like a fairy scene: thickets of pomegranate bushes with their brilliant scarlet waxen flowers, oleanders and myrtle growing wild, and endless quantities of roses (this being the native land of the queen of flowers), added to the lavish profusion of orange-flower and citron-blossom, jasmine and honeysuckle, spreading around the most delicious perfume.

The house was famed for its hospitality, and a large party were assembled there in July 1854. It consisted of Prince David Tchavtchavadzé, his wife, Princess Anna Elinichna, Princess of Georgia in her own right, and five of their children,

¹ The Tchavtchavadzé Princes descended from Andronic, Emperor of Constantinople. The Orbeliáni Princes are said to have had their origin in China in the fifth century, and they have a picture representing the Deluge in which one of their ancestors is swimming to the Ark and holding up his *titres de noblesse* so as to be admitted! "E ben trovato."

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Salome, Marie, Alexander, Tamára, and Lydia, whose ages ranged from six years to three months. The relations staying in the house were Princess Varvara Orbeliáni (Princess Anna's sister), with her baby boy of six months, and her niece, Princess Nina Baratoff, a beautiful girl of eighteen. Also Princess Tinia Orbeliáni, an old lady of seventy-four. Besides these there was Madame Drançay the French governess, and the Prince's agent or steward, Ensign Gamgrelidzey (a man of high birth), and his wife, Daredjana, and an old retired captain, Achverdoff. The indoor servants included an old nurse of ninety-seven years, who had lived in the family for three generations, thirteen or fourteen maid-servants, and three men-servants.

As a rule, Princess Anna came to Tsenondahl in May and stayed there till October, when the whole party moved to the family residence in Tiflis for the winter; but this spring rumours having been afloat that some of the redoubtable Schamyl's Lesghiens, the dreaded enemies of the Kahetians, were approaching the cordon of forts which separated the two districts, the departure from Tiflis was delayed until Prince David had made inquiries. The reports he received were perfectly reassuring; troops were being sent to Télaff, and nature assisted to protect Tsenondahl, for the heavy rains had so swollen the river that it would be impossible for the Lesghiens to cross it. The family, therefore, and their numerous dependants moved there in June. At the end of the month the Prince, who was a Colonel in the Russian army and aide-de-camp to the General commanding in the Caucasus, had to leave his family to take command of a fortress situated about two days' journey off, where he had some serious fighting; but when he managed to despatch to his beloved young wife a hasty pencil note to assure her of his safety, he little thought that

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she and her belongings were going through worse dangers than he was.

It was almost immediately after his departure that the inhabitants of Tsenondahl were horrified to perceive a great glare in the sky in the direction of Télaff, for they guessed at once that, notwithstanding what the Prince had been told, the Lesghiens must have managed to cross the river Alazán, and that the light was caused by the burning of the crops as they passed through them, which was the universal custom of these barbarians. Still Princess Anna thought they were safe, and when, late at night, the peasants came to the house to entreat the family to take refuge with them in the woods, she refused, and said she would not go until her husband sent to tell her to do so; and the old Princess Tinia laughed at their fears, and said that during all her long life she had been threatened with a descent of the Lesghiens, but that she had never even seen one nor yet his horse! The next day, however, the fires were much nearer, and Princess Anna, acceding to the wishes of those around her, began to pack up the silver, diamonds, and other precious possessions and prepare for a move to Tiflis. She sent to Télaff for post-horses, but the answer came that there were none available for the moment, and that they could not be sent till seven on the next morning. That evening everything was ready for the departure early the next day. As night approached the ladies, beginning to be uneasy, felt that they would like to be together, and consequently they all congregated in the room of the Princess Varvara, put the children to sleep on the floor, and extinguished the lights. Sleep they could not, and they went out on to the balcony. From there they now saw with horror that the glare in the sky was so great that all chance of flight was useless. They still watched on in silence, and at four o'clock

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in the morning they heard a shot in their garden followed by absolute silence. What did this mean?—it was not an attack, but was it not a signal? At this agonising moment of suspense the brave Madame Drançay, the French governess, insisted upon going out to reconnoitre. She accordingly went down into the garden and stealthily crept towards the private chapel hidden amongst the vines. From there she saw a man with a gun in his hand, who was no doubt the one whose shot they had heard, which they rightly guessed was a signal that Tsenondahl was unprotected. Madame Drançay saw also that the floods had subsided, and that armed men were crossing the torrent. There was now no doubt that an attack was imminent, and she quickly returned to the house where she found that Princess Anna, prostrated with fatigue, had dozed off, and that Princess Orbeliáni was wrapt in prayer.

Before seven the family physician arrived on horseback from Télañ and urged the Princess to fly at once. How could she do so; the horses had not arrived, and there were six young children to move, three of them being infants in arms! The servants had packed the valuables in the Prince's travelling carriages, and by eight o'clock the post-horses had arrived and were harnessed, so that in a few moments the party would have started—when suddenly old Captain Achverdoñ exclaimed, "Modian! (they come!) les Lesghiens!" This cry was succeeded by an indescribable moment of terror; every one seemed paralysed; the men who had brought the post-horses fled. The Doctor seized a gun and met the horde of barbarians at the entrance, fired and killed the leader, which caused such a confusion that he himself miraculously managed to escape. The old Captain, though he was an invalid, also saved his life; he ran to the end of the garden and, climbing up into a tree, remained there till all danger was past. Mean-

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while the Princesses, with their children and the female servants, took shelter in a belvedere at the extreme top of the house, hoping that possibly the Lesghiens might be content with the plunder they found in the lower rooms. The terrified women crouched together in the darkest corner, the Princesses alone preserving their presence of mind. "Pray," said Princess Anna, "for death is near;" then turning to the French governess, who had only been eighteen days at Tsenondahl, she said, "*Quelle fatale destinée vous réunit à nous en ce moment. Pardonnez-moi d'en avoir été plus ou moins la cause.*" Princess Orbeliáni said she had no fear of death, which would unite her to her lost one, but she dreaded seeing those dear to her killed; so she placed herself immediately in front of the door so as to die first, and the beautiful Nina Baratoff insisted on remaining at her side.

Nearly an hour passed thus whilst the Lesghiens were busily occupied plundering the twenty-two rooms below, and sounds were heard of smashing of furniture and breaking of glass, accompanied by demoniacal cries—a veritable Pandemonium. Altogether there were inside and outside the house, according to one account, about three thousand of these mountaineers. Although we shall continue to call them Lesghiens, the general term for all inhabitants of Daghestan, these men were really Checknians—some of Schamyl's picked troops, only employed for the most daring enterprises. At last, their work of pillage and destruction being over, they began to look for the inhabitants of the house, and finally they mounted the staircase leading to the belvedere, forcing open the door which the unhappy fugitives had fastened up, rushed in, seized the women and children, and dragged them down the stairs, which being lightly built gave way under the heavy rush, and all were precipitated to the floor in a confused mass. Then a terrible contest ensued amongst the

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brutal Lesghiens as to who should be their prey, and each one was specially anxious to secure the "Khancha" (wife of the chief), so that before long Princess Anna had nearly all her thin summer clothes torn off her back, and she literally remained in her chemise and stays, her magnificent hair mercifully forming a covering for her otherwise bare neck and shoulders. Her rings were dragged off her fingers, and her earrings would have been torn from her ears had she not removed them and given them up. Even her little baby Lydia had her only covering taken from off her, and the poor mother tried to shelter her in her arms. After the most important of the Lesghiens had each secured one of the party, they prepared to start with their captives, whom they placed behind them on their horses. The old Princess Tinia and the nurse of ninety-seven they purposely left behind, concluding that, as they were old, no one would care to ransom them; but they set the house on fire before they left.

When the terrible march began, those that were not considered of sufficient importance to ride had to walk, and when Madame Drançay, who was amongst this number, was dropping from exhaustion, the Lesghien in charge of her beat her with his whip every time she lagged behind. She, too, had had all her clothes torn from her and remained with only her under garments. Little Tamára, Princess Anna's child of four, cried so much that one of the barbarians put her head-foremost into a sack, which he then tied to his saddle. Princess Orbeliáni and her niece met with the best of treatment; the latter had fallen to the share of a young Checknian of good family, who seemed struck with her beauty and awed by her gorgeous Georgian dress, which she was wearing at the time of the raid, but even she had her arms tied behind her back. Crossing the river Alazán, the women were drenched to the skin, and many

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narrowly escaped drowning. After reaching the opposite bank, a small band of Georgians came up and attacked the Lesghiens, in hopes of delivering the Princess ; but their noble efforts only added to the horrors, as the mountaineers, thinking this handful of men was part of a large detachment, put spurs to their horses and made them fly over ditches and rocks, nothing stopping them, so that the unfortunate ladies that were mounted behind were shaken to pieces, and had the greatest difficulty to keep from falling. Princess Anna's strength was utterly exhausted, and she felt that she could no longer support her infant with her right arm whilst she held on to her captor with the left. In this terrible dilemma she screamed to him that she must drop the child, but he either did not hear her voice above the din around or did not understand what she said, and in a few moments, when the horse gave a plunge over some obstacle, the poor little Lydia fell from her mother's numbed arm. For a moment Princess Anna was still able to hold it up by one foot, but only for a moment, and then the child fell in the road. As the horse on which the Princess was mounted never stopped for an instant she was spared the sight of seeing her little darling trampled under the horses that were following. One of the Lesghiens lifted the body up, and as it was still breathing, plunged his dagger in her heart.

Little Lydia was not the only victim. When the Lesghiens resolved to fly instead of fight, they wished to get rid of all those prisoners who impeded their flight ; out of a hundred that they had with them, sixty were now killed with the knife. Two only of these were of the Princess's party—Daredjana, wife of the Prince's agent, being one ; her body was afterwards found pierced with wounds. As they got clear of the shots of their assailants, the Lesghiens picked up fresh prisoners from the

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Georgian villages which they passed through, and then set fire to their houses. Towards night the cavalcade came to one of the forests common to that country, so dense that persons wishing to pass through them have to cut their way in front of them. The thick dress of the barbarians protected their limbs, but the unfortunate women, forced on through briars and bushes, were streaming with blood. Many of them sunk down saying they preferred to die there, but the cruel whip forced them on. At last there came a time when the prisoners fell and the whip no longer was able to make them rise. Princess Anna's nurse had three sabre cuts on her head, and one of her fingers cut off; and Princess Nina saw a Lesghien, who was bothered by the incessant cries of the child he was carrying off, take it by the heels and dash its brains out against a rock as he passed.

The Lesghiens directed their course to the fortress of Pokhalsky, situated at the top of a high rock. As the captives reached the base of it, they found ten thousand men ranged in two lines, through which they had to walk. These terrible-looking barbarians, seeing women for the first time with their faces uncovered, gave vent to horrible cries, and would have seized them, had it not been for some of Schamyl's "naïbs" who kept them back. As it was one got hold of Madame Drançay and tried to drag her towards him.

"Can she sew?" he asked.

"Yes," said one of the Georgian prisoners, who wished to do a bad turn to a Frenchwoman.

"Well, then, I will give three roubles for her," said the man.

Princess Orbeliáni intervened, saying, "This is the wife of a French General; she will pay a ransom."

"Oh, then, leave her for the Imâm," was the reply.

Schamyl's "Intendant" now joined them, and conducted

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them into the fortress where his master was then staying, their means of access being a ladder. A gleam of happiness came to them here at finding a relation, Prince Ivan Tchavtchavadzé, who was also one of Schamyl's prisoners. When Princess Anna reached the top, she was so enfeebled that she could only totter and had to be supported. Her appearance was pitiable indeed. Her one remaining garment was much torn, her dishevelled hair entangled with brambles, her shoulders covered with clotted blood, and her inflamed and bleeding feet were almost without skin. It was then for the first time that she heard that her little Lydia was dead, and on hearing of her fate she completely collapsed, and her sister feared for her reason. A fortunate incident aroused her; she heard an infant crying piteously, and called out, "My child, my child!"

"No, Princess, not your daughter," said a voice, "but my little sister exactly the same age, who has taken nothing since yesterday morning, when her mother was killed, and she will die too."

"Give her to me," said the Princess, "and I will feed her."

And this she continued to do, which probably saved her own life as well as the child's. Some time after one of her women arrived with Princess Anna's little boy, who was in a dreadful condition; his gums were clenched and he was quite insensible. He had been separated from his nurse ever since they left Tsenondahl and almost entirely without food. The girl who carried him could only give him water to drink, and once she picked up by the side of the road some nuts which she chewed before giving them to the infant.

Princess Orbeliáni, as we have said, was treated with more consideration than any of the other captives, in consequence of the great admiration the Lesghiens had for her late husband,

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which came about in this wise. Some years previously he had been taken prisoner by some of them, and was conducted before Schamyl, who saw in every prisoner of importance a chance of exchange with his son.

"Your liberty depends upon yourself," said Schamyl.

"Tell me your price," replied the Prince, "and if it is not above my fortune, I will pay it."

"It is not a question of money."

"What is it, then?"

"Head for head."

"I do not understand."

"Write to the Emperor Nicholas to give me back my son, and in exchange I will give you your liberty."

"You are mad," said the Prince, "as if one could ask such a thing of the Emperor," and he turned away from the Imâm, who ordered him back to his prison, where he was kept six months. At the end of that time Schamyl saw him again and made the same proposition, receiving the same answer. "Very well," said Schamyl, "put him in the Pit." The Pit at Veden is something like the Mamertine Prison at Rome. Prisoners are taken down into it by a ladder, and given a jug of water and some black bread. It is certain death before long from the wet alone. From time to time a message was given to Prince Orbeliâni asking him if he consented to write to the Emperor, to which the same reply was given. At last he got too weak to answer, and Schamyl was told that the Prince would be dead in a week. He then had him taken out and placed in a courtyard which was surrounded by cells, from one of which the Imâm could see all that passed. A naïb then came forward with nine men armed with guns.

"Ellico Orbeliâni," said the naïb, "Schamyl, irritated at your

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refusal to comply with his wishes, has decided that you shall die, but the choice of death is left to you."

"I choose that which will release me the quickest from the pain of being his prisoner. You have armed men with you; let me be shot."

Accordingly the prisoner was placed with his back to the wall opposite the cell from which Schamyl was looking on; the men loaded, put their guns in position, and were about to fire, when Schamyl appeared, made a sign, and the guns were lowered.

"Ellico," said the Imâm, "they told me you were brave, now I have seen with my eyes that they told me the truth. I exact nothing from you, you are free."

Prince Ellico left Veden after a captivity of nine months, leaving a lasting memory of his courage. It was thus that these Lesghiens, hearing that one of their captives was the widow of the man they admired so much, ferocious and brutal as they were, showed Princess Orbeliâni and her child a sort of rough attention. The Princess profited by this state of things and seized the occasion to ask what was likely to be demanded as ransom for their party. A naïb went and questioned Schamyl, who said that the conditions would be the release of his son and a million roubles silver. The poor Princesses heard this in despair, as they feared both would be impossible.

As Schamyl has now so much to do with our captive Princesses we will here say a little about him. This celebrated Circassian chief and warrior-prophet was born in 1797 at Himri in Daghestan, one of the wildest spots of the Caucasus. Of lowly Tartar extraction, he was for a long time only one of the Murides, or bodyguards, of the Imâm Hamsed Bey, but after the assassination of the latter he was elected to succeed him; and then began that career which gave him a world-wide renown.

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He managed to keep in check the best of the Russian generals, and his passionate love for his native home and freedom gained him the sympathy of all Europe. He was equally distinguished as a legislator and as a warrior, and was considered in the light of a Prophet. It was said, "Mahomet is the first prophet of Allah; Schamyl is the second." A poet wrote of him, "He has lightning in his eyes and flowers on his lips." In 1839 came the greatest blow he ever received; the fortress of Achulgo, or Akhoulgó, which then was his home, was besieged by the Russian General Grabbe, and he was driven out. He managed to escape to Dargi-Vedenno, but his eldest son, Djemmal-Eddin,¹ was taken prisoner and conveyed to St. Petersburg. Schamyl offered ransom and prisoners in exchange for the boy, but in vain. The Emperor Nicholas refused to give him up. Schamyl's despair was great, and the child's mother, Patimate, died, it was said, of grief in consequence. The Emperor had the young Circassian brought up as a Prince, and he was given the best possible education. In time he became Nicholas's aide-de-camp and Colonel of a regiment, and was to all intents and purposes a thorough Russian. He forgot his mother tongue, but spoke French and German fluently. He went much into society, where he was generally liked. This brings him up to the time of our story, but we shall have more to say of him later on.

We left the unfortunate captives as they thought at the end of their terrible journey, for they had reached the fortress of Pokhalsky, where Schamyl was staying. Shortly after their arrival he sent some one to Princess Anna to say that he wished to speak to her.

"Let him come, then. I shall not go to him."

¹ Or "Jamala' d-din."

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"But he is Imâm," said the messenger.

"And I am Princess," replied the prisoner.

When Schamyl heard this he said, "Very well, take them on to Veden; I will see them there."

Whether he thought, by still further torturing them, that he would break their spirit we know not, but the poor captives had to recommence their painful march, and go on farther into the fastnesses of the mountains of Daghestan, a journey which took them, including stoppages, twenty more days. Before starting the Princesses begged for some clothes, and they were given a large bundle, one of many stacked in Schamyl's tent—no doubt plunder from his enemies. In it they found a most weird assortment, but they were thankful for any covering. They speedily divided the garments, those falling to Madame Drançay's share being a coachman's old suit! During this second half of their wanderings the captives continued to undergo every sort of trial and exposure. They had often to proceed on foot, the route being impracticable on horseback, and constantly got drenched to the skin, as when they ascended the high mountains they had to pass through unmelted avalanches, often sinking in the snow. This gave Princess Anna ague and her sister fever. At other times the heat was intense, which was most distressing to the weakened captives. When they stopped for rest in the *aouls*, or villages, it was even worse, as they were generally all packed with their servants into one low room with a suffocating stench and infested with vermin, and the only food they got was usually such as they could not eat. The marvel is how they survived such various trials and privations. At last in one of the *aouls* they came to they met with a Good Samaritan in the shape of a "Moulla" (or Elder of a village), who told Princess Orbeliáni that he had

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been a prisoner in Russia, and was exchanged for her husband, and in consequence he now had obtained permission from Schamyl to conduct them the remainder of the way to Veden, and this good man was always trying to do little things to ameliorate their hardships, and got them some better food. Finally, they reached one of the largest *aoûls* in the country, where they stayed two weeks, and where they got some rest, the first since they had been carried off. To their great delight they managed to secure a piece of soap in exchange for some beads. The kind Moulla also got them some red leather to make themselves shoes, which they had been without hitherto. They were at a loss how to make them, but Princess Nina Baratoff, hearing that a Chechnian lady in the *aoûl* would be able to help them in this respect, went off to see her. She found her gorgeously attired, sitting in a room surrounded by plates and dishes taken from Tsenondahl! She made no remark about this, but only begged for needles and thread and some instruction in shoe-making—all of which she got, and the Princesses succeeded in making themselves wearable though rather clumsy foot-gear.

The last stage of their journey was through marvellously beautiful country; their road lay through lovely gardens, and they came to a mountain covered from the summit to the base with the most enchanting verdure and magnificent flowers, the like of which the Princesses had never beheld even in hot-houses. Wearied and exhausted as they were, they could not help making exclamations of wonder and admiration.

At last they reached Dargi-Vedenno, or Veden as it is often called, when the Princesses and little Tamára were at once conducted to the Seraglio—that is to say, the inner court, or the part of the Mussulman's house in which the family reside. Here

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they were immediately surrounded by a pack of women, including Schamyl's three wives. Zaidette, the first wife, who was directly descended from Mahomet, appeared to be about twenty-four; she was of Tartar origin, and not at all pretty, and had a sly, malicious smile, a true index to her nature, as our captives found to their cost. Shouanette, the second wife, was an Armenian, who had been taken captive, but who adored Schamyl, past thirty but good-looking, and had a very kind expression; the Princesses took to her at once and they never altered their opinion. They received nothing but kindness and warm affection from her. The third wife, Aminette, was only seventeen years old and most attractive, but was quite kept in the background. She told them that she hated Zaidette and loved Shouanette. The first and second of the wives brought the Princesses various refreshments, which, as can well be imagined, they were most thankful to get. Tea, white bread, honey, cheese, and to their amazement some delicious sweetmeats, which they knew were only to be had from one French confectioner in Tiflis. The next evening they were informed that Schamyl was about to pay them a visit, and soon after he appeared, but did not cross the threshold of their room, and was provided with a stool at the open door. Schamyl was at this time fifty-six years of age, and although he was only of medium height, he had a wonderful look of strength and dignity. The conversation, which took place through an interpreter, began by inquiries after their health, which must to them have savoured of irony, and he added—

“I am astonished at your having all arrived in safety, and I can see in that a promise that God will now grant me the wish I have so long cherished, that of redeeming my son who is with the Russians. I have now come to tell you that no

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harm will come to you here, and that you will be treated like the members of my own family, on one condition—that you neither write nor receive letters without my permission. If you attempt to carry on any secret correspondence with your relations, or if they offend in a similar manner on their side, then I will kill you all and your children, as I did ten Russian officers, who were prisoners here, and received a letter baked in a loaf. Remember, too, the young Russian Countess at Stavropol, who was on the point of being married when she was taken by my men. That girl could have been ransomed long ago, but she presumed to set me at defiance, and I would not listen to any of her relations' offers of ransom."

Princess Tchavtchavadzé was so angry at the tone of Schamyl's speech that she would not answer, but her sister said—

"You need not threaten us. Our position and our education forbid us to break our word."

This finished the interview. The next day was passed in introductions. Schamyl's three little daughters came to see them, Napicette, Patimate, and Najabal; and also his three mothers-in-law, who appeared to be relegated to the cooking department. Then there was a Tartar governess and many others of secondary importance, including a number of very young girls, some being captives, who, when they reached the age of sixteen, were given by Schamyl to those of his officers whom he wished to please.

After a few weeks of unbroken and tiresome monotony the Princesses were greatly excited by receiving a parcel from Kahetia containing articles of clothing as well as boots and shoes, combs, soap, and other necessities, and with these things was enclosed a copy of "The Imitation of Christ," which gave

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them the greatest satisfaction. Meanwhile, though some of their troubles had ceased, our captives were not lying on a bed of roses, even though Schamyl had given orders that they were to be well treated. The small room, which at first was shared by the whole family and all their servants, was only lit by one unglazed window not two feet square, and the smell and smoke from the dung fire was so insupportable that they were obliged to leave the door open, which caused a terrible draught. Princess Orbeliáni was consequently attacked with inflammation of the eyes, and she ultimately lost the sight of one of them. Their food was very scanty, especially when Schamyl was away and Zaidette ruled, and Princess Orbeliáni also contracted a disease of the digestive organs from which she died many years after.

Only once during their eight months' captivity were they allowed to see any one from the outer world, and that only for ten minutes. One of the Tchavtchavadzé serfs brought Princess Anna a message from her husband, saying that he was well and hoped for news of her. When this messenger returned to Prince David, he told his master that he should not have recognised the Princess, so pale and altered had she become, and she had lost nearly all her beautiful luxuriant hair. Meanwhile negotiations were always going on between Prince David and Schamyl concerning the amount of the ransom to be paid. The former had offered £40,000 roubles silver, but Schamyl asked for a million besides the restitution of his son and other prisoners, amounting to one hundred and seventeen in all. Many letters passed between them : Schamyl would not give in, and at one time he threatened to break off all negotiations and to divide the prisoners amongst his naïbs ! This state of affairs went on for months, and the poor captive Princesses

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were beginning to despair, their troubles being aggravated by the mutiny of most of their servants, who complained that sufficient steps were not being taken for their release.

It is time now to go back to Djemmal-Eddin, Schamyl's eldest son, who was the innocent cause of the raid on Tsenondahl. We have said how, taken prisoner as a child by the Russians, he had become one of them, and was a favoured member of the Court society of St. Petersburg. For sixteen years his father had been trying to get him back, but without success; and now that Schamyl had these Princesses of high descent and position in his power, he determined not to let them go unless he received back his son in exchange, as well as a large ransom. After months of negotiations the Emperor Nicholas sent one day for his Caucasian aide-de-camp, and said to him in a very grave manner :

“Djemmal-Eddin, you are free to accept or refuse the proposition which I have to make. I do not wish in any way to influence you, but I think, if you accept, you will be doing something worthy of you. Two Princesses of Georgia, Princess Tchavtchavadzé and Princess Orbeliáni, have been made prisoners by your father, who says he will not give them up unless you return to him. If you say yes, they will be free; if you say no, they will remain prisoners for ever. Do not answer me in a hurry: I will give you three days to think it over.”

The young man smiled sadly.

“Sire,” said he, “it does not take three days to teach the son of Schamyl and the servant of the Emperor Nicholas what he ought to do; Caucasian by birth, I am a Russian at heart—I shall die in the mountains where nothing will be in harmony with the education I have received, but I shall die thinking that I have accomplished a duty. The three days that your

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Majesty gives me will not be required for my decision, but for my farewells. From this moment I am at your Majesty's disposition, and will start when I am ordered."

Without a complaint this noble young man gave up his life, his friends, his lady-love—for it was said he had fixed his affections upon a fair Russian—and hastened his departure, being accompanied by Prince Tchavtchavadzé, who was at St. Petersburg arranging about the ransom.

In consequence of the self-sacrifice of Djemmal-Eddin, on March 5, 1855, the Princesses were informed that they were free, just eight months after they were taken captive. When the day came for their departure Shouanette and Aminette were plunged in grief, and their leave-taking was most affecting. Zaidette sent to ask them if they would like to buy back any of the spoil taken from Tsenondahl; but when they saw the things, they were so battered and broken that they declined to deal. Amongst them were the fragments of a magnificent diamond bouquet which had been given by the great Empress Catherine to Prince David's grandmother, and which was quite a work of art.

The exchange of prisoners was to take place, by Schamyl's wish, on the borders of the river Mitcnik, which divided his forests from the Russian territory, and the meeting was to be under a certain tree fixed upon by him. His second son was to conduct the Princesses at the head of a large escort, who with their family and servants made a party of twenty-two. For their conveyance four *arbas*, vehicles with four wheels, were made such as had never before been seen in Checkni. Later on the cavalcade was joined by Schamyl himself in the midst of his "Murids." The two parties arrived almost simultaneously, when the brothers dismounted and threw themselves into each

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other's arms, all the Murids crying, "Allah, il Allah." The Princesses, when the Russian regiments came in view, got into a state of indescribable agitation, and descending from their carriages began to pray before they were conducted to Prince David. Meanwhile the cases containing the 40,000 roubles were passed to the Murids. Schamyl's people had been induced to abate their demand through the intervention of a hermit who was held in great awe by them. Djemmal-Eddin was then presented to the Princesses, who thanked him as their liberator; he had an affectionate parting with General Nicolaï and, shedding the last tears for Russia that were permitted him, withdrew, and after relinquishing his Russian uniform put on the costume of his race, and mounting a beautiful black horse caparisoned in scarlet disappeared with his newly-found brother and proceeded to meet Schamyl. When they met, Djemmal-Eddin dismounted and was received in the arms of his father, who was much affected, tears flowing in streams down his face and beard.

The Princesses on their return journey insisted on attending a thanksgiving service in the church of the fortress of Kourinsk, and received the Holy Sacrament there, and again when they reached Tiflis, before going to their house, they stopped at the church for prayer.

The rejoicings throughout Georgia and especially in Tiflis at the deliverance of the Princesses was very remarkable. The whole party remained at the latter place for more than a month to recruit their health, which had been so cruelly tried—in several cases beyond recovery. The Georgian servants, excepting one nurse who had been carried off during their march and whose whereabouts they had failed to trace, all returned to Tsenondahl, and the Princesses with their children started off for Moscow to see their mother, Anastasia, Princess of Georgia, who lived there,

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and who had suffered greatly from anxiety on their account. They then went on to St. Petersburg, where they were eager to assure the Emperor personally of their deep gratitude. He, however, died before they got there, and Princess Orbeliáni wrote to his successor, the Emperor Alexander, who answered her letter in the following manner :—

“PRINCESS VARVARA ELINICHNA,—Your expressions of gratitude to my ever-memorable parent have deeply affected me. The liberation from captivity of yourself and family was the object of his earnest wishes ; but it did not please God to fulfil them until after his death. Consoled by the thought that the measures indicated by him had the desired result, it gives me great pleasure to assure you of the sincere joy with which I heard of your return from the mountains. In the hope that the Most High will reward you for all the difficult trials you have suffered by developing in your son those lofty qualities which distinguish the noblemen of Georgia, I remain for ever, your well-disposed,

ALEXANDER.”

Madame Drançay accompanied the Princesses as far as St. Petersburg, and then went on to Paris, having, as can well be understood, no wish to return to the Caucasus. She did not live very long, and died of a disease contracted during her captivity. She did, however, live long enough to commit to paper her experiences, from which many of the details of this account are taken.

Poor Djemmal-Eddin renounced civilisation with deep regret, but gave in to all his father's wishes, even to the agreement that he should only write very occasionally to his friends, and that his letters should not be long, and that he should see no Russian books or newspapers. He made a journey of inspection round all the territory over which Schamyl reigned ; and on his return

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to Dargi-Vedenno he married the wife chosen for him, the daughter of Talgik, a celebrated naïb. Djemmal-Eddin refused to interfere in military affairs, but occupied himself with the superintendence of the administrative and judicial proceedings. The sole amusement which he could enter into was the chase. It was most pathetic how he strove to do his duty as Schamyl's son, but all his surroundings were so distasteful to him, and the longings for his former life were so strong in him, that he could not fight against them, and he gradually sank into a sort of decline.

In the month of February 1858 Colonel Prince Minsky, commanding a regiment at Kasafourte, was told a man from the mountains wished to see him. On being introduced, he said he came from Schamyl, whose son was attacked by an illness which the Tartar doctors did not understand, and he prayed for some advice from a European doctor. Prince Minsky sent for the doctor of the regiment, who, on hearing the symptoms of Djemmal-Eddin, prescribed and prepared medicines for him, which the messenger took back. Four months later the man reappeared; Djemmal-Eddin was rapidly getting worse, and Schamyl begged that the doctor might come and see him, which he accordingly did, leaving three naïbs as hostages! After an arduous and dangerous journey the doctor arrived at the *aoul*, where he was conducted to the house of the invalid. He found him in a poor room with very little furniture, and lighted by one tallow candle. He was no longer able to leave his bed, and the doctor, after staying three days, left feeling certain that nothing could save him. He saw that the malady was as much moral, so to say, as physical, and that Djemmal-Eddin had not the slightest wish to recover. His life had been for the last three years a living death. He did not, however, make a complaint of any kind, and was patient and resigned. Three

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months later he was dead, and this sad episode, as far as he was concerned, was closed for ever.

His poor father was plunged in grief, but probably never realised that he had practically killed him. It was remarked that Schamyl never had any successes after his son's death, and only a year after, the Russian general, Bariatinsky, managed, by placing a cordon round the mountains, to trap the old chieftain, who was taken at Gounib. His life was spared, and he was conveyed to St. Petersburg. The Emperor Alexander granted him a pension for himself and his family, and a residence at Kief. He was admitted into the highest society, and our King Edward saw him at the Court of St. Petersburg. It is said that, at one of the Emperor's entertainments, he was so struck with the appearance of the Russian ladies, that he exclaimed, "I was far from expecting to find Mahomet's Paradise on earth." Schamyl did not long survive his fall; he asked permission to go to Mecca, which was granted, and he died at Medina in 1871.

The two principal characters of this episode are now both dead. Princess Orbeliáni, who was beloved by all who knew her, and who was a most delightful creature in every way, died at Cannes in 1883, tenderly nursed at the last by her brother, Prince Nicholas of Georgia, by Mademoiselle Demidoff, and by her English friend, Lady H——. Her only son, Prince George, the infant who so nearly succumbed during the raid, and who was now in the Imperial Guard, started off with his cousin, Princess Nina Baratoff, as soon as he heard of his mother's danger, but did not arrive in time to see her alive. The funeral took place at Nice, but ten days after the remains of Varvara, Princess of Georgia, was taken to her native country, where they were laid at Mtzkhétha, beside the tombs of the kings who were her ancestors.

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Princess Anna Tchavtchavadzé survived her sister many years, and it is curious to think that there should have been still living in Paris two or three years ago a Princess who had undergone such strange vicissitudes, and that some of her children who were exposed to such terrible trials are alive and well.

“THE PEASANT PEERESS”

“Born in a cottage, in a cottage bred,
In a cottage living, from a cottage wed.”

ON the 23rd of May 1776 the noble house of Cecil assembled at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to assist at the nuptials of Mr. Henry Cecil and Miss Emma Vernon. This marriage seemed in every way most suitable; Mr. Cecil was the nephew and heir-presumptive of Brownlow, ninth Earl of Exeter, and the bride was an heiress, sole daughter of Thomas Vernon, Esq., of Hanbury Hall in Worcestershire. The only thing that could be said against it was that the bridegroom was somewhat young, being only just twenty-two years of age.

Apparently Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cecil lived happily together for some years, though they had the sorrow of losing their only child, a boy, who died an infant.

In the year 1780 the Rev. William Sneyd, a handsome though sickly young man, came as curate in charge to Hanbury, which now belonged to the Cecils and where they lived. Mr. Cecil, being acquainted with his family, showed him much kindness. He had him constantly to dinner, and when the weather was bad often put him up for the night, taking pity on his delicacy. In May 1789 Mr. Sneyd removed to Birmingham, which was about twenty miles off. Whilst there he fell seriously ill, and overcome with remorse, sent for Mr. Cecil, and from his bed of sickness confessed that he had had a guilty intimacy with his wife. Mr. Cecil would have condoned the offence and was prepared to

“The Peasant Peeress”

forgive his wife, but was weak enough to allow her to go and (as she said) bid farewell to Mr. Sneyd; with the result that she made the sick man get up from his bed and go off with her to Exeter, where they lived as man and wife. This elopement took place in June 1789; and in Easter term 1790 Mr. Cecil brought an action in the King's Bench at Westminster against Mr. Sneyd. The trial was before Lord Kenyon, and Mr. Cecil obtained a verdict of £1000 damages, which would have been much more had not Mr. Sneyd's counsel, Erskine, pleaded the poverty of his client. As it was, being unable to pay the sum, he was confined in the Marshalsea four years, at the end of which time he was let off, and it was said ultimately became mad. In June of the same year as his action in the King's Bench (1790) Mr. Cecil commenced proceedings for a divorce in the Consistory Court and obtained it in March 1791, but it appears that an Act of Parliament alone could in those days dissolve the marriage or enable him to marry again. This Act was obtained, but did not receive the royal assent till June 1791.

Meanwhile Mr. Cecil, feeling thoroughly disgusted with the world in general, determined to retire from it to some spot where he would not be known. Taking the name of “John Jones,” and disguising himself with a peculiar wig, he started off in a travelling-chaise and arrived one November night during a blinding snowstorm at the rural village of Bolas Magna in Shropshire, not far from Wellington, having, it was said, lost his way. Be this as it may, the weather was too tempestuous for him to continue travelling farther that night; so he put up at the “Blue Boar Inn,” and the next day showed no wish to go farther. Dismissing the chaise he proceeded to look for a lodging, which he found in the house of one Hoggins on Bolas Common. There has been much discussion as to whether this residence was only

“The Peasant Peeress”

an ordinary cottage, or whether it was a farm, and also whether Hoggins could be termed a farmer or whether he was only “a horse and cow doctor.” Anyhow the house was large enough to hold Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins and their six children and to provide a spare room for the stranger; also Hoggins was of sufficient status to have been twice appointed overseer, and his wife was the daughter of a clergyman named Bayley. Mr. Jones, as we shall now call him, added some comforts to the room provided for him in the Hoggins’ house, and remained there nearly two years—

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

During this time he often went away—which he was obliged to do, in the first instance, on business regarding his divorce, and at other times to draw his money; but no one guessed his identity, and he had no communication with his relations, who thought he was abroad. The good people at Bolas at first rather fought shy of him; finding he had always plenty of money at his command and no ostensible means of support, they imagined he must be a highwayman, which would account for his periodical mysterious disappearances. These doubts may possibly have influenced a beautiful young girl of the name of Taylor, to whom he proposed, and who refused him on the grounds that she was already engaged to a Mr. Masfield, whom she did ultimately marry, and lived and died at Wolverhampton. Nothing daunted by his rejection, he now turned his thoughts on the daughter of Hoggins with whom he boarded. Sarah Hoggins did not turn a deaf ear to the suit of the mysterious lodger, whose tall and striking figure had already won her admiration; and on April 13, 1790, they were married by license at Bolas by the Rev. Cresswell Tayleur, she being not quite seventeen and he thirty-six years of

“The Peasant Peeress”

age at the time. In the parish register he is inscribed as “John Jones, bachelor.” The witnesses were Sarah Adams and John Picken, Sarah’s uncle, who gave her away. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cecil had not waded through the long paper he was obliged to sign at Wellington before he could procure the license, which stated that his name was John Jones, and that he was a yeoman and a bachelor! After the marriage he took his wife to a small house, which he had built for himself on a piece of waste land near Hodnet, and there they lived for about two years, during which time he had her education completed. “Mr. Jones,” as he was now called, played the violin, burned wax candles, and used plate, all of which showed he was something above the common (Bolas!); and it is probable that Mr. Tayleur, the parson, with whom he became very intimate, knew that he was a gentleman, and for this reason asked him to be godfather to one of his children. Possibly it was owing to the representation of the Rev. Mr. Tayleur that “Mr. Jones” went through the ceremony of marriage a second time with Sarah Hoggins on October 3, 1791. Certainly it appears doubtful if the first was strictly legal, and at the second, which took place at St. Mildred’s Church, Bread Street, London, the bridegroom gave his real name. This does not preclude the idea that Sarah was still kept in ignorance of her husband’s status, as the name would convey nothing to her rustic mind, and they returned to Hodnet, still as Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, for which no doubt he gave her some good reason.

On December 27, 1793, Mr. Cecil was informed that his uncle was dead, and that consequently he had succeeded to the Earldom of Exeter and was the owner of Burleigh, one of the most magnificent places in the kingdom. Soon after he started off with his young wife, and, judging by his past life at Hodnet,



R. COSWAY, R.A., *pinx.*

SARAH, MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.
(‘The Peasant Peeress.’)

“The Peasant Peeress”

we may still cling to the belief that the journey was performed in the romantic manner described by the poets,¹ and that not until they arrived close up to the walls of Burleigh did the new Lord Exeter disclose his identity to his gentle helpmeet, or tell her that the splendid pile which met her astonished gaze was to be her future home!

The rest of the Laureate's story must be relegated to the limbo of fiction. The “Peasant Peeress” lived very happily in her new station, and Lord Exeter continued to keep up close relations with her people and his old friends at Hodnet. He gave his little house on Bolas Common to his Tayleur godchild, and one of his first acts after succeeding to the earldom was to settle £700 a year upon his wife's father, and he also assisted her brothers to take up good positions in the world. William Hoggins, the eldest, became a Captain in the 92nd Regiment, but was unfortunately drowned in the *Aurora* on the Goodwins in 1805. Thomas Hoggins was Captain in the 89th Regiment, and James became the Rector of Eltham and survived till 1805.

Her ladyship was anything but “drooping” and “fading,”² being of a strong and robust temperament, and her premature death at the early age of twenty-three was from natural causes, fever attacking her eighteen days after the birth of her youngest son, Lord Thomas Cecil. As “Mrs. John Jones” she had had two children born at Bolas, a son Henry, who died an infant, and a daughter Sophia, born in 1792, who married in 1818 the Hon. Henry Manners Pierrepont of Conholt Park, Hants, whose only child and heir married Lord Charles

¹ Tennyson's “Lord Burleigh,” and Thomas Moore's ballad, “You remember, Ellen.” Hazlitt also wrote on the subject.

² The miniature of her by Cosway is very pretty. Sir Thomas Lawrence also painted her in a group, which picture is at Burleigh House.

“The Peasant Peeress”

Wellesley, brother of the Iron Duke and father of the present fourth Duke of Wellington. After her accession to the peerage Lady Exeter had two sons, Brownlow Cecil, who succeeded his father as second Marquess of Exeter, and the above-mentioned Lord Thomas Cecil, who married Lady Sophia Lennox, daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, which lady died in 1902, aged ninety-two. Lord Thomas, as the writer remembers him, was a particularly aristocratic-looking man, tall and very slight. He left no descendants.

Three years after the death of Sarah, Lady Exeter, Lord Exeter married again, his third wife being Elizabeth, Dowager-Duchess of Hamilton, the daughter-in-law of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. Lord Exeter died in 1804, leaving to her care—which proved a wise step—the three children of the “Peasant Peeress.”

TWO BRAVE GRIZELS: GRIZEL HUME AND GRIZEL COCHRANE

I. GRIZEL HUME

"The young, the sweet, the good, the brave Griseld."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

It is somewhat remarkable that two very young Scotch girls of high degree, both bearing the same Christian name, born within two years of each other, and the children of two great friends, should have given such splendid instances of filial devotion and courage as did respectively the daughters of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth and Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree,¹ N.B.

Commencing with Grizel² Hume, she was one of eighteen children, and was born at Redbraes Castle, N.B., on December 25, 1665. At this time the Scottish nation was suffering much persecution on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of Church and State, and Sir Patrick Hume, who was a strict Presbyterian, took a decided part against the tyrannical administration of the Duke of Lauderdale. For his opposition to the measures of the Government he was imprisoned for four years, being ultimately liberated by order of King Charles II. This did not stop Sir Patrick from continuing to engage in schemes with the

¹ A further coincidence is that both these Grizels lie buried within a few miles of each other.

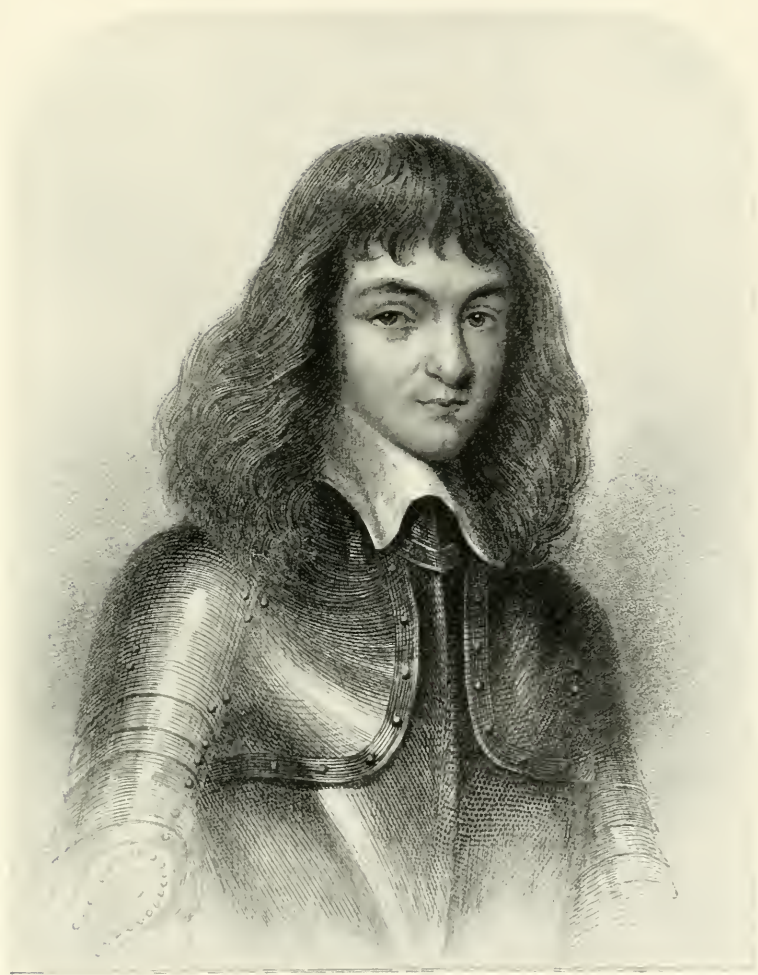
² Also spelt Grisell.

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ultra-Protestant party to, at all events, prevent the Duke of York's accession to the throne in the event of the King's death, and shortly after his liberation he went to London with Robert Baillie of Jerviswood,¹ his *Fidus Achates*, and Sir John Cochrane to concert an insurrection with Monmouth, Sydney Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Russell, the latter being his relation. At this same time there was another plot going on with which these patriots had no connection, and which, it was said, had the object of assassinating King Charles on his way back from Newmarket at a place called the Rye-House, belonging to one of the conspirators, Richard Rumbold, a fanatical republican. On the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, Baillie of Jerviswood as well as several other Scotch gentlemen were included in those arrested, and were sent to Scotland to be tried. The promise of a pardon was held out to him on condition of his giving the Government some information. To this suggestion he replied, "They who can make such a proposal to me, neither know me nor my country." He was in consequence fined £5000 and sent back to prison. His friend, Sir Patrick Hume, was now most anxious to communicate with him concerning something of the greatest importance; but all available means failed, and he was in despair. An idea then struck him that his clever and earnest little daughter Grizel, who was still a child, might somehow be able to manage to obtain admittance into the prison unsuspected and slip a letter into Mr. Baillie's hand, and this she actually did accomplish, going to Edinburgh by herself, and moreover she brought back useful intelligence.

Some time after this Sir Patrick had a narrow escape; a

¹ Robert Baillie was great-grandson of John Knox, through the marriage of his grandfather with one of the Reformer's daughters.



ROBERT BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD.

From "The Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen" (Blackie & Son).

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party of guards sent to arrest him stopped at the house of a friend of the Government for refreshment, and there made inquiries concerning the shortest way to Polwarth. The lady of the house, who secretly favoured the Presbyterians, saw the danger that threatened Sir Patrick and determined to warn him, but she dared not write or send him any verbal message. She therefore wrapt up a feather in a piece of paper and sent it over the hills by a boy, whilst she detained the military party as long as she could, entertaining them so royally that they were in no hurry to depart. Sir Patrick on receiving the token at once understood it was a hint to him to fly; but instead of flying, he settled in the first instance to burrow, until he could safely escape abroad. Accordingly, without telling a soul except his wife and Grizel and his carpenter, he established himself underground in the family vault in Polwarth churchyard, a mile from his house. The soldiers arrived and had a fruitless search. After their departure the carpenter carried a bed and bed-clothes during the night to the vault, and Sir Patrick remained concealed a month in this dreary retreat, whilst the search for him was continued in every direction. Grizel Hume, Sir Patrick's daughter, had at this time a terror of the churchyard at night, having been told by her old nurse so many bogey stories of ghosts and apparitions; but great love for her father enabled her to overcome her fears, and every night at twelve o'clock, no matter what the weather was, this courageous young girl started off by herself, as Bishop Burnet says, "with a caution above her years and a courage above her sex," carrying food and drink for Sir Patrick, walking a mile on a lonely road, and with very little light for fear of attracting attention.¹ She

¹ The very small and exceeding rough lantern which she carried is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

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always remained with her father in his gruesome resting-place, surrounded by the coffins of his ancestors, until just before daybreak, when she hastened back for fear of her absence being discovered. The minister's house was near the church, and the first night Grizel went to the vault the dog of the Manse barked so furiously that she thought every moment some one would come out and discover her. On discussing this difficulty next morning with her mother, Lady Hume thought of the following expedient. She sent for the minister, and under the pretence that there was a mad dog in the neighbourhood, got him to shoot his. After this Grizel went quietly to her father every night.

"Thus night succeeding night her love
Did its unwearied nature prove."

They were both even able to be cheerful in this dismal abode, and often laughed heartily. There was great difficulty to get food for Sir Patrick without rousing the suspicions of the servants, whom they dared not confide in; the only way Grizel could manage was by taking it off her own plate at dinner, and hiding it in her napkin. Her father was particularly fond of that typical Scotch dish, sheep's head, and one day, when this appeared for dinner, while the other children were eating their broth, she had managed to convey the most of one into her lap. Presently her brother Sandy looked up with astonishment and said, "Mother, will ye look at Grizel; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head!" Poor Grizel, whom her brother thought so greedy, in reality scarcely ate any dinner during this month, picking up what she could at other times, so that the deficiency at the dinner-table might not be noticed.

It was too dark in the vault to read, but Sir Patrick

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occupied himself in the daytime by repeating Buchanan's Psalms,¹ which he knew by heart from beginning to end. At the expiration of a month he thought he could not stand his gloomy habitation any longer, more especially as, winter approaching, the cold would be too great; so accordingly Lady Hume and Grizel began to arrange a fresh hiding-place in his own house of Redbraes. Grizel and the faithful carpenter set to work every night to excavate the earth beneath the boards of a room on the ground-floor. They scratched the soil up with their hands so as not to make any noise, and Grizel worked so hard that she had not a nail left upon any of her fingers. The earth as they dug it up was placed by them in a sheet which the man carried out on his back and emptied in the garden. All this was a very arduous task, and rendered more so by the necessity of absolute quietness; but at last it was finished, and the carpenter brought at night a large box which he had constructed at his own house, and which was then fitted into the excavation, and Sir Patrick's bed put into the box. Finally the floor was replaced over the box with holes bored in it for air. Grizel Hume, in her account of this affair, says that when the arrangement was completed, she was so delighted that she felt "the most happy creature alive." Sir Patrick then ventured home in the dark, and lived there for two or three weeks, shut up in this box during the day, and joining his wife and daughter at night. But Grizel's satisfaction was doomed to disappointment. One day when she lifted up the boards the bed bounced up to the top, the box being full of water! In her life, she said, she had never been "so struck" and had "near dropped down." Her father then decided that he must somehow try to

¹ *Psalmorum Davidis Poetica*, Georgii Buchanani, Glasguæ. Roberti Urie, 1750.

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escape abroad ; this resolution being confirmed by hearing that his dear friend, Baillie of Jerviswood, had been executed in Edinburgh. Lady Hume and Grizel at once set to work to make him a suit of clothes that would disguise him, and he left home in two days ; only just in time, for a party of soldiers came in search of him a few hours after his departure, and they actually met his servant who was accompanying him, but who purposely started on a different road. Sir John managed to get to London through by-ways, passing as a surgeon and calling himself "Dr. Wallace." He knew how to bleed, and carried lancets with him. From London he went *via* France to Flanders and Brabant, where he spent some weeks, and then to Brussels to see the Duke of Monmouth ; but not finding him there proceeded to The Hague, where he was received with great respect by William, Prince of Orange. Soon after his arrival the news came of the death of King Charles II., in consequence of which fresh deliberations took place at The Hague as to the course his party should take. The result was two military expeditions ; one to England headed by Monmouth, and one to Scotland headed by the Earl of Argyll. These ill-concerted enterprises were complete failures, and both leaders lost their heads. Sir Patrick Hume, who was second in command under the Earl of Argyll, managed to escape, and concealed himself for many weeks in the houses of friends. A large reward was offered for his apprehension ; but a report of his death being spread the search was relaxed, and he effected his escape in a vessel from the west coast, going first to Ireland and then to Bordeaux. Here he remained some months, and there are several letters existing which he wrote to his wife and mother from that town. The letters to his wife are curiously formal in their commencement and ending considering the ardent expres-

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sions of love contained in the body of the letters. For instance, one which begins "Madam" and is finished "Your perpetually obliged and faithful servant," says, "I was never more in love with you, for absence, I can witness, encreases that passion: I wish you all happiness and so much constance as may in time make me as happy as your good will can doe, which is the sweetest wish I can conceive."

Sir Patrick still kept to his name of Dr. Peter Wallace, and tried to make a living by his slight knowledge of surgery; but he writes, "the chirurgeons are too throng (*sic*) for me to gain much in this place."

He ultimately moved to Geneva and from thence to Holland, where he settled at Utrecht, and sent for his wife and ten children. Sir Patrick's estates having been forfeited, they were without any permanent means of support; so Lady Hume and Grizel went by sea to London to solicit the King for an allowance for themselves and the children. They remained in London some time and were much helped by kind friends and relations, including the families of Lord Russell and Lord Wharton, but all she could obtain was about £150 a year. When they returned to Scotland they found one of the children so ill that she could not go with them to Holland, and again we find the wonderful energy and resource of the brave Grizel coming to the fore. Having gone over with the rest of the family to Holland, she returned to Scotland by herself to fetch her sick sister. They had a terrible voyage to Brill, and from there they set out on foot for Rotterdam on a cold, wet, dirty night; the sick child, who could not walk very well, soon lost her shoes in the mud, and Grizel carried her the rest of the way on her back. A gentleman whom they had met on the ship, and who was also a refugee, took their baggage for them, which included a "clog-

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bag" of books which Grizel was taking for her father. At Rotterdam they were met by Sir Patrick and their eldest brother, who conveyed them on to Utrecht, where the family were settled. Here they lived for three years and a half, during which time "Dr. Wallace" never stirred out for fear of being discovered, though he saw many friends at home. His house was always full of unfortunate exiles; they seldom dined without three or four friends joining them, and Grizel used to say in after years she thought it little less than a miracle how father and mother and their ten children lived and entertained their friends on their small pittance. The professors and men of learning in Utrecht came often to see "Dr. Wallace," and they were always given a glass of "Allerbest" beer. Altogether at this time they led a happy, contented life, and their spirits were never affected by little reverses. Sometimes their small remittances from Scotland were delayed; then they put the little plate they had with them in the "Lamber," *i.e.* pawnshop, till the ships arrived. It was the custom at Utrecht to collect money for the poor from house to house, a bell being rung to warn people to get their coin ready. One night the bell was heard, but there was no money in the house excepting one "orkey" or "doit," the smallest of all coins. Every one was so ashamed that no one would go to the door to give it, till at last Sir Patrick said, "Well, then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have." They could not afford to keep any regular servant, and only had a little girl to wash the dishes. Grizel did most of the work; went to market, cleaned the house, cooked the dinner, mended the children's clothes. When she had a moment to spare she had a lesson in French and Dutch and amused herself with music, Sir Patrick having bought a "rucar" or harpsichord. Amongst their exiled friends with confiscated estates was young

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George Baillie of Jerviswood, the son of Sir Patrick's dear friend, who had been executed. He was in prison with his father when Grizel Hume went as a very young girl, almost a child, to give him her father's letter, and from that time dated a friendship which soon ripened into the warmest love. They saw a great deal of each other at Utrecht, but as neither of them had a farthing no actual engagement could take place; but her parents had such a high sense of his honour that they trusted her to go about everywhere with him. Grizel at this time had two offers of marriage from men of fortune and character, neighbours of their former home in Scotland, but she rejected both. They continued her friends to the day of their death, and often said to her she had made a better choice. At last the Revolution brought a great change in their fortunes. When the Prince of Orange went over to England he took with him Sir Patrick Hume and his son, as well as George Baillie; and when all was settled in England, Lady Hume and Grizel went over with the Princess, the younger Hume children being sent to Scotland. Grizel was now offered the post of Maid-of-honour to Queen Mary, but declined it. Sir Patrick's forfeiture was rescinded, and he was put in possession of his estate, and honours were thickly showered on him. He was first created a peer of Scotland by the title of Lord Polwarth, and later on Earl of Marchmont. He was made High Chancellor of Scotland, and then the King's High Commissioner to the Parliament. He had successions of Government appointments, always keeping up his character of strict probity accompanied by deep religion, which were the leading characteristics of his life. He was one of the most influential promoters of the Union; and after a long life spent in the service of his country, he died at Berwick in 1724, aged eighty-three. As his grandson, Lord Binning, was

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sitting by his bedside not many hours before he expired, he saw him smiling, and said, "My lord, what are you laughing at?" Lord Marchmont answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones!"—alluding to his excessive thinness.

At the same time as Sir Patrick Hume had been reinstated in his estates, young George Baillie received back his also, which had been bestowed on the Duke of Gordon. This enabled him to marry our heroine, Grizel Hume, a marriage which gave her all the happiness she deserved.

The following is a description of Lady Grizel Baillie by one who knew her well: "Her actions show what her mind was, and her outward appearance was no less remarkable; she was well made, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chestnut, and to her last she had the finest complexion with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen." She often said that during the forty-eight years of her married life she never had the shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding with her husband, whom she survived twenty-two years, dying in 1746, aged eighty-one.

Lady Hervey (the celebrated Molly Lepel) in writing of her says: "I saw old Lady Grizel Baillie six months before she died as lively, as entertaining, as sagacious, and with all her senses perfect as ever."

Lady Grizel had no son, but two daughters, Grizel and Rachel; the latter married Charles Lord Binning, son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington. Grizel Baillie, the eldest, was a most charming character, and combined uncommon beauty and fascinating manners with sprightly conversation

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and cultivated talents. She married Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Murray, Bart., of Stanhope,¹ when she was only seventeen years of age. This turned out an exceedingly unfortunate marriage. Mr. Murray had a very pleasing exterior and a prepossessing manner, but was evidently not of sane mind. On the first day after their marriage he behaved in such an extraordinary manner as to seriously alarm his newly-made wife as well as her family. Under his pleasing exterior there lurked a dark, moody, and ferocious temper, and groundless suspicions and insane jealousies made him the victim of uncontrollable passion. After undergoing a most trying time for four years his wife procured a deed of separation, and took up her residence with her father in London, where she became distinguished as one of the remarkable women who graced what has been called the Augustan age of the Court of England. In Gay's well-known verses, "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece," Grizel Murray is honoured with a place amongst the group of "goodly dames" who advance to hail the return of the poet—"the sweet-toned Murray," as Gay calls her, is mentioned just before her great friend, Molly Lepel. The latter loved her dearly, and when Grizel died in 1759 wrote about her as follows: "She is to me an irreparable loss; never in my long life did I ever meet with a creature in all respects like her: many have excelled her perhaps in particular qualities, but none that ever I met with have equalled her in all. Sound good sense, strong judgment, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity; a most affectionate disposition or mind, constant and steady, not obstinate, great indulgence to others, a most sweet, cheerful temper and

¹ Mr. Murray was the son and heir of Sir David Murray, Bart., by his wife, Lady Anne Bruce, daughter of Alexander, second Earl of Kincardine, by Veronica de Corneille Van Arson V. Sommeldyck. His sister, Janet Murray, married Lord Charles Kerr, and their son, Robert Kerr, was great-great-grandfather of the writer.

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a sort of liveliness and good humour that promoted innocent mirth wherever she came, nor did she ever say or do a thing that could hurt or offend any one. In forty years and as much as we lived together, she never said or did the least thing to me that from any reason in the world I could have wished undone or unsaid. . . . Oh! she was—what was she not?—but 'tis all over——”

II. GRIZEL COCHRANE

Amongst the distinguished Scotsmen who signalised themselves by their opposition to the English Government after the Restoration was Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, second son of the first Earl of Dundonald. He was a Patriot, rivalling his friend, Sir Patrick Hume, in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. Sir John was one of those who, in 1685, pledged themselves to assist the Earl of Argyll's rising in Scotland, and on the failure of this enterprise he was captured and taken to Edinburgh, and ultimately condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald.

After his condemnation, Sir John was told that he might see any of his family. So afraid, however, was he of his sons being implicated in his misfortunes, that he sent them a message to entreat them not to come to him till the eve of his execution. Late in the evening, after he had made this sacrifice, he was sitting in his prison with bowed head, which he did not raise when he heard the door open, feeling that it could only be his particularly repellent gaoler. His surprise was great when he felt soft arms round his neck and saw it was Grizel, his only daughter. She told him that her grandfather, the old Earl, had

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made a fresh appeal to the King and one to Father Petre, his Majesty's confessor, who was said to influence him greatly; but all this would take some time, and meanwhile the warrant for his execution was daily expected. Several days elapsed during which time Grizel Cochrane was constantly with Sir John, and in an agony of mind lest the warrant should arrive. At last she determined on a desperate step to save her father. She began by telling him that urgent business would prevent her coming to him for some days. Sir John, hearing this, was afraid she proposed going to London to further his appeal, and warned her to be careful.

"Did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, you would fear, as I do, the sully of your fair fame."

"I am a Cochrane, my father," said this beautiful maiden of eighteen years, and she embraced her father and departed.

The next day, at early daybreak, Grizel Cochrane, who was a first-rate horsewoman, was on her steed and already many miles on the road to the Border. She had put on the dress of a waiting-woman, and pretended she was on a borrowed hack and going to her mother a long way off. She only rested at out-of-the-way cottages, and on the second day after leaving Edinburgh she reached the home of her old nurse, who lived four miles on the English side of Berwick. In this fond and faithful servant Grizel knew she had a friend whom she could thoroughly trust, and to her, therefore, she confided her wonderful idea—namely, her determination to make a desperate venture to save her father's life by acting as a highwayman and stopping the mounted postman, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. This was a most extraordinary resolution for a delicately-nurtured

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girl of eighteen, especially as she knew that the bearer of his Majesty's mails would not only be well mounted, but also well furnished with firearms, which it would be his duty to use in defence of his post-bags. But to make the attempt at the great risk of her life she was fully determined. She borrowed from her nurse the clothes of her foster-brother, a slim youth, cut off a considerable portion of her hair to further her disguise, and armed herself with a brace of small pistols.

The mail from London in those days took eight days to reach Edinburgh, and thus Grizel concluded that if only she could get hold of the warrant for her father's execution, it would give him a respite of at least sixteen or seventeen days, by which time there was some reasonable hope that his sentence might be rescinded. She had ascertained the exact route of the postmen, and the places where they rested. The mails changed hands at Durham, and she had found out that the postman who received them there always stopped for a few hours' rest at a small public-house just outside the little town of Belford, where he generally arrived about six o'clock in the morning. At 7 A.M. Grizel in her disguise came to this inn, and having put up her horse, she went in to the travellers' room and asked for refreshments.

"Sit down at the end of that table," said the old woman, "for the best I have to give you is thine already, and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's one asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb."

Grizel said she would be very quiet, and then, at once taking the scene in, racked her quick brain for a device to get rid of the old dame for a short time.

"Is the well you get your water from near?" said she.

"It's a good bit off," said the woman.

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"The water on this table," said Grizel, "is quite warm, and I want a good drink. If you'll fetch me some fresh from the well, I'll consider it in the reckoning."

Accordingly the old dame trotted off, saying, "I cannot refuse such a civil, discreet lad." No sooner had the door closed on her than Grizel hurried, though very cautiously, to the end of the room, where the postman was reposing in one of those closed, wooden bedsteads then in common use amongst the lower orders; the door was left half-open to let in air. Grizel quietly opened it a little more, hoping to see the mail-bags by the side of the man, but, alas, his whole head and broad shoulders were on it, and there was not the slightest chance of any one being able to touch it without awakening him. Again half-closing the door of the bed, she quickly made for the man's holsters, which he had placed upon the table, and opening them she found his loaded pistols, which she at once unloaded; this done she had barely re-seated herself at the table when the old woman entered with the fresh water from the well. Having taken a good draught of it, Grizel then paid her account, paying for the water as if she had had beer, and, having carelessly ascertained in the course of conversation how much longer the sleeping guest was likely to remain, she left the Inn, mounted her horse, and set off at a trot. Making a circuit of two or three miles she once more got into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming of the postman. As she did so the thought came into her mind that he would possibly examine his pistols before starting, and, finding they had been tampered with, re-load them and be doubly on his guard, in which case it was more than likely her life would be forfeited for nothing. But this did not daunt her courage or deprive her of her self-

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possession. With a natural and easy manner, Grizel accosted him as he advanced behind her, and continued to ride on some way by his side. She saw that he had two mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front close to the holsters. One bag contained the letters from London, and the others those picked up en route. When they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick she thought it time to commence her operations. She therefore got closer to him and said, "Friend, I have taken a fancy to those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore take my advice and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided against all emergencies. I am mounted, as you see, on a very fleet horse; I carry firearms; moreover, I am allied with those stronger though not bolder than myself." And as she said this she pointed to a wood close by, meaning him to think she had confederates at hand.

Such language coming from a mere stripling amazed the man so much that at first he treated it as a joke. "If," said he, "my young Master, you mean to make merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy; but if," he said, taking one of the pistols from the holster and turning its muzzle towards her, "you are mad enough to think seriously of such a matter, I am ready for you. But methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would be more in your line than taking his Majesty's mails from a stout man like me."

"Nay," said his young antagonist, "I am not fond of bloodshed, but that mail I must and will have, so now choose," and she drew one of the small pistols she had concealed and deliberately cocking it presented it in his face.

"Then your blood be on your head!" said the postman,

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raising his hand and firing off his own pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at the stripling and fired with the same result. The man, furious, now jumped from his horse and made an attempt to seize her, but by an adroit use of her spurs she managed to elude his grasp and got out of his reach. Whilst this was going on, the postman's horse had moved on a few paces, and Grizel, taking advantage of this opportunity, dashed forwards, caught the bridle, and put both horses at a hard gallop. The postman, who probably believed that she had confederates hiding in the wood, took to his heels and made his way back to Belford. Grizel meanwhile, as soon as she saw his retreating form disappear, tied up his horse to a tree in the wood, and at once cut the straps of the mail-bag with a sharp knife, which she had about her expressly for that purpose. She soon got at the contents, and seized upon the Government despatches to the Council in Edinburgh. Here she found the fatal warrant for her father's execution as well as many other sentences. She tore all into small bits and hid them about her, leaving the private papers to be found afterwards. She then remounted her own horse and hastily rode away back to her nurse, where she burnt the pieces and put on her female garments, leaving the pistols to be concealed. She continued her journey back to Edinburgh as fast as she could, resting very little, and that only in secluded places.

Grizel Cochrane's daring action was crowned with success ; it gave the necessary time for Sir John's pardon to be procured, which, it is said, was effected by a bribe of £5000 to Father Petre from Lord Dundonald. Sir John was sent to London, where he had an interview with the King, the result of their

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conversation furnishing a plausible pretence for the exercise of the Royal mercy.

At the Revolution in 1689 Sir John's forfeiture was rescinded, and a few years later he was made one of the Farmers of the Poll Tax. His descendants are very numerous. By his wife, Margaret, daughter of William Strickland of Boynton, he had, besides Grizel our heroine, who married John Ker of Morristoun, two sons; the second son, John, was the father of no less than eight sons and seven daughters, and William, the eldest, had nine sons, one of whom became the eighth Earl of Dundonald. He married his first cousin, Elizabeth Ker, daughter of James Ker of Morristoun, great-granddaughter of our heroine, and from them are descended the present Earl of Dundonald.

A HUGUENOT FAMILY

“Que Dieu se montre seulement.”

—*Huguenot Hymn.*

AMONG the many annals which are left us of the staunchness and courage of Huguenot families in holding fast to their faith through the cruellest persecutions, there are few which demonstrate more strongly the strength of character and high sense of honour, appearing in successive generations, than the story of the de Péchels, a family who suffered much for their religion during the terrible “Dragonades.”

In the reign of François I., Luther laid the foundation of the Reformed Church in France, and, later on, the Protestants of the south, from their proximity to Geneva, where the zeal of Calvin produced such an extraordinary effect, had generally adopted the tenets of the latter Reformer. Nowhere was the new religion embraced with more ardour than in Montauban, the chief town of the department of Tarn-et-Garonne in Languedoc, which became one of the principal strongholds of the French Protestants, or Huguenots, as they were afterwards called.

Amongst the families of chief importance living at this time in the neighbourhood of Montauban were the de Péchels de la Buissonade,¹ who declared themselves in favour of the Reformed Church, and, as we shall see, allowed no amount of persecution

¹ This place-name is found written in a variety of ways, the most general being either La Buissonade or La Boyssonade.

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to induce them ever to abandon it. The name was well known in Montauban from a very early date, though the spelling was not always the same. In the thirteenth century we find the name of Peyre (Pierre) Despesels, Consul there in 1254 and in 1267, and again the name appears as Consul in 1294. Obviously ancestors of the Pierre Peschels,¹ born at Montauban in 1500, who we know, from original documents now in the Herald's Office in London, was the progenitor of the present family of "Pechell," and whose son held the same post there in 1575.

The de Péchels had a house in the town of Montauban, which still exists; it is in the Rue St. Louis, and belongs to Mr. Portal, banker. They had also a château a few miles away, near St. Etienne-de-Talmont, called La Buissonnade, which is now only a farmhouse.

All we know of Pierre Peschels or de Péchels, with whom we may say the history of the family of the Pechells commences, took place in the year 1547, on the accession of Henri II. Thus we find the Sieur de la Boyssonade was ennobled by this French King as Baron de St. Cran-Barré,² the patent being dated April 8, 1547, and at the same time "Livres de Doctorat" were granted to him. Then he married Louise de Fumel, said to be of a great family near Bordeaux, and on the 18th June we find him producing a certificate in order to be exonerated from the National burdens (from which only the *noblesse* were exempt), and to secure himself

¹ The name is also found as "Pechelz," and the coincidence of the old arms being almost identical with those of the family of Peche, well-known in the Middle Ages, gave rise to a theory that the founder of the family of the de Péchels might have gone out to Aquitaine from England with the Black Prince, who was Lord of Languedoc and held a court there.

² St. Cran-Barré is now Saint Caprais.

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and family from those requisitions to which every subject of inferior rank was exposed. Pierre de Péchels was presumably a Catholic, as, even if he had escaped the terrible massacres of the last days of François I., he would not have been ennobled by Henri II., who was vehemently opposed to the Calvinists and issued Edicts declaring the pain of death to all those found secretly practising the rites of their religion, the Edict of Châteaubriand, which condemned all heretics to be burned alive, being passed this same year. In all probability his son Jean Orace de Péchels was the first of the family who confirmed to the Reformed religion. In 1579 he married Isabeau de Prévost, who was of an old Périgord family, which became well known as staunch supporters of the new religion, and, moreover, he called his eldest son Samuel, which has more of a Calvinistic flavour than his own name. The fact of his being of the Reformed religion would not have precluded him from being "Conseiller à la Chambre de l'État," which post, as well as some others, he held in 1575, as Henri III. made great concessions to the Protestants. Not only did he allow them the free exercise of their religion, but he even instituted in every Parliament "une chambre mi-partie," composed of Calvinists and Protestants. Jean Orace was also Premier Consul of Montauban in 1600 and 1611. Samuel de Péchels, son of Jean Orace, was born in 1580, and married in 1617 Rachel de la Valette, of a noble family in Guienne. In 1623 he was plunged into the horrors of Civil War. Montauban was besieged, and 8000 men, including his brother, perished without it being taken. Cathala Coture in his *Histoire de Querci* tells us how "Labouissonade" (as Samuel was called),¹ "un homme sage et ferme,"

¹ Elsewhere he is called "de Péchels La Buissonade."

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commanded the centre of the troops. Although the Duc de Rohan was at the time the chief leader of the Calvinists, de Péchels would not lend himself to the Duke's ambitious projects and remained firm in his loyalty to Louis XIII. At a General Assembly, held in the Hôtel de Ville at Montauban on the 12th October 1627, a resolution was carried by him, then "Premier Consul," opposing de Rohan, pledging allegiance to the King, and declaring detestation of the arms of England. De Rohan seems to have avenged himself on de Péchels by authorising several raids in the country when the house and farms of Le Buissonade were pillaged.

Samuel de Péchels and Rachel his wife had three sons: the two youngest were Yzac and Pierre, of whom we know nothing; the eldest was another Jean Orace, born in 1620, who, like his father before him, was "Conseiller du Roi" and Premier Consul at Montauban during several years. His portrait, painted in 1650, and said to be by Mignard, represents



ARMS OF DE PÉCHELS

Or, four Eagles displayed, Sable.

him as a very dark young man with large black eyes and very marked eyebrows. He wears a long flowing wig, below his shoulders, and carries in his right hand what may be a wand of office. The interest of this picture is increased by the fact that it has emblazoned on it the old French arms of the de Péchels, namely, "Or, four eagles displayed, sable." The picture was formerly in the Hôtel de Ville at Montauban, but was brought over to England at the close of the eighteenth century by M. de Saint Sardos, Marquis de Mondenard (a descendant of Jean

¹ Jean Orace, called after his grandfather, who was his god-father; his god-mother was Mlle. Madame de Valette.



JEAN ORACE DE PÉCHELS.

From a Drawing after the Picture by Pierre Mignard.

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Orace), who presented it to Sir Thomas Brooke-Pechell, second Bart., then the English representative of the family. This picture is now at Castle Goring in Sussex, in the possession of a relation in the female line, Lady Somerset, and the late Mrs. Mark Pechell had a copy of it. Jean Orace de Péchels married in 1643 Jeanne de la Lauze, daughter of Hiérosme de la Lauze, Conseiller au Parlement, whose family is very honourably mentioned in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Soon after the accession of Louis XIV. the persecutions of the Huguenots were renewed and continued, notwithstanding all the efforts made in their favour by the liberal-minded Colbert. The de Péchels seem, however, at first to have had some exemptions. Amongst the family archives are an "ordinance," dated 1661, exempting Jean Orace from having soldiers billeted on him, and another "Ordonnance de relaxe" in 1666. This same year, however, the Queen-mother Anne of Austria died, her last request being that her son should exterminate all heresy in his kingdom, and accordingly the severest and most barbarously cruel means were taken for the forced "conversion" or extirpation of the Huguenots. Those of Montauban were amongst the most obstinate of all; they refused to be converted by the priests, and the King then determined to bring into use his "missionnaires bottés," as he jocularly called his Dragoons. This was the commencement of the horrible "Dragonnades." Noailles wrote to the King that he promised that before the next 25th of November (1683) there would be no more Huguenots in Languedoc, and two years later Louvois, in reporting his operations, said that "twenty thousand 'conversions' had been made in the district of Montauban alone."

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Amongst those who stoutly refused conversion at any cost were Samuel de Péchels and his brother Jérôme de Péchels, sons of the last-mentioned Jean Horace. Jérôme fled to Holland and went on to Berlin, where he became Chaplain to the regiment of Mousquetaires, commanded by the Duc de Schomberg.¹ Samuel, who was born in 1644 and had married in 1677 Mademoiselle Marquise Thierry de Sabonnières,² has left us in manuscript his own description of the terrible persecutions he and his family went through. The following is an abridged and translated account taken from it. The original, which is in French, is at Castle Goring.

“On the 20th of August 1685 the troops entered Montauban, and were quartered upon such of the inhabitants as were of the Protestant faith. This was done with much tumult and disorder; officers and soldiers vied with each other in committing acts of violence, with the full sanction of the magistrate, who authorised the greatest excesses. All persons of the Reformed Religion, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, were cruelly oppressed by threats, blows and spoliation. . . . Upon the twenty-sixth day of that month my house was rifled with such barbarous zeal and cruelty that in a few days I was almost stripped of the property which God had given me, and I was thrust out into the street, with my wife, who was close to her confinement, and four very small children, taking nothing with me but a little cradle and a small supply of linen for the babe, who was almost momentarily expected. As we left we were pitilessly drenched by the troopers, who amused themselves at the window with emptying pitchers of water upon our heads.

¹ It is not unlikely that his descendants still exist in Germany, and there is or was of late years a scientific writer, Oscar Peschel, who published his works at Leipzig.

² Madame Samuel de Péchels was a daughter of Jacob de Thierry-Sabonnières, by his wife Anne de Caila, and was born in 1655.

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I tried to complain to the Maréchal de Boufflers, the General in command at Montauban, but was given to understand that it would be continued unless I changed my religion. That, I said, by God's help, I would never do. For a long time we were wandering through the streets, no one daring to offer us an asylum, as the Ordinance imposed a fine of 400 or 500 livres upon any who should receive Protestants. . . . In this lamentable plight the good Providence led us to the house of Madame de Guarrison, my wife's sister, and hardly had my wife accepted the bed she offered her than she was happily delivered of a daughter; but that same evening a great many soldiers took up their quarters in Madame de Guarrison's house, and conducted themselves with a degree of violence scarcely to be described. . . . They took possession of all the rooms, and obliged the poor sick woman, my wife, to get up. She crept into the courtyard, where with the new-born infant she was detained in the cold for a long time. At length she got into the street, but was followed by soldiers, who had orders never to lose sight of her, in order that any persons with whom she found a refuge might be made to pay the penalty. The good Samaritan appeared in the form of a Catholic lady, Mademoiselle de Lada, who, being the mistress of Monsieur Berchère, the Governor of Montauban, was able to get permission from him to shelter my wife and her babe. This kind-hearted woman sent her to a pleasure-garden not far from the town, whither she had a bed conveyed, and four other persons accompanied Madame de Péchels. During her stay here Madame de Péchels learnt that her husband, who had been imprisoned at Cahors, was about to be removed to Marseilles, and that he with other prisoners would pass not far from Montauban. She therefore went and waited by the high-road, and when they came up she obtained from the guard who was conducting them permission to converse with him and they prayed together."

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Meanwhile, to continue M. de Péchels' account in his own words, he says :—

“ All my effects were sold or dispersed, including my library, which was considerable, and all my papers. My farms were wasted and my cattle sold by public auction in the square. The entire dispersion of our property did not end our persecution, which now fell on ourselves and our unfortunate family. Up to this time we had dwelt together within the walls of Montauban ; now we were soon scattered abroad. On the 14th January 1686 Monsieur Mabasson, the Consul, came into a house where some of us had taken refuge and carried off my youngest sister, dragging her with great violence to the Convent of St. Claire. My dear mother was also conveyed there at the same time, and the next day my sister Derassus was committed to prison. My children were all taken from their mother, even the young infant, and it was intended to commit my wife to prison, but she managed to conceal herself for six months in the house of a poor weaver who was devoted to the de Péchels family. All day long his work was carried on in the only room which he possessed, and Madame de Péchels passed the day in a recess concealed by his bed ; in the evening she came out, and the good people supplied her with what was necessary. Six months were passed in this retreat without any one knowing what had become of her. Her persecutors thought that she was safe in some foreign land. It then became easier for her to find an opportunity to escape. After many troubles and dangers she arrived at Geneva, where regret at being separated from her children detracted much from the satisfaction she otherwise felt at her escape from persecution. She offered to the guide who had conducted her what money she had left if he could bring her one of them, and suggested the eldest girl Suzanne, then nine or ten years of age, but the latter refused to go. She and her sister Anne remained in the convent where they had been taken and conformed to the Catholic religion, in conse-

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quence of which the family estates were settled on them, and they both married. Suzanne became the wife of Monsieur André de Saint-Sardos of Castel-Sarrasin, whose descendants still live there. One of them, the Marquis de Saint-Sardos, spent some time in England in 1777, when he became very intimate with his English relations. He afterwards married the heiress of the family of Mondenard, and assumed that name in addition to his own. Anne de Péchels in 1697 married Messire Louis de Cahuzac, avocat en la cour des aides; their son also, Louis de Cahuzac, was a well-known dramatic writer much in vogue in Paris in the eighteenth century."

The infant born in the midst of such terrible troubles died soon after it was deprived of its mother's care. There remained Jacob, the boy of seven, and he earnestly entreated to be taken to his mother. And accordingly the guide managed to convey him, by travelling only at night, to Geneva, where Madame de Péchels was maintaining herself by her work and waiting for intelligence respecting her husband, whose further accounts of his vicissitudes we will now continue in his own words:—

"I was taken from the prison at Montauban to Cahors, where I was put into the lowest dungeon. I was then transferred to the citadel of Montpellier, and shut up with many others in a miserably small cell. After that I was conducted to Aigues-Mortes, and there locked up with thirty male prisoners and twenty women and girls, who had also been brought thither tied two-and-two together. From Aigues-Mortes we sailed to Marseilles, where 230 of us were put into a single compartment in the Chamber of Darkness. We were then shipped with many others for America. The misery we were in during our voyage was great; I know not how to find terms strong enough adequately to represent it. The space between decks in our ship was divided into five compartments. At the poop was the captain's and other officers' rooms; the next was used by the

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soldiers and sailors who guarded us; the third was for our prisoners ; then came that appropriated to the use of seventy sick felons, Turks and Christians chained with heavy irons. These unhappy men were despatched to America to be sold as slaves. The compartment in which I was was so small that twenty persons could scarcely move in it, and we were fifty-nine, heaped upon each other without power to stand upright, the ceiling being so low, or to lie down and stretch ourselves full length except one upon another. This sorry den, moreover, was very dark, admitting no daylight save through the hole by which we were obliged to enter, and even this was often closed. The crowded state of the room, the burning heat of the sun, the never-ceasing fire of the kitchen next door, the pestilential filthiness which prevailed among us, and the proximity of the galley-slaves, who were in the same state as we were, devoured by swarms of vermin which covered us day and night, tormented by excessive thirst impossible to allay except by a few drops of fœtid water, the miserable diet distributed amongst us, all occasioned grievous diseases to most of the prisoners during the whole voyage, which lasted five months ! All this misery sufficed not to satisfy our overseers, and they sometimes struck us and very often threw down sea-water upon us from above when they saw us engaged in prayer. When we reached St. Domingo the galley-slaves were disembarked and sold on the spot, as well as some sick persons of our own party. I and two ladies, Madame de Raisin and Madame de Fouquet, were taken on to the little island of Vacca, from whence after two months I managed to escape, and made my way to the English island of Jamaica in a little shallop of that generous nation which in its course stopped at Vacca to water. Arrived at Jamaica I was seized with violent illness accompanied by delirium. This left me quite prostrate, but ultimately I was able to embark in a vessel for London, which I reached on the 24th December. There I expected to meet my wife, some of my children, and my mother

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and sisters ; but, alas ! instead of finding these great sources of consolation, I learnt that the first was still at Geneva with one of our boys, that the youngest had died, that my daughters were unhappily well at Montauban, the eldest in the convent. My mother and youngest sister both in prison. From the 24th December 1688, I remained in London till the 10th August of the following year, when the Duke of Schomberg's Huguenot Regiment of Cavalry left for Ireland, and I accompanied it with the rank of lieutenant.¹ Four days after my departure my beloved wife and son, from whom I had been separated for four years, arrived in London from Geneva. Their surprise was great at not finding me there, and my regret not less when informed of their arrival that I had not deferred my journey for a few days. We embarked for Ireland on the 25th of August and landed between Carrickfergus and Belfast, two small towns of that country. Next day the Duke, our General, moved us in pursuit of the enemy, who were commanded by the Duke of Berwick."

Samuel de Péchels, after describing the operations of King William's army, says that his regiment remained stationary at Dundalk for some time, where provisions were short and the weather cold and rainy. In consequence disease soon made its appearance, carrying off the men by hundreds. Ague, dysentery, and fever raged, and de Péchels fell ill and was unable to pursue the campaign further. After remaining for some weeks at Lurgan to recruit his health, he obtained leave from the Duke of Schomberg to return to London, where, after the lapse of four years, he found his beloved wife. The fighting in Ireland continued during the following year, 1690, but de Péchels

¹ How little did Samuel de Péchels think, when he joined the Duke of Schomberg's regiment, that one of his descendants would marry a descendant of his General ; yet such was the case some years after, when Lady Caroline Kerr married Horace Pechell.

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remained invalided and was unable to rejoin the army of King William. He finished his narrative thus :—

“ We reached London, thank God ! on the 4th January 1690. After some stay there it was the King’s pleasure to exempt from further service certain officers specified by name and to assign them a pension ; through a kind Providence I was included in that number. I lived in London for two years and a half, and then in 1692 left, in company with my wife and son, to remove into Ireland, whither my pension was transferred.”

This pension was only 2s. 6d. a day, but the de Péchels’ means of support were augmented by donations from their daughters in France. Samuel de Péchels was now only forty-eight years of age and his wife thirty-seven, and they lived on for forty years, both dying in 1732. We know little of their life in Ireland, but with their tiny means it must necessarily have been a very quiet and uneventful one. Their names appear repeatedly in the Registers of the French churches at Dublin as sponsors, witnesses to marriages, and attendants at funerals.¹

Samuel was eighty-eight when he died ; his wife survived him some months, and she continued to receive the pension that had been granted to him, which was regranted to her by Queen Anne. They were buried together at St. Anne’s Church, Dublin.

Samuel de Péchels lived to see his son Jacob make an honourable career and become the happy father of a family. As we have seen, he chose to follow the fortunes of his parents and submit to their trials rather than give up his religion. He arrived in Dublin with them in 1692, and shared their poverty till he was eighteen, when he joined the Regiment of Cromstron as Ensign and went to Holland. In 1706 he was in Spain, and

¹ See Registers of the Conformed Churches of St. Patrick and St. Mary, Dublin.

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was wounded at Almanza; he then served in Flanders and fought through the wars in the Lower Countries under Marlborough and Ligonier, gaining much credit as a gallant soldier. When he returned to Dublin on half-pay, he was fortunate enough to win the affections of a young lady of property as well as of ancient lineage. Miss Jeanne Elizabeth Boyd, who became his wife in 1713-1714, was the daughter of John Boyd of Bordeaux, a grandson of William Boyd, ninth Earl of Kilmarnock, her mother, Jeanne de Berchault, being the daughter of a Huguenot refugee from La Rochelle. Owenstown in co. Kildare became their home; but Jacob de Péchels joined the 16th Regiment of Infantry and continued on active service, rising to be Lieutenant-colonel in 1739. His name was entered as "Pechell" at the War Office, and the family patronymic has remained thus spelt ever since Colonel Jacob Pechell died in 1750, aged seventy-two, and was buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, near his father and mother. After his death his widow went to live at Twickenham, and whilst there she wrote in French a short narrative of the persecutions suffered by the de Péchels, the pith of which is embodied in the foregoing account. Mr. Jacob Pechell died in 1765, aged seventy-six, and was buried at Richmond Church, Surrey. There are portraits of Jacob Pechell and his wife as well as of his father and mother and other relatives at Castle Goring in Sussex, now in the possession of the Somerset family.¹

Colonel and Mrs. Jacob Pechell had four children; a daughter Mary, who married Brigadier-General Caillaud of Aston Rowant, Bucks, and died in 1808, aged seventy, and

¹ Adelaide H. Pechell, second daughter of Sir George R. Brooke-Pechell, married Colonel Alfred Somerset, succeeded to them at the death of her elder sister, Lady Burrell.

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three sons, Samuel, George, and Paul Pechell. George, the second one, was killed at Carthagera at the age of twenty-one; Samuel, the eldest, became Master of Chancery, and it was said of him, "O that man! if there were seeds of the old virtue left, they live in him: *ad unguem factus homo*." His high sense of honour and disinterested integrity was shown in the following matter: Amongst his very great friends the Master of Chancery counted the Marquise de Montandre, a daughter of Baron de Spanheim, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of Prussia. This lady's husband, Field-Marshal the Marquis de Montandre, a descendant of the de la Rochefoucaulds, left his fortune to his wife, and she in her will made Samuel Pechells her residuary legatee, the sum which he thus became entitled to inherit amounting to upwards of £40,000; but from the dictates of a very highly sensitive conscience Mr. Pechell did not feel it quite right that he should acquire so large a fortune from a person to whom he was in no way related (although he was such a very great friend of hers) until he had ascertained that there were not any relations of the testatrix in existence. He therefore collected all her effects and put them into Chancery, in order that those who could make good their claims by kindred to the Marquise might do so before the Chancellor. Accordingly, one family from Berlin and another from Geneva appeared, claimed, and obtained the whole of the inheritance.

Samuel Pechell married twice. His first wife was Frances, daughter of François Gaultier, a Huguenot, and his second Margaretta, daughter of Sir Thomas Pym Hales, Baronet. As he had no children, it devolved upon his only surviving brother, Paul, to carry on the Pechell family. Paul became a distinguished soldier, and was wounded at the battle of Lafeldt. In

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1797 he was created a Baronet by George III., and had in consequence to be given English arms. Thus henceforward the Pechell family dropped the "or, four eagles displayed," and bore "Gules: a lion rampant" or on a chief of the Second three laurel branches erect proper.

Sir Paul Pechell again improved the fortunes of the family by marrying an heiress, Mary, only daughter of Thomas Brooke, Esq., of Pagglesdon, Essex, who brought her husband £100,000, and desired in her will that her eldest son, Thomas Pechell, should assume the arms and name of Brooke in addition to Pechell for himself and his issue. This Sir Thomas, who married Charlotte, daughter of Sir John Clavering, had two sons,¹ both of whom were admirals and became successively third and fourth Baronets. The latter had one son a Captain in the 77th Regiment, who, after having received honourable mention in the despatches, fell leading on his men to repel an attack made by the Russians on the advanced trenches before Sebastopol on the 3rd September 1855. This young officer was mourned by all who knew him, and sorrow at his loss was expressed by Queen Victoria, the Commander-in-Chief, and the whole of the Light Division. A statue of him was erected by public subscription, the work of Noble, and stands in the Pavilion at Brighton, which borough his father represented in Parliament for twenty-five years.

This ended the elder branch of the Pechells in the male line, but Augustus Pechell, the second son of Sir Paul, carried on the family, and was the progenitor of numerous descendants. Amongst his grandsons were Sir George Pechell (father of the

¹ Sir Thomas and Lady Brooke-Pechell must have been both very good-looking, from the charming portraits of them at Castle Goring, by Hoppner, and Lady Charlotte Bury in her "Journal" talks of the good looks of the sons.

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present Sir Samuel Brooke-Pechell) and the late Admiral Mark Pechell, whose two brave sons¹ kept up the traditions of the Pechell family by adhering firmly to their duty and dying at their posts, leaving behind them unblemished reputations and everlasting regret.

¹ Mark Horace Kerr Pechell and Charles Augustus Kerr Pechell, both Captains in the King's Royal Rifle corps, killed in South Africa ; the former at Glencoe, 20th October 1899, aged thirty-two, and the latter near Mafeking, 31st October 1899, aged thirty. (See Appendix.)



Photo MAYALL.

CAPTAIN MARK KERR PECHELL.



Photo. MAYALL.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KERR PECHELL.

A STRANGE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

"What made thee haste to an untimely date?
'Twas friendship, that deserv'd a better fate."

It seems hardly credible that, as late as the reign of William the Third, the punishment for "aiding and abetting" the carrying off of a young lady under age, although done with her consent, should have been death, and still more curious that the actual abductor should have been allowed to go literally (and metaphorically) "scot free"; yet such were the facts in the following case.

In November 1690 there lived in Great Queen Street, London, Mary, the young daughter and heiress of Philip Wharton, Warden of the Mint, by his wife, who was a daughter of Richard Hutton of Goldesborough, Yorkshire. Her parents were dead and she lived with an aunt, Mrs. Bierley, who probably, as the sequel shows, had designs on the girl's fortune of £50,000 for her son. At this time she was only thirteen years of age, but apparently very precocious, and Captain the Hon. James Campbell, a younger son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, determined to secure her as his bride. Accordingly he persuaded some of his friends to lend him an helping hand. Archibald Montgomery was one whom he pressed into his service, and Captain Sir John Johnston, third Baronet of Caskieben, was another. The latter had served in the army with Captain Campbell, and had distinguished himself greatly in King

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William III.'s wars in Flanders, and fought also at the battle of the Boyne; and, besides being a gallant soldier, was an accomplished and amiable young man.

With the assistance of his friends, Captain Campbell carried off Miss Wharton, and was married to her by a clergyman of the Established Church at his lodgings, where the newly-married pair remained for two days, the bride writing from there to her aunt to say that everything had taken place with her own free will and consent. This did not prevent her friends from taking immediate steps against the abductors. Lord Wharton, a near relation of the bride, had much influence with the King, and a Royal proclamation was issued for the apprehension of Captain Campbell and his abettors, a high reward being offered. Captain Campbell managed to escape into Scotland, but Sir John Johnston was betrayed by his landlord for £50 and brought to London. He was tried at the Old Bailey and condemned to death, although evidence was given by the clergyman and many others that the bride was a very willing party to the transaction. Notwithstanding the great application that was made, both to the King and to the Whartons, all was of no avail, and the unfortunate young man was hanged at Tyburn on the 22nd December 1690, in his twenty-seventh year. Just before his death Sir John wrote to the clergyman who attended him as follows:—

“SIR,—I think it not amiss as a dying man to give you a short account of all my innocence. On Friday morning, being the day she was taken away, about ten of the clock, Captain Campbell and Mr. Montgomery came to my lodging with a haunch of Venison. Mr. Montgomery told me it was to treat Madam Bierley and the rest of the young ladies, and that he would have Captain Campbell married to one of them this



CAPT. SIR JOHN JOHNSTON, THIRD BART., OF CASKIEBEN.

From an old Woodcut.

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night, and asked me if I would go and be a witness to it. I told him it must be by consent or I would have nothing to do with it. He told me that if he did not procure her consent he would not meddle with it, and so we parted, he desiring me to come and meet him at 6 of the clock at a coffee-house near his lodging, which I did, and met Captain Campbell there, and some time afterwards Mr. Montgomery came and called us to the door and told us 'the business was done.' About 8 of the clock Madam Bierley's coach came by and they went all away. Captain Campbell called a coach and six horses and had us go in it, and ordered the coachman to drive after her coach and stop in Great Queen Street. When she (Miss Wharton) was put into the coach (as I'm a dying man and now receive the Sacrament) I could perceive no discomposure in her at all. . . . She began to talk of My Lord Argyle and told us that she had seen some of his children at Ham, and asked him (Captain Campbell) if he were the second brother. Upon some discourse she gave him her hand that she would marry him. This good humour continued still with her, so that when the Parson desired her to say the words after him, she spoke with so audible a voice that the people in the room heard her louder than the Minister. After the ceremony it was observed that her wedding-ring was too big; her husband told her that it could be changed: she said, 'No, it is not lucky to change a wedding-ring.' At supper there was nothing to be observed but an equal satisfaction between both. The next day, about ten of the clock, Mr. Montgomery asked her if she would go to Mr. Pontaes to dinner; she said, 'With all my heart,' where we went and stayed till four in the afternoon. Then we went to our lodgings and played at cards till half-an-hour after nine. Then she went to bed with all the seeming pleasantness imaginable.

"This is the Truth and no more, as I am a dying man. Neither truly was it ever my intention or design to be a witness of anything that would look like a Force; neither indeed was

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there any occasion for it, she being so very frank and free of herself to the marriage."

She wrote likewise to her aunt freely a letter desiring "She might not be troubled for her, for she was very well with her husband Captain Campbell, &c."

During his imprisonment after condemnation Sir John sent for several eminent divines "to assist him to make sure his peace for an eternal consolation ;" and we are told "he was often in meditations and prayers expressing his own vileness and unworthiness for the sins he had committed against God through the frailty of youth and the corruption of nature, earnestly begging that he might be thoroughly washed and cleansed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and so he continued to wean himself from worldly things and fix his thoughts upon everlasting joys and have his eyes upon the place whither he hoped he was hastening." When the day arrived he was put into a mourning coach followed by a hearse, attended by two divines, and was so far from fear of death that he said should a reprieve come it would do him an injury rather than a kindness.

Having come out of the coach and standing in a cart, he made a very long speech to the people, and then gave them a religious exhortation.

A Bill was brought into the House of Commons within three weeks of the abduction to render the marriage of Miss Wharton void, and this, although the Earl of Argyll petitioned against it, speedily passed both Houses. Miss Wharton married Colonel Robert Bierley, of Midridge Grange, Goldworthy, Yorks, who had a regiment of horse in King William's service. No doubt Madam Bierley had always intended this marriage should take place, and therefore was very irate at her niece marrying some one else.

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The real offender, Captain James Campbell, not only escaped all punishment but lived prosperously ever after. Nine years later he was elected member for Renfrew, which he represented in Parliament till 1702, and from 1708 till 1710 he sat for the Ayr Burghs. He also managed to marry another heiress, the Honourable Margaret Leslie, daughter of David Leslie, first Baron Newark, by which marriage he became the possessor of the estates of Burnbank and Boquhan. In a MS. pedigree at Saltoun House, N.B., there is a notice relating to this marriage, and "the Burnbank Papers" contain the correspondence of Colonel and Mrs. James Campbell. He died in 1713, but his widow survived till 1755, when she died at a very advanced age. Her three sons predeceased her, and her daughter Mary never married, so that none of their posterity exist. Mary Campbell bequeathed Boquhan to her cousin Henry Fletcher, second son of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Lord Milton, to whose descendant it now belongs.

If the Honourable James Campbell had any heart he must often have felt deep remorse at the sad and unmerited fate of his young friend, who was, through him, the victim of such a curious miscarriage of Justice.

OUR POLISH COUSINS

HORACE WALPOLE, writing to John Chute in 1754, tells the following ridiculous story :—

“Have you seen young Poniatowski?¹ He is very handsome. You have seen the figure of the Duchess of Gordon,² who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed and went. The moment the door opened her two little sons, attired like Cupids, with bows and arrows shot at him, and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out and hindering his casting it to the couch: ‘Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.’ The only company besides this Highland Goddess were two Scotchmen who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a Gordon!”

This Scotch cousin-ship carries us back to the middle of the seventeenth century, when a daughter of George Gordon,

¹ Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, who ten years later was elected King of Poland, was born 1732, died 1798.

² Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of William, second Earl of Aberdeen, and widow of Cosmo, third Duke of Gordon, who died in 1752, aged thirty-one; she married, secondly, General Staats Long Morris, Colonel of the 61st.

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second Marquis of Huntly, married a Polish lady, and became the progenitor of innumerable descendants of high degree, including many illustrious men who made their mark in history.

George Gordon, Lord Huntly, was himself a fine character, far in advance of his age in general attainments, and possessed all the qualities of a brave and brilliant soldier combined with a great love of learning and learned men. Through his mother, Lady Henriet Stuart, daughter of Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lennox, he had a great deal of French blood in him, and at an early age he entered the service of the King of France, and in 1624 commanded the Scottish Guard of Louis XIII., called the Scottish Gens-d'Armes. Lord Huntly was probably describing his own sentiments when he composed the distich, which was placed on the Palace of the Louvre :—

“Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habit ulla ?
Urbis domum, dominum, nec domus ulla parem,”

which may be thus translated :—

“The world hath not such a nation,
Nor nation a city like this,
Nor city a mansion can boast,
Nor mansion a Lord like this.”

Notwithstanding his Gallic predilections, when duty and loyalty called him Lord Huntly returned to his native country, “carrying over with him,” we are told, “a party of gallant young gentlemen well equipped.” He then threw all his energies into the cause of King Charles I., raised large forces for him, fought valiantly, was twice imprisoned, and ultimately beheaded in 1649, suffering with the greatest courage. His honours were attained, and his two estates, Bog-of-Gicht (now

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Gordon Castle) and Strathbogie, were taken possession of by the Parliament.

The following letter, written by him, gives some idea of his character; it was a "Reply to certain noblemen, gentlemen and ministers, Covenanters of Scotland, who sent to signify unto him that it behoved him either to assist their designs or to be carried to prison in the Castle of Edinburgh, 20th April 1629."

"To be your prisoner is by much the less displeasing to me, that my accusation is for nothing else but loyalty, and that I have been brought into this estate by such unfair means, as can never be made to appear honourable in those who used them. Whereas you offer liberty upon condition of my entering into your covenant; I am not so bad a merchant as to buy it with the loss of my conscience, fidelity and honour, which in so doing I should make account to be wholly perished. I have already given my faith to my Prince (Charles I.), upon whose head this crown, by all law of nature and nations is justly fallen, and will not falsify that faith by joining with any in a pretence of religion which my own judgment cannot excuse from rebellion: for it is well known that in the primitive church no arms were held lawful being lifted by subjects against their lawful Prince, though the whole frame of Christianity was then in question. . . . For my own part I am in your power and resolved not to leave that foul title of traitor as an inheritance upon my posterity; you may take my head from my shoulders but not my heart from my sovereign."

Notwithstanding his great loyalty it was said that Lord Huntly's morbid jealousy of Montrose ruined the King's cause in Scotland. King Charles, however, wrote a letter from his prison in Carisbrooke to the Earl of Lanark, entreating him



GEORGE GORDON, 2ND MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.
(From a Picture by Geo. Jameson belonging to the Duke of Richmond)

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to intercede that his life might be spared, which, however, was unavailing.¹

Lord Huntly married Lady Anne Campbell, daughter of Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll, who was only thirteen years old at the time, and died at the age of thirty-one, leaving him with a family of ten children, five sons and five daughters. The eldest, George, Lord Gordon, was said to have been of singular worth and many accomplishments. He served in his youth in Lorraine and Alsace under the Maréchal de la Force, and distinguished himself by his valour. He met his death at the battle of Alford whilst fighting under Montrose. The latter, Wishart tells us, "could not command his grief and mourned bitterly over the fate of his only and dearest friend, grievously complaining that one who was the honour of his nation, the ornament of the Scots nobility and the boldest assertor of the Royal Authority in the north, had fallen in the flower of his youth. As the report of his death spread among the soldiers every one appeared to be struck dumb. Unmindful of the victory or of the plunder, they thronged about the body of their dead Captain, some weeping over his wounds and kissing his lifeless limbs, while others praised his comely appearance even in his death, and extolled his noble mind, which was enriched with every qualification that could adorn his high birth." Lord Huntly's second son, James, Viscount Aboyne, who also fought valiantly for Charles I., had escaped to Paris, and when intelligence of the execution of his beloved master reached there, his grief affected

¹ There is a portrait of George, Lord Huntly, by Vandyke, of which Allan Ramsay says: "It is perfect, only the background, retouched by Martin, in my remembrance." It was then at Drummond Castle, and there is another portrait of him in Pinkerton's "Scottish Gallery." We have here reproduced the first of these.

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him so greatly that he died a few days after. Lewis Gordon, Lord Huntly's third son, did not live to get back his estates, but his son had the act of forfeiture rescinded, and was created Duke of Gordon by Charles II. in 1684.

Charles, Earl of Aboyne, Lord Huntly's fourth son, was ancestor of the present Marquis of Huntly. Lord Henry Gordon, the fifth son, was a child at the time of his father's tragic death, and of him we shall hear more hereafter.

Of his five daughters, Lord Huntly had managed to marry three of them the year after their mother's death, to the Earls of Perth and Haddington and Lord Seton, and a few years later Lady Mary Gordon, the fourth daughter, married Alexander Irvine of Drum. There remained the two youngest of the family totally without means. These were the little twins, Lord Henry and Lady Katharine, who had been born in Paris and were there at the time of their father's death. A good friend came forward in the shape of the learned Dr. Davidson, who had been devoted to Lord Huntly, and now took the penniless orphans under his care. Dr. Davidson was a native of Aberdeen, but had spent most of his life in foreign parts. He was Physician to the King of France and Curator of the Jardin des Plantes. He afterwards settled in Poland and took with him the twins, who became naturalised Poles. Lord Henry went into the service of the King of Poland, and remained there for several years in very honourable military employment. In 1658 he obtained for himself and his heirs, by an edict of King John Casimir, the right of Polish nobility. After the Restoration he returned to Scotland, and Charles II. gave him a life annuity of £30,000 Scots a year. This was in consequence of a letter which he wrote to the King in 1665, when he was so much of a foreigner



GEORGE JAMESON, *pict.*

ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY, DAUGHTER OF THE 7TH EARL OF ARGYLL.
(From the picture in possession of the Duke of Richmond)

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that he wrote in French and signed himself "H. de Gordon d'Huntly." He is said to have died in Scotland, and there is no evidence of his having left any legitimate issue; but we have before us a long pedigree of Polish Gordons, who are said in Poland to be his descendants, many of them living in that country. They are descended from John Gordon, a Colonel in the Polish army, who in 1699 complained that some persons of the name of Gordon "used his title," and he obtained from the Polish Parliament a document stating that he was the only person who might use it! This title, which he and all his descendants continued to use, was "Marques of Huntly," the reason being that, as their ancestor had been a son of the Marquis of Huntly, all his descendants were entitled to the name. The English custom of primogeniture does not exist in Poland, and rank depends upon the rank of the father for sons and daughters alike. There remains, however, in this pedigree a missing link between Lord Henry Gordon and John Gordon, the Polish Colonel.

Lord Henry's twin sister Lady Katharine Gordon, as soon as she was old enough, became one of the Maids-of-honour to Marie-Louise de Gonzague, Queen of Poland. This Queen, with whom Lady Katharine Gordon was ever after associated, was a daughter of Charles, Duc de Mantoue, and had a "vie orageuse." Tallemant said of her "Jamais personne n'a eu tant de hausses qui baissent." Handsome and high-spirited, she came of a fiery race, and shone for many years at the Court of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. From her earliest youth her ambition had been to attain the highest rank. When she was sixteen, Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., who then seemed destined to occupy the throne of France, was madly in love with her and tried to carry her off. Some years after her

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love for Cinq Mars,¹ immortalised by Alfred de Musset, took the place of her ambition, and after his tragic death the great Condé was said to have been her lover. At the age of thirty-three, when her looks were somewhat on the wane, Marie-Louise was still unmarried, and the French Government, wishing to extend their influence with Poland, suggested that she should become the second wife of the fat and gouty King Ladislas IV. of Poland. To this proposal she readily agreed.

The *fiançailles* by proxy took place privately in the Palais Royale, in the presence of the young King of France, Louis XIV., who was then only eight years of age. Madame de Motteville says that the Royal bride had “un grand air dans toute sa personne qui convenait à une reine,” but apparently she had no great good looks at this time. She left France in November 1645 accompanied by the Maréchale de Guébriant, and by a magnificent embassy, who came over from Poland to escort her back to that country. The splendour of the dresses, jewels, horses, and equipages of the two hundred Polish nobles who took part on this occasion almost defies description. Their beautiful and picturesque dolmans of satin of every hue, with mantles of cloth of gold or crimson velvet lined with furs, of inestimable value—“pointes de zibelines,” and “pieds-de-panthères”; their caps of gold surmounted with aigrettes of black heron’s plumes fastened with “agraffes” of enormous precious stones; and even their horses—

“Instratos ostro alipedes, pictisque tapetis,
Aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent :
Tecti auro, fulvum mandunt sub dentibus a aura ”—

for they too had headdresses with heron’s plumes and agraffes of gold and precious stones, and saddles of gold brocade sewn

¹ Henri d’Effiat, Marquis de Cinq Mars, Grand Écuyer to Louis XIII.

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with turquoises and diamonds, the harness being of pure gold, so fine that it was as flexible and supple as leather; even the horses' shoes of the Palatine were of massive gold, and those of others in the escort of silver. The swords or scimitars that hung from the saddles were fine works of art encrusted with pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones; the quivers for the arrows were of shagreen, richly worked in gold and silver. In short, as an eye-witness writes, nothing that the Greeks wrote of the richness and luxury of the ancient Persians came up to this display. Never before had Paris seen such magnificence!

But if all this splendour threw a glamour over her loveless marriage, a sad awakening was in store for this poor Princess. The journey from France to Poland was, as can be well conceived, an arduous undertaking in those days. And though the bride made many stoppages by the way, we are told that she was greatly fatigued by the time she had reached her destination. When she arrived at Warsaw there was no warm welcome for her, and the King never even saw her till she was in the church, where they were to be married, and never excused himself for not rising from his chair. Marie-Louise knelt before him and kissed his hand, but the brutal boor made no signs of even ordinary civility, and, turning to Brégy, the French Ambassador, said to him quite loud, "Est-ce là cette grande beauté dont vous m'avez tant dit de merveilles?" He then rose from his chair and went to the altar, where the ceremony took place. After this a supper was served, and the Maréchale de Guébriant says it looked disgusting and tasted worse. Everything for the accommodation of Marie-Louise was totally devoid of elegance or even comfort, which came doubly hard upon her who was such a Sybarite that Mazarin used to say the Princess's

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punishment in purgatory would be to sleep on rough sheets and have bad smells round her! Altogether the poor thing was so miserable that she said to her lady-in-waiting she should return to France. Madame de Guébriant complained of the King's treatment, and remarked that France would be ill-pleased when she took back this news. Her complaints brought about rather a better state of affairs, and Marie-Louise consented to remain. Mercifully for her, King Ladislas died two years later, and the year after she married his brother and successor to the throne, John Casimir. He had been a Jesuit monk and made a feeble King, but she became virtually the ruler of Poland. In every Court of Europe her power was recognised, and we even find the Czar Alexis asking Louis XIV. to intercede on his behalf with the Queen of Poland so that he should be allowed to act with regard to that country as he desired. Then came the war with Sweden, when the King and Queen of Poland had to fly, and she behaved like a heroine, rallying the nobles and arming the people.

After they were restored to their throne, Queen Marie-Louise, having lost her only two children, began to think of the future, and wished to ensure the succession to some one over whom she might still wield her influence; the young Duc d'Enghien, son of Condé, was the candidate on whom she set her affections (perhaps for sake's sake), and her plan was to marry him to one of her nieces, daughters of the Palatine Prince Edward. She persuaded John Casimir to propose him to the Diet as his future successor, but the Elector William Frederick soon made it known that he was very much averse to the occupation of the throne of Poland by any *protégé* of France. Marie-Louise was furious, and when the Elector's Ambassador insisted on the good intention of his master, she replied:

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“J’aime mieux une mauvaise intention avec de bons effets, qu’une bonne avec de mauvais.” At this juncture the Grand Maréchal Lubomirska suggested to the Elector that he should take the Crown of Poland for himself, saying that the only preliminary necessary was that he should hear a few masses. Frederick-William refused to change his religion, and wrote, “Comment mes sujets pourraient-ils se fier à moi si je n’étais fidèle à mon Dieu ;” but he offered great inducements if the Diet would waive his religion and elect him King, suggesting that one of his sons should become the husband of Marie-Louise’s niece.

Louis XIV. urged the election either of the Duc d’Enghien or of his father, the Prince de Condé, and this brings us back to Lady Katharine Gordon, whom we have seen was Maid-of-honour to the Queen of Poland. Her upbringing at the Polish Court seems to have inculcated in her the same ambitious projects and love of power as were the leading characteristics of her royal mistress, and she therefore gladly accepted as her husband Count John Andrew Morsztyn (commonly called Morstein), who though considerably older than herself was Lord High Treasurer of Poland and a personage of the first importance in that country. He was descended from a very ancient family, and was a clever and handsome man. He had been brought up in France, and had a thorough knowledge of the French language, having translated *Le Cid* of Corneille into Polish. He was a *persona grata* at the Court of Louis XIV. and had considerable influence with that monarch, so much so that when the Polish Government, at the instigation of Queen Marie-Louise, sent him to beg the assistance of “le Roi Soleil” against the Tartars and the Turks, Count Morstein easily persuaded Louis to promise that he would send to

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Poland ten thousand men, commanded by the Prince de Condé in person.

The marriage of Lady Katharine Gordon took place at Warsaw in 1659, the only member of her family present at the ceremony being her brother, Lord Henry Gordon, who was, like herself, virtually a Pole. An extraordinary speech made on the occasion of this wedding by the Vice-Chancellor of Poland, Leszczyński, is given in the Appendix.

From the day of her marriage, Lady Katharine, or Katrine as she was called, mixed freely in the political intrigues of the Polish Court, and Mylne tells us "Lady Catharine was an active woman, and had as much credit among the nobility of Poland as over her husband's mind anent the election of the Prince of Conti to be King of Poland."

Suddenly the whole course of affairs was changed by the unexpected death of the ruling spirit of Poland, Queen Marie-Louise, which took place in 1667 when she was about fifty-four years of age. John Casimir, her husband, was broken-hearted at her loss; and this, combined with all his other troubles, caused him to abdicate, and he retired to France to the monastery of St. Germain-des-Près, of which Louis XIV. made him the Abbot. He seems, however, to have mixed with the world, for Madame de Scudéry says, in writing to Bussy Rabutin in May 1670:—

"Le roi de Pologne agite ici fort nos dames; il a des pierreries dont elles ont toutes envie, et quoique il ne soit ni jeune ni beau ni même fort spirituel, il est fort recherché, car depuis votre départ les femmes font encore moins de façon de faire les premiers pas envers les couronnes."

Meanwhile the intrigues *à propos* of the nomination of the next king of Poland continued amongst the foreign potentates,

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which ended in an obscure individual being elected, *nolens volens*, the Grand Marshal, the celebrated John Sobieski, practically wielding the sceptre. This great man married the young widow, Princess Zamoyska, *née* Marie de la Grange, and commonly known as "Marysienka," who was brought from Paris to Poland when only four years old by Marie de Gonzague. She was said to be the daughter of Antoine de la Grange, Marquis d'Arquien, by his wife, Marie Françoise de la Chatre, gouvernante to Princesse Marie de Gonzague, but Barrière quotes President Bouhour, and evidently believes his assertion that she was the natural daughter of Marie de Gonzague by the Prince de Condé. Whatever her parentage was, nature had well endowed her. She is described as being most fascinating, with a beauty both regular and piquante, combined with much wit and considerable ability. Her first husband, to whom she was married when very young, Jacob de Radziwill, Prince de Zamosc, was a man of the highest rank in Poland and possessed immense wealth, but was given to drunkenness and addicted to much swearing; and Marysienka very soon after her marriage began to bemoan her hard fate. John Sobieski's home was only ten leagues from Zamosc. Marysienka consoled herself with his friendship, and immediately after the death of her husband she married him privately—some say the ceremony took place before Prince Zamoyska was buried!—and when she arrived for his funeral, Princess Wisniowiecka, his sister, refused to receive her, saying, "You did not invite us to your wedding, we do not invite you to the burial!" and on Marysienka saying to some one at Zamosc, "Is this the way you receive your mistress? Do you know to whom you speak?" the answer she received was, "Yes, to Madame Sobieski."

At the time of Sobieski's greatest triumph over the Turks, the late King of Poland, Michael, died in 1672, and by a

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curious coincidence his predecessor, John Casimir, had an apoplectic seizure which proved fatal almost at the same time, and one dirge was sung at the obsequies of both Kings.

Again there was a diversity of opinion amongst the princes of Europe as to whom the crown of Poland should be offered, and no less than seventeen candidates presented themselves for the suffrages of the Diet. It ended in Sobieski being proclaimed King as John III.

Marysienka, or as she was now called Marie-Casimir, had thus reached the summit of her ambition, and she contrived to manage not only her adoring husband but his Diet. She was present at all the debates, not in public, but where she could hear without being seen, and she was always mixing herself up in political intrigues and greatly harassed Sobieski; but he was so devoted to her that she invariably got the better of him even against his judgment. He wished to follow the policy of Louis XIV. concerning Austria, but she from a personal spite determined to thwart the French King, and Sobieski could not withstand Marie's artifices. Proud of her elevation, she had wished to visit France and show off her grandeur there. With this in view, she asked Louis XIV. to give her father a "*duché-pairie*," and for herself she asked that she should be received with the same honours as were given to the Queen of England. Louis XIV. refused both demands, and said, "*Je sais la différence qu'on doit faire entre une reine héréditaire et une reine élective.*" This impolitic answer piqued both Sobieski and his wife, and she vowed vengeance.

Afterwards Louis's Ambassador at Warsaw promised money and the titles of "*duc et pair*" to the father of the Polish Queen, but she replied that it was too late; and John Sobieski entered into a treaty with the Emperor Leopold I., and fought

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for him against the Hungarians and their allies the Turks. After his brilliant relief of Vienna, Sobieski wrote to the Queen, beginning: "*Seule joie de mon âme, charmante, et bien-aimée Mariette,*" and went on to discuss more about the large booty he had got than the glory he had acquired, but this was most probably because he knew it would please her. After enumerating "*une ceinture de diamants, deux montres de diamants, cinq carquois de rubis, de saphirs et de perles fort riches, des fourrures de martres zibelines les plus belles du monde,*" he goes on to say, "*Vous ne me direz donc pas, mon cœur, comme les femmes tartares à leurs maris lorsqu'ils reviennent sans butin, 'Tu n'es pas un guerrier puisque tu ne m'as rien rapporté; car il n'y a que l'homme qui se met en avant qui peut attraper quelque chose.'*"

Whilst Sobieski was away gaining his laurels, political intrigues were going on at his Court, in which, as usually was the case here, the ladies took a great part. There seems to have been great enmity between the Queen and her quondam friend and companion, Lady Katharine Morstein. Amongst the letters of the latter, which were placed with the archives of Montmorency-Luxembourg at the Quai d'Orsai in Paris, are some very spiteful ones about Marie-Louise, whom she calls, not perhaps unjustly, "the Vixen." So galling did Lady Katharine find it to have to pay homage to her, that she gave out that in future she was determined to live far from the world and spend her time in playing cards and saying her prayers! If to get away from Court was her wish, she was soon able to gratify it fully.

At this time Forbin, Bishop of Marseille, the French Ambassador at the Court of Warsaw, was leaving no means untried to attach the King of Poland to the interests of France,

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and offered immense treasure as the price of his neutrality. These offers were rejected with disdain by the noble Sobieski, but letters of the French Ambassador were intercepted in which the latter stated that he had been baffled in his attempt to detach the King of Poland from the interests of Austria, and that he found that monarch equally proof against the power of gold and of ambition. He then proceeded to state that he had been more successful elsewhere, and that the Grand Treasurer Morstein and the family of Sapieha were easy to secure to the interests of France; and he went on to say that he had bought over Count Morstein, and through him knew all the Cabinet secrets of Warsaw. Amongst this correspondence there was a letter of Morstein's in which he professed "*un dévouement total aux intérêts de la France.*"¹ These letters were read before the Senate, and the Diet wished to deal summarily with the treacherous Treasurer, but Morstein undertook to justify his conduct, and by his specious eloquence persuaded Sobieski to let him retire. In the King's speech on this occasion he said that he could "never believe that the Sapiehas would barter their honour for dross," and that he was convinced the Ambassador exaggerated the number of those he found traitors. The King stipulated that Count Morstein should disclose his cipher, and also give up to the army the body of soldiers which he kept at his own expense. The latter he did, but his cipher remained a secret. Morstein retired to France in 1683 with his wife. Presumably he had well feathered his nest; the Treasury was found less well-furnished than it should have been, but not so his own palace which he had built in a faubourg of Warsaw, and which was so magnificent that, in 1736, it was bought by King Augustus II. for his own residence. Bernard Conner, the

¹ Zaluski, vol. ii. p. 281.

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physician of John Sobieski, says that Count Morstein sent a considerable quantity of plunder out of Poland ; and soon after his arrival in France the ex-Treasurer purchased the whole country of Château-Vilain. He died in 1693, aged eighty. Lady Katharine predeceased him by two years, and died in Paris at the age of fifty-five.¹ It was through their marriage that our ancestors claimed cousinship with the Bielinskis, Czartoriskis, Poniatowskis, Lubomirskis, Potockis, Lubinskis, Malagoskis, &c. The eldest son of Lady Katharine married a daughter of the Duc de Chevreuse, but he was killed at the siege of Namur in 1692, leaving only two daughters, one of whom married Comte Casimir Louis Bielinski, Great Chamberlain at the Court of Poland, and the other, Isabella, became the wife of Prince Casimir Czartoriski. She was the mother of Prince Michael and Prince Augustus Czartoriski, the well-known patriots, and of Princess Constance Czartoriski, who married Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, and had by him ten children, one of whom was Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Napoleon's favourite general, surnamed "le Bayard Polonais," whose heroic death Béranger has celebrated. Another of the sons was Stanislaus Poniatowski, the last King of Poland, whom Catherine, Duchess of Gordon, received in such an extraordinary manner as one of her Polish cousins.

¹ *Gazette de France* du 17 mars 1691, p. 8.

A LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGE AND SOMETHING ABOUT OUR PALATINE RELATIONS

ONE of the most curious love correspondences celebrated in history is that of the Elector Palatine, Karl Ludwig, with Luise von Degenfeldt, who became his morganatic wife.

Karl Ludwig was the second son of Frederick V., Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and for some months King of Bohemia, by his wife Princess Elizabeth of England (daughter of James I.), who during six years reigned in their beautiful palace of Heidelberg in equal prosperity and popularity, their Court being renowned for its learning and its splendour.

Then came the Thirty Years' War, and Frederick was overwhelmed by Austria, and deprived not only of Bohemia but even of his hereditary dominions, and the Palatinate was ravaged by Spinola and his Spanish troops. Elizabeth had to fly for her life from Prague in 1620, and whilst her husband continued fighting, she lived chiefly at The Hague,¹ where from her beauty and engaging Stuart manners she gained the name of the Queen of Hearts.

The Elector Palatine Frederick, after enduring many hardships, died at Mayence in 1633, aged thirty-six, as much from a broken heart as from any other cause. At his death the Queen of Bohemia (as his widow is generally called) received true sympathy from her brother Charles I., and he allowed her

¹ Maurice, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland (eldest son of William the Silent), was her husband's uncle.

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£20,000 a year; but before many years had elapsed his tragic end threw her into a fresh sea of troubles. Besides being plunged in grief she fell into comparative poverty, so much so that her daughter Louisa, who was a pupil of Honthorst and a great artist, often sold her pictures to assist in keeping up the reduced household. At the Restoration Elizabeth went to London incognito, and visited her generous and chivalrous friend Lord Craven, who put his house in Drury Lane at her disposal, where she stayed nine months. Charles II., her nephew, who had often visited her at The Hague during his wanderings, now settled £12,000 a year upon her, and she was the first lady at his Court. She moved into Leicester House, but five days after, this tempestuous life, just as it seemed to have entered into a haven of repose, was brought to a sudden end by an acute attack of inflammation of the lungs.

The Queen of Bohemia had thirteen children. Her second son, Karl Ludwig, succeeded his father in his titles. Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice (in a lesser degree) both made their mark in history, but of her seven sons not one left a grandson.¹

Of her daughters Louisa Hollandine was said to be the handsomest, and she was talked of as a wife for her cousin Frederick-William of Brandenburg, but for political reasons this idea was given up and she remained unmarried. She embraced the Catholic religion, and Louis XIV. made her abbess of Maubisson, though, if report be true, her temperament was ill-suited to a cloistered life! Sophia, the youngest, was a very remarkable woman; she is said to have had considerable beauty;

¹ Her eldest son, a singularly promising young man, was drowned in the Zuyder Zee, and Prince Edward became a Catholic and married Princess Anne de Gonzague, sister of the Queen of Poland.

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her mother's charm of manner, great wit, and royal grace added to the highest intellectual attainments, and merited fully what was proverbially said of her, namely, that she was "the most perfect lady in Europe." She married Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, which the Queen of Bohemia thought at the time was a very poor match for her brilliant daughter, although she was penniless and twenty-eight years of age. Ernest Augustus, however, became Elector of Hanover, and their son was George I., ancestor of our present King Edward VII., who mercifully has revived in himself the gracious charm of his Stuart ancestors.

But for sheer intellect and erudition all the Palatine Princesses paled before their sister Elizabeth. She had none of the charm of her mother, and we are told that, though otherwise handsome and with a dazzling complexion, her sharp aquiline nose was generally red. She probably inherited her solid character from her Nassau ancestors, and was said not only to have been the ablest woman of her time, but to have surpassed in capacity and intellectual attainments most learned men. This erudite Princess was celebrated for her spiritual liaison with Descartes, who dedicated his *Principia* to her, and had such entire confidence in her judgment that he rarely gave to the public any one of his works without first submitting the MS. to her inspection, and he declared that she was the only person who perfectly comprehended his writings. Princess Elizabeth owed, no doubt, a great deal of her devotion to abstruse science and her ardent love of study to her intercourse with a still more remarkable woman, Anna Maria von Schürmann, of world-wide celebrity—an intercourse which was never altered by the fact that their philosophical convictions as time went on were diametrically opposed, Anna



Photo. EMERY WALKER.

ELIZABETH PRINCESS PALATINE.
1618—1680.

(From a painting by Gerard Honthorst in the National Portrait Gallery)

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von Schürmann being a disciple of Voetius and Princess Elizabeth of Descartes. When the awful tragedy of her uncle King Charles I.'s death took place, the shock gave Princess Elizabeth a long and alarming illness. Descartes wrote her an interesting letter on the occasion :—

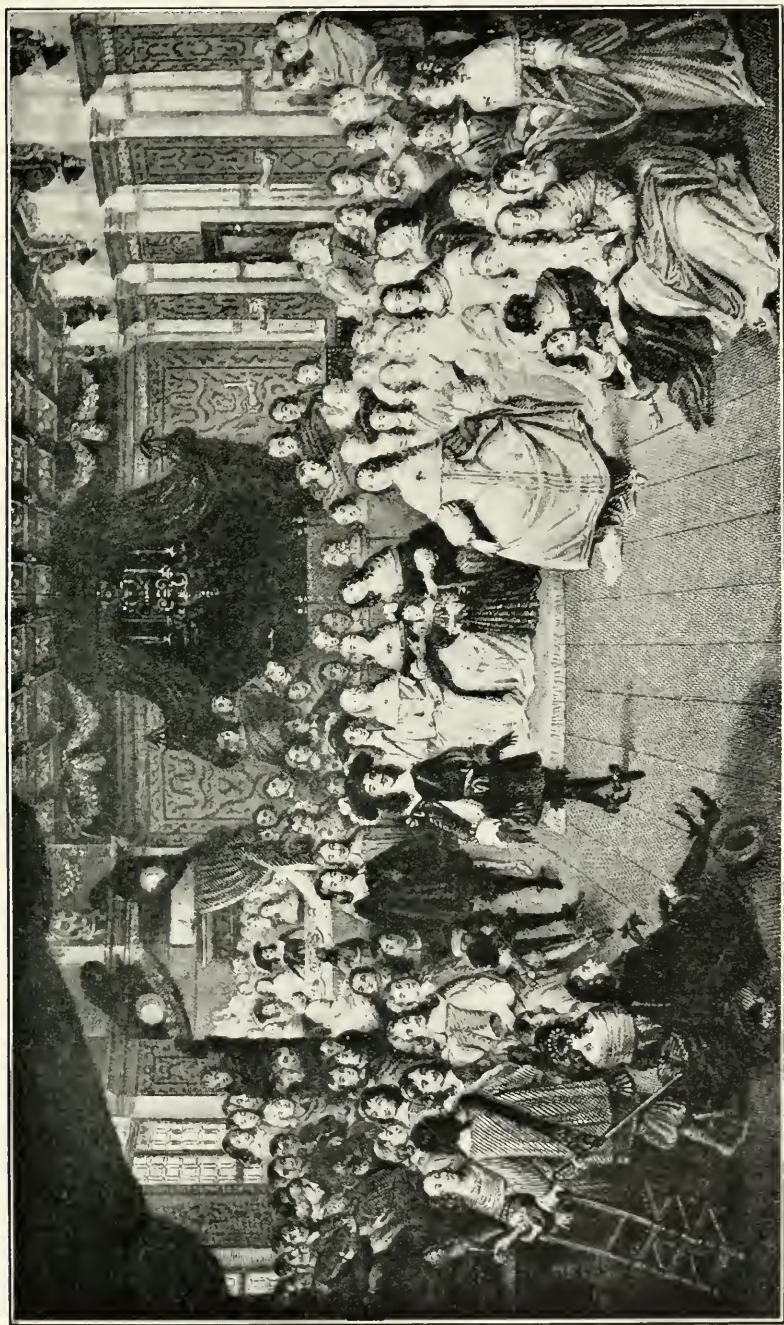
“Amongst many sad tidings which I received at the same time,” says the philosopher, “the saddest news of all was the announcement of your Highness’s illness. Your Highness tells me of your strong wish to make verses during your malady, and I am thereby minded of what Plato relates of Socrates, who whilst in prison was pursued by a similar desire. I believe that this inclination for verse proceeds from an agitation of the animal spirits strong enough in weak heads to overturn entirely the whole economy of the imagination, but that in firm and generous natures it merely predisposes towards poetry; and I hold it as a sure sign of a mind stronger and more elevated than those of ordinary mortals. If I did not know in how great a degree your nature rises above others, I should have been seriously alarmed at the effect likely to be produced upon you by the conclusion of the tragedies in England; but I build upon the fact of your Highness’s being well used to fortune’s frowns, and I recognise that the danger of death, whence you yourself have so newly escaped, must diminish in some measure your surprise and horror at the catastrophe of so near a relative. You must necessarily be less struck down by it than if affliction were a stranger to you. Although the death we speak of, being so violent, may seem at first far worse than that which is met in a man’s bed, yet, if all be well considered, in how much is it more glorious and more sweet! This should console your Highness. It is surely something to die in a way which commands universal pity—to leave the world, praised and mourned by whoever partakes of human sentiments. It is undeniable that, without

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his last trial, the gentleness and other virtues of the dead King would never have been so remarked and so esteemed as they will be in future by whoever shall read his history. I am likewise persuaded that in the last hours of his life, his forgiving conscience caused him far more satisfaction than his indignation (alleged to be the only weakness observable in him). As to what regards his mere bodily sufferings, I do not account them as anything, for they are so short, that, could assassins use a fever or any of the ills that Nature employs to snatch men from the world, they might with reason be considered much more cruel than when they destroy life with the short sharp blow of an axe. I dare not, however, prolong my reflections upon this fatal subject, but I will add that at all events it is infinitely better to be completely delivered from every shadow of false hope than to be perpetually and uselessly fostering an illusion."

The following year Descartes himself died, falling a victim to the severity of the climate at Stockholm and succumbing to an attack of inflammation of the lungs at the age of fifty-three. The loss to Princess Elizabeth of her dear friend and master was irremediable. Had he lived, no doubt she would not have tarnished her great reputation, as she did in later life, by acting in such a manner that really it does look as if the shock of King Charles's tragedy had, to use Descartes' words, "overturned the whole economy of her imagination," which he dreaded, but hoped had been averted. The philosopher's death so soon after deprived her of that mental guide whose excellent judgment would probably have prevented her from being led away by the wild and impious theories of an arch-impostor.

Jean Labadie began life as a Jesuit priest at Bordeaux, and continued a member of the society for fifteen years, during which time he was much admired for his abilities and the eloquence of



KING CHARLES II. AND ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE, HIS COUSIN, DANCING AT THE HAGUE.

From an Engraving by G. F. Harding, F.S.A., after the Painting by G. Janssens in the Collection at Windsor Castle.

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his preaching. When he separated from that body he professed to possess the spirit of John the Baptist, whose ascetic life he imitated for a time, living upon nothing but herbs and thereby gave himself a severe illness. Henceforward his life was spent moving from place to place, always at first gaining the confidence of bishops and congregations by his great eloquence and apparent austerity of manners, but invariably after a time it was found that his practices were not in accordance with his precepts, and on more than one occasion his immorality was so great that he had to fly to prevent being arrested. His practices were under the pretence of imitating the innocence of the paradisaical state, and of being totally indifferent to material and worldly things, thereby having a great resemblance to those of the more modern Agapemonites. In 1650 Labadie embraced the doctrines of the Reformed Church and was publicly received as a convert at Montauban, and chosen as pastor of the Protestant church there, in which capacity he remained for eight years, at the end of which time he was banished from the town. He then proceeded to Geneva, but was forced to leave, and went on to the Walloon Church in Holland. In this new country, where his evil practices were not known, his commanding eloquence and apparent strictness of manners procured him a vast number of followers, amongst whom were some whose learning, abilities, and rank gave a certain degree of credit and reputation to the principles he advocated. Of this description was Anna Maria von Schürmann, who became one of his firmest adherents, and followed him first to Middelburg and then to Amsterdam. Her friends and the philosopher Voetius in vain tried to dissuade her and pointed out the impropriety of her conduct, but she and a few other "sisters" insisted upon going to live in his house, and this was the commencement of what grew into a regular com-

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munity called "Labadists." At last Labadie propagated such pernicious theories, morally as well as religiously, that the worthy burghers of Amsterdam began to be alarmed, and he was again in danger of being turned out of the country; but Anna von Schürmann wrote to Princess Elizabeth, now abbess of Herford, and asked her to give a home to the wandering Saint. To this, unfortunately, the Princess agreed, and the whole community left Holland for Germany. Their reputation, however, had gone before them, and in less than a week after their arrival a formal protest was addressed by the Town Council to the great Elector Frederick-William. Princess Elizabeth wrote to her cousin at the same time advancing everything in their favour. In his answer Frederick-William says: "Most foul reports have come to us from many different sides touching the life and conduct of the people in question. All concur in representing the Labadists as merely outward adherents to the Reformed religion in order to obtain protection from those states which really profess it; and all affirm that in reality and under most sanctimonious appearances they hold wondrous strange opinions. They practise among themselves the community of property, and decidedly advocate the communion of women also; and here, even, I do not touch on all the reproaches brought against these persons."

Labadie died at Altona in the arms of Anna Schürmann in 1674 when he was about sixty-four years old. After his death this lady conducted the community to Wiewert, where four maiden ladies of the family of Sommelsdyck received them, and two years later she died in extreme poverty, having divided all she possessed amongst the Labadists. The sect soon dwindled, and Cleves was the last place where any of them were heard of. It was the recital of all that Princess Elizabeth had done

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for the Labadists that inspired William Penn with the wish to make her acquaintance, in hopes that she would help to spread the doctrines of the Quakers in Germany; and he and Fox and Barclay and many others of the Society of Friends went to Germany and Holland, with a view to propagate their opinions. Penn and Barclay visited Princess Elizabeth at Herford for three days, during which time the former held many prayer meetings, and Princess Elizabeth was at once drawn over to him. Her closing years were spent very quietly, but to the very last she kept up her interest in Philosophy and became the friend of Leibnitz and Malebranche. She died in 1682 at the age of sixty-two. William Penn wrote a short memorial sketch of Princess Elizabeth in his celebrated work "No Cross, no Crown."

Her mother the Queen of Bohemia had died eighteen years before her, but there appears never to have been much sympathy between them, and for many years before her death the Queen of Hearts lived with none of her children about her. She had the satisfaction, however, of seeing her son, Karl Ludwig, not only restored to his Sovereignty of the Palatinate by the Münster Treaty, but she also lived to see that the efforts he made for the rehabilitation of his patrimony were crowned with success, so much so that he gained the name of "Wiederhersteller" or the "Regenerator." Amongst other things, assisted by Spinoza, he re-established the former famous University at Heidelberg, which again became celebrated for its learning. He also rebuilt the beautiful Castle, which had fallen into sad decay, and made it, with its magnificent situation and transcendently lovely view, the most entrancing of regal residences. All this Karl Ludwig accomplished in the short space of nine years.

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But if she rejoiced in these measures, his mother deeply deplored the line he took with regard to affairs in England. Karl Ludwig had spent much of his youth at the Court of his uncle King Charles I., and at the age of eighteen he alone accompanied the King on the memorable occasion of the attempted arrest of the five members of the House of Commons, which was the beginning of the Civil War. And after this it is recorded against him that he went over to the Parliament, and actually condescended to sit in what was called the "Assembly of Divines at Westminster." His friends tried to explain away this unnatural conduct by suggesting that it was the result of a secret agreement between the King and himself, a conjecture somewhat incredible. Karl Ludwig is also said to have shown great avarice in monetary dealings with his mother, whom he left to others to assist. And she was not altogether satisfied with his matrimonial arrangements, though in that respect he was perhaps more sinned against than sinning, or at least there was much excuse for the line he took. When thirty-three years of age he married Charlotte, daughter of William V., Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. She was very handsome, and he was much in love with her, and continued to be so even after she showed that she never cared for him. All the ardour of his affection was met with coldness and bad temper, and she never took the slightest interest in him or his pursuits, although he was described at the time of their marriage as having a most attractive personality, tall and very handsome, with a slender and graceful yet powerful figure. There is a fine portrait of him by Vandyke, in which one can trace a great likeness to his handsome mother. No doubt he had a hot temper and may have been selfish, but at the same time he was capable of ardent



KARL LUDWIG, ELECTOR PALATINE OF THE RHINE.

From an Engraving by Hollar, after Vandyck.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

From an old Print at Swallowfield.

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affection. His wife seemed to have no love for any one but herself; she did not even care for her children, and was happiest when she was dressing herself up, her vanity being inordinate. The result was not to be wondered at. Receiving no sympathy where he ought to have found it, he turned for consolation to one of his wife's Maids-of-honour, a fair and gentle Swabian, a girl of eighteen, of high birth and spotless reputation. Marie Luise Susanne von Degenfeldt was the daughter of Christopher Martin, Baron von Degenfeldt, who had fought under the Austrian and under the Swedish flag, and her mother was Anna Maria Adelmännin von Adelsmannfeld. She first acted simply as a peacemaker, and did her best to try and soothe the Elector and bring about a better state of things between him and the Electress. Nothing, however, seemed to avail, and ultimately the sympathy of the gentle Luise drifted into warmer feelings, which were reciprocated by the Elector, but it was an accident that brought things to a climax. The fiery and impetuous Prince Rupert, who was staying at Heidelberg with his brother, not suspecting the state of affairs, and being much attracted by Mademoiselle von Degenfeldt, wrote her a letter reproaching her for her coldness towards himself. This letter, which had no name on it, fell into the hands, not of the young girl for whom it was intended, but unfortunately into the possession of the Electress. Now she, we are told, although so cold in her nature, always imagined that every one was in love with her, and believing therefore that Prince Rupert's letter was addressed to her, she sent him an answer in a sisterly manner. He, doubly horrified at the very awkward mistake, went immediately to the Electress and explained the matter to her. She was much mortified, and in her jealous rage there

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and then dismissed Mademoiselle von Degenfeldt in an insulting manner. The Elector found the young girl in floods of tears preparing for her departure, and on hearing her explanation was furious with his wife, and formally took the young lady under his protection *en tout honneur*, at the same time vowing that nothing should ever induce him to live again with the Electress. He accordingly left Heidelberg and made his residence at Frankenthal, and at once tried to get a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper, which in those days was often done, and it was not difficult to prove that the Electress had a very bad temper, as she had on more than one occasion slapped the Elector's face in public. Charlotte however refused to accede to this arrangement, and the Elector found himself between two stools, as Mademoiselle von Degenfeldt, who had gone back to her parents, refused to live with him without a religious ceremony being pronounced. Meanwhile the most wonderful correspondence was going on between the lovers, which has been preserved. The Elector wrote all his letters in Latin, and Luise replied in the same language. Her letters, though the Latin is not of the best, are the most interesting and the cleverest; the Elector, it is said, copied most of his, almost word for word, from some love letters which appear in a romance dealing of the loves of a certain Lucretia. Ultimately the divorce was, after some hesitation, granted by the Diet of Ratisbon on the 17th April 1657, and on the 6th January 1658 the Elector was married with the left hand to Luise von Degenfeldt by a Lutheran clergyman, those marriages being customary in the Protestant courts of Germany, a custom authorised by Luther and Melancthon. The marriage took place with the consent of all "les agnats" and of the Emperor, and the Baroness received the title of



MARIE LUISE SUSANNE, BARONESS VON DEGENFELDT.

From a Portrait at Heidelberg.

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Rangrave. Shortly after we are told that the Electress Charlotte took up a pistol intending to shoot her rival, but Count Hohenlohe, one of the Elector's gentlemen, snatched it out of her hand and called his master. After this the Electress never again appeared at Court. She appealed to the Emperor, who counselled her to go and live quietly with her children.¹ She did not, however, show any interest in them, and her daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth, who was two years old at the time of the separation, was brought up by the Electress Sophia until she was twelve, when she returned to her father, and remained under Luise's care till she married, and was always devotedly attached to her father's second family, much of the correspondence, for which she became so famous in after life, being addressed to two of the Rangravines, her step-sisters.

Karl Ludwig had a very happy life with his beloved Luise for over twenty years, but she died on the 18th March 1673, at the birth of her fourteenth child. He was inconsolable at her death, and wrote to Princess Sophia extolling the virtues of his lost love, and said that he never should have his tears dried except in the sands of Mannheim, when he should rest by the side of his beloved Ludovica.² He survived her seven years. Of the fourteen children of the Elector's morganatic marriage only five outlived infancy. Of these Caroline-Elizabeth, called the Rangravine, married Meinhardt, third Duke of Schomberg and Duke of Leinster, son of the celebrated Duke of Schomberg, killed at the battle of the Boyne. Their daughter, Lady Frederica Schomberg, who married Robert d'Arcy, Earl of

¹ The Electress Charlotte outlived her rival, and she ultimately settled at Cassel at the court of her brother.

² There are two portraits of her at Heidelberg, and a medal was struck at her death.

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Holderness, was the mother of Caroline, Marchioness of Lothian, whose daughter, Lady Louisa Kerr, married Lord George Lennox and was the progenitor of the later Dukes of Richmond, who thus have in their veins the blood of the Electors Palatine, though it is through a left-handed marriage.

THE FAITHFUL WYNDHAMS

"Cleave to the Crown, though it hang on a bush."

—*Old Proverb.*

THE Stuarts as a race, whatever their shortcomings might be, had, there is no denying, the faculty of endearing themselves to their followers, and never was loyalty more conspicuous than it was in the adherents of Charles I. and Charles II.

The name of Wyndham is for ever associated with the fortunes of the second Charles, and shines pre-eminently as an example of unswerving loyalty. Sir Thomas Wyndham, of Knutsford, in Somersetshire, son of Sir John Wyndham, of Felbrigge, in Norfolk, had five sons, and not long before his death, in 1636, he called them to him, "not having," we are told, "seen them together for some years before, and discoursed on the loving peace and prosperity this Kingdom had enjoyed under its three last monarchs," and went on to say that he "feared the beautiful garment of peace would shortly be torn in pieces through the neglect of the magistrates, the general corruption of manners, and the prevalence of a puritanical faction which, if not prevented, would undermine the pillars of the Government." "My sons," he continued, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, but now prepare yourselves for cloudy and troublesome. I command you to obey our gracious Sovereign and in all times adhere to the Crown, and though the Crown should hang upon a bush, I charge you forsake it not." When these prophetic words came true, the

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loyalty of the Wyndham brothers was not found wanting. Four out of Sir Thomas's five sons fell on the battlefield, fighting for the Royal cause, and it was reserved for his youngest son, Francis, also a distinguished soldier, to make his mark as one of those faithful ones who were instrumental in effecting King Charles II.'s escape after the battle of Worcester, and who concealed him in his house for eighteen nights. Colonel Francis Wyndham had already made himself a name by his brave defence of Dunster Castle in 1645-46, when he sustained a close siege of about 160 days with a loss of only twenty men. He was repeatedly asked to submit, but always replied that it was his intention to keep his charge to the utmost, and that he would continue *semper idem*, and he did not give in until the Royalists were defeated everywhere and he was deprived of all hope of relief. He then submitted under seven conditions, one of which deputed that "Colonel Wyndham shall carry with him all that is properly his, and that which doth properly belong to Lady Wyndham shall be sent to her."

À propos of Colonel Wyndham's defence of Dunster, the following romantic story appeared in the *Mercurius Academicus*, No. 3, and was universally believed by the Royalists, but we are afraid that it must be relegated to the limbo of romance, as facts are somewhat against it; still we give it for what it is worth, and the story shows anyhow what manner of man Colonel Francis Wyndham was for it to have been generally accepted as true by all those who knew him. The tale runs thus:—

When Colonel Wyndham was holding Dunster Castle for the King, the Roundhead General commanding at Taunton sent him the following message: "If you will deliver up the castle, you shall have fair quarters; if not, expect no mercy.

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Your mother (the Parliamentarians had taken Lady Wyndham prisoner) shall be in front to receive the first fury of your cannon." Colonel Wyndham, in the spirit of an ancient Spartan, was said to have answered: "If you doe what you threaten, you doe the most barbarous and villainous act was ever done. My mother I honour, but the cause I fight for and the masters I serve are God and the King. Mother, doe you forgive me, and give me your blessing, and lett the Rebels answer for spilling that blood of yours, which I would save with the loss of mine own, if I had enough for both my master and yourself!" His mother replied: "Sonne, I forgive thee and pray God to bless thee for this brave resolution. If I live, I shall love thee better for it. God's will be done." But mother and son were spared. As the story goes, Lord Wentworth, Sir Richard Grenvill, and Colonel Webb came to their assistance, rescued the brave lady, relieved the fortress, took 1000 prisoners, and put the Parliamentarians to flight.

Six years later Colonel Francis Wyndham gave still greater proof of his devotion to the second Charles. He had lately taken to himself a young wife, Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Gerard, of Trent, in Somersetshire, which place he acquired with his bride, and in September 1651 they were living there, the dowager Lady Wyndham and her niece Miss Julia Coningsby¹ staying with them at the time. On the 16th of that month they were all in the depths of despair, having heard the report of the King's death, when suddenly Lord Wilmot appeared at the house, with the joyful news that his Majesty was safe, and furthermore that he was making his way towards Trent, which he hoped to reach the following day, having been hiding for four nights at Abbotslegh, the house of Mr. George

¹ Daughter of Richard Coningsby of Chapel, Warwickshire.

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Norton. Colonel Wyndham communicated the precious secret to three of his servants whose fidelity he could trust, and whose names, therefore, will live for ever, Henry Peters, Eleanor Withers, and Joan Halsenoth, any one of whom might easily have secured the thousand pounds' reward had they betrayed their King. At early dawn the next day all these individuals were, as can well be imagined, on the *qui vive*, but it was arranged that the rest of the establishment should be sent out of the way at the time the King was expected. Great was the relief and great the rejoicing when at ten in the morning of Wednesday the 17th September they perceived a small cavalcade appearing in the distance, and soon after saw that it was the King's party. We have a graphic account of Charles's adventures from the time he reached Trent till the time he left England, written by Mistress Anne Wyndham, the wife of Colonel Francis. The King as "Will Jackson" arrived disguised as a servant and riding double-horse with Mrs. Jane Lane behind him and accompanied by her relation, Cornet Henry Lascelles. The important part which Jane Lane had taken in the King's escape, which is so well known, here came to an end, as she and Mr. Lascelles returned to Bentley the next morning.

When King Charles approached Trent, Colonel Wyndham and his wife walked a little way to meet his Majesty, who called out, "Frank, Frank, how dost thou do!" Arrived at the house, Colonel Wyndham at once conducted the King privately to Mrs. Wyndham's room, which had secret panels communicating with a hiding-place in the shape of a little recess which had a double floor between the boards in which a man could lie. The Jesuit Nicholas Owen spent all his time designing and constructing these "priest holes" in all the chief Roman Catholic houses in every part of the country, and the one at



MADAM ANNE WYNDHAM AS A CHILD.

From a Mezzotint at Swallowfield by Cooper, after Wissing.

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Trent was his handiwork. The King never stirred from Mrs. Wyndham's room during the nineteen days he spent under Colonel Wyndham's roof. His chief occupation, besides cooking his own meals, was boring holes in coins, which he gave away as mementoes, having no means of giving anything else. One day he heard an unusual noise in the neighbourhood followed by the ringing of the church bells. On asking Colonel Wyndham the meaning of this he was told that news having been brought of his death the yokels celebrated their delight by bonfires and much tippling, finishing up by ringing out the King's knell on the neighbouring church bells; to which explanation King Charles only remarked, "Alas, poor people!"

After he had been some time in hiding at Trent, King Charles began to make inquiries as to the best means of procuring a vessel to take him privately to France, and Colonel Wyndham rode over to Melbury, ten miles off, to ask the help of Colonel Giles Strangways. He had no success in this endeavour, as Sir John, the father of Colonel Giles, said they were too well known to risk assisting the King to escape; but he volunteered the offer of £100, which Colonel Wyndham accepted on behalf of his Majesty. After this Colonel Wyndham and a Captain Ellesden, formerly a Captain under Charles I. and now a merchant at Lyme Regis, went to Charmouth and arranged with one, Stephen Limbry, the master of a coasting vessel, that he should convey over to France some Royalist gentlemen for £60, and he took rooms at the inn there, giving out that they were for a run-away couple, the pair being the King and Miss Coningsby. Accordingly on the 22nd September King Charles and her, riding double-horse, left Trent attended by two servants—Lord Wilmot and Peters, and accompanied by Colonel Wyndham. On their route they were met by Captain Ellesden, who

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received them at a lonely house among the hills in order to wait for nightfall, when they proposed to enter Charmouth. Here the King discovered his rank to his new protector, and presented him with one of the pieces of foreign gold which he had amused himself by boring and stringing during his hiding. This coin was handed down as an heirloom in the Ellesden family, and at the close of the eighteenth century it was taken to the West Indies by some descendants of the name of Henvil who settled there.

At night the little party went on to Charmouth, where Ellesden took his leave in full confidence that everything had been securely arranged, but, arrived at the inn, no further news of Limbry was heard; hour after hour passed and he did not appear. Lord Wilmot sat up all night in great suspense, whilst Colonel Wyndham and his servant kept watch in vain on the beach. The fact was that Limbry's wife, having discovered her husband's proposed action, locked him up in his bed-room till it was too late to fulfil his engagement: "the more he entreated," says Mrs. Wyndham in her account, "the more her violent passion increased, breaking forth into such clamours and lamentations that he feared, if he should any longer contend, both himself and the gentlemen would be cast away in this storm without ever going to sea."

At this juncture it was settled that the wisest plan was for the King to make his way back to Trent and from there try to devise a fresh programme. Accordingly the party started off on their return journey and reached Bridport the next day, where they met with an alarming incident. As they rode into the inn-yard they perceived they were in the midst of a detachment of Republican troops who had just arrived there; and furthermore the ostler almost immediately said to the King that he felt

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sure he had seen his face before ! Charles, who never lost his presence of mind and was never undaunted, showed no sign of alarm, and, after having ascertained from the man that he had lived at an inn at Exeter close to the house of a Mr. Potter, quietly remarked, "Friend, you must certainly have seen me at Mr. Potter's, for I served him above a year." The ostler was satisfied, and Charles then talked freely to the troopers. Meanwhile the ostler at the inn at Charmouth, where they had just stayed, had drawn suspicious conclusions from observing that their horses were kept saddled all night, as well as from the visits of Colonel Wyndham to the sea-shore, and his suspicions were redoubled after he had taken one of the horses which had lost a shoe to the neighbouring forge. Hammet, the blacksmith, a very shrewd fellow, instantly remarked, "This horse has three shoes all set in different counties, and one in Worcestershire." The ostler went off to communicate with Westley, the Nonconformist minister ; but, luckily for King Charles, that worthy was in the middle of a lengthy discourse, which delayed his arrival at the inn. When he did get there he thought to entrap the hostess into a confession : "Why, how now, Margaret, why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure, so that now you cannot be a maid of honour." The woman got very angry and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about trying to bring her and her house into trouble. "But," said she, "if I thought it was the King, as you say, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life ; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out." The minister then went to a magistrate who, however, pooh-poohed his story. When at last the suspicious circumstances reached the ears of Captain Macy, the Republican officer commanding the nearest piquet,

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he galloped off in pursuit of the fugitives, but missed them, and they arrived safely at a village called Broad Windsor. Here they put up for the night at an inn kept by persons whom Colonel Wyndham knew. Luckily they were lodged in the upper storey, for shortly after their arrival a company of forty troopers came in to be billeted for the night. Before the break of day, after consultation with Colonel Wyndham, the King started on his return to Trent, where he arrived that evening, and remained in his old hiding-place till the 6th of October. Meanwhile the piquet from Charmouth, that had missed them en route, had gone to Pilsdon, the house of Sir John Wyndham, Colonel Francis's uncle, and not only did they search the whole house, but insisted that one of the young ladies was King Charles in disguise! The same day that King Charles got back to Trent, there came to dine with the Wyndhams Mr. Edward Hyde of West Hatch, who had married Etheldred Gerard, Mrs. Wyndham's sister. This gentleman mentioned casually that he had seen the day before Colonel Robert Phelips, who was living in Salisbury, his beautiful old house Montacute being sequestered, and Colonel Wyndham thereupon suggested that Colonel Phelips might be a useful person to consult as well as Mr. John Coventry, son of Lord Coventry, Keeper of the Great Seal, who also lived in the Close at Salisbury. The King agreed and no time was lost. Lord Wilmot went there the next day, and had his interviews at the King's Arms, the landlord being a staunch loyalist, with the result that Colonel Phelips started at once for Southampton, and arranged with a man that he should carry over to France in his vessel a friend of his, the terms to be £40. But again the King was doomed to disappointment, the arrangement falling through in consequence of the barque being requisitioned

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to carry provisions and ammunition to the rebel soldiers in Jersey.

The coast of Sussex was now suggested, and the next move was made with the assistance of Dr. Henchman, afterwards Bishop of London. Communication was set up with Colonel Gounter, who lived near Chichester, and King Charles left Trent House after a stay of altogether nineteen days, saying good-bye to all the Wyndham party, excepting Miss Juliana Coningsby, who went with him, riding double-horse as before, to Salisbury, where she also parted from him. Mrs. Wyndham's account consequently ceases here, but the party at Trent were soon after rejoiced to hear that his Majesty managed, with the assistance of Colonel Gounter and others, to reach Shoreham, from whence he crossed over to France, landing at Fécamp.

At the Restoration his friends at Trent were not forgotten by King Charles. He sent Colonel Francis Wyndham a gift of £1000 "for the buying of a jewel for his great and eminent services," and settled on him a pension of £600 a year with reversion to his heirs, besides which he was shortly after created a Baronet. Lady Wyndham, his mother, also had a pension of £400, and her niece, Juliana Coningsby, who married Amias Hext of Redlinch, one of £200.¹ Eleanor Withers and Joan Halsenoth, the two maids who waited on the King at Trent, received a gift of £100 each and a pension of £50.

Sir Francis Wyndham died in 1676, but his wife survived till 1698. With the death of Sir Francis's great-grandson, the fourth and last Baronet of Trent, the estate

¹ These pensions ceased at the abdication of James II.

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devolved upon the sister of the latter Francis Wyndham, who married Henry Bromley, Lord Montford. This title also becoming extinct in 1851, the present Earl Cadogan is, through the female line, the representative of the faithful Wyndhams.

A LOYAL HEART

No more loyal heart ever beat than that of Sir Nicholas Crispe, and even after death its undying memories were kept alive for upwards of a century in accordance with the weird bequest in his will.

Sir Nicholas had erected in Hammersmith Church a cenotaph of black and white marble, "as a grateful commemoration of that glorious martyr King Charles the First of Blessed Memory," and on his deathbed he directed that his heart might be placed in an urn at his master's feet, and devised a sum of money to provide wine, which he desired should be poured over it annually to refresh it; his wishes were strictly observed for over a hundred years, until the poor heart was said to be so shrivelled as practically not to exist. The monument and the urn are still to be seen in the south-west corner of the church, and on the pedestal of the urn is inscribed: "Within this urn is enclosed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present Majesty. He first settled the trade of gold from Guinea, and then built the Castle of Coromantin. He died 28th July 1665, aged sixty-seven."

Born in 1598, Nicholas Crispe came of a long line of merchant princes who had amassed large fortunes in Bread Street, Cheapside, and had held for successive generations the position of Sheriff of London. At the death of his father, Nicholas found himself heir to a great estate, and he further

A Loyal Heart

made a considerable addition to his fortune by his marriage with Anne, daughter and co-heir of Edward Prescott, salter of London. Being a man of active and enterprising genius, he did not confine himself to the ordinary routine of traders, but occupied himself with new inventions and brought his ingenuity into much practical utility. His inventions as to paper-mills, powder-mills and water-mills all came into use, and he is said to have been the inventor of the art of making bricks as now practised. Some of his proposed improvements he was not able to carry into effect. In 1656, John Evelyn in his "Diary" says: "Sir Nicholas Crispe came to treat with me about his vast designe of a Mole to be made for ships in part of my grounds at Sayes Court" (Deptford). Evelyn went to London about it, and some months later the Duke of York, the Duke of Ormond, and other Lords visited his grounds in connection with this project, which, however, was laid aside as "a fancy of Sir Nicholas Crispe." Pepys talks of it, and says that Nicholas Crispe "proposed making a wett-dock to hold 200 sail of ships;" but adds, "it seems, however, that the ground was long since promised to Sir Richard Brown, one of the Clerks of the Council."

Sir Nicholas's chief enterprise was on the coast of Guinea, where he with five others¹ had the exclusive right of trading, this being granted to him by King Charles I. in 1632. He there established the fort called the Castle of Coromantine on the Gold Coast, and he was so successful that he and his associates made a clear £50,000 a year, and carried on a trade with Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Norway, Muscovy, and

¹ The five others were Sir Job Harvey, Sir John Wolstenholm, Sir John Jacob, Sir John Harrison, and Sir John Shaw. Pepys describes meeting the whole six at Mr. Shand's, the merchant, and says they were "very good company."



SIR NICHOLAS CRISPE, BART.

From an old print at Swallowfield.

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Turkey, which supplied the King with nearly £100,000 a year, besides keeping his ships ready for service.

Nicholas Crispe was one of the King's Customs farmers, and was knighted in 1641. Elected member for Winchelsea, he was expelled from Parliament as a Monopolist in 1641.

As the times became more troublous his devotion to his Royal master King Charles I. became more intensified, and he was wont to say that he "honoured and revered him beyond all other beings, honoured him as a King, loved him as a master." When he saw King Charles in need of money, he raised, with the assistance of his partners, the sum of £200,000 upon a short notice.

Lloyd gives us a very high idea of Sir Nicholas's activity as well as of the signal services he rendered the King. All the correspondence and supplies of arms (during the Civil War) which were procured by the Queen in Holland and by the King's agents in Denmark were consigned to his care, and he had, we are told, "an incomparable address in bringing anything to bear that he had once contrived." In matters of secrecy and danger he seldom trusted any hands but his own, and to facilitate this he made use of all kinds of disguises. A writer says of him, "A polypus puts not on more shapes to deceive the fisher than Sir Nicholas did to escape those that laid snares for him." Letters of consequence he carried in the guise of a porter; when he wanted intelligence he would be at the water-side with a basket of flounders upon his head, and often passed between London and Oxford in the dress of a butter-woman on horseback between a pair of panniers. His life at this time was a most adventurous one, and his hair-breadth escapes rivalled those of his modern prototype, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." He went through so many perils by land

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and by water that he seemed to have a charmed life. He was the principal author of that well-laid design for publishing the King's Commission of Array at London, which was defeated by another design that Edmund Waller the poet (who, by the way, was related to Sir Nicholas) through fear betrayed. By the discovery of this business Sir Nicholas found himself obliged to declare openly the course he meant to take, and having at his own expense raised a Regiment of Horse for the King's service in 1643, he put himself at the head of it and distinguished himself as remarkably in his military as he had ever done in his civil capacity, and behaved with the greatest gallantry. He was, however, in September of this year the cause of a most unfortunate affair. Sir James Enyon, Bart., who was also a volunteer in the Royal cause and a friend of Sir Nicholas, had a quarrel with him at their quarters; they fought a duel, and Sir Nicholas killed Sir James. He was brought before a court-martial and most honourably acquitted, but the fatal result made an indelible impression on the mind of Sir Nicholas, who ever after wore mourning, except in the field of battle, when he cherished the hope of being united to his friend by a fortunate bullet, and through the remainder of his life at every return of the anniversary he closed his room in darkness and devoted himself to fasting and prayer.

In 1645 his property was sequestrated by the Parliament and his house in Bread Street ordered to be sold. Furthermore, the Parliament directed that £6000 a year should be taken from his estates and those of Lord Culpeper to make up the remainder of the pension which it had resolved to grant the Elector Palatine. Sir Nicholas then recommenced in business with the same spirit and the same success as before, and he was therefore able to contribute largely for the relief of Charles

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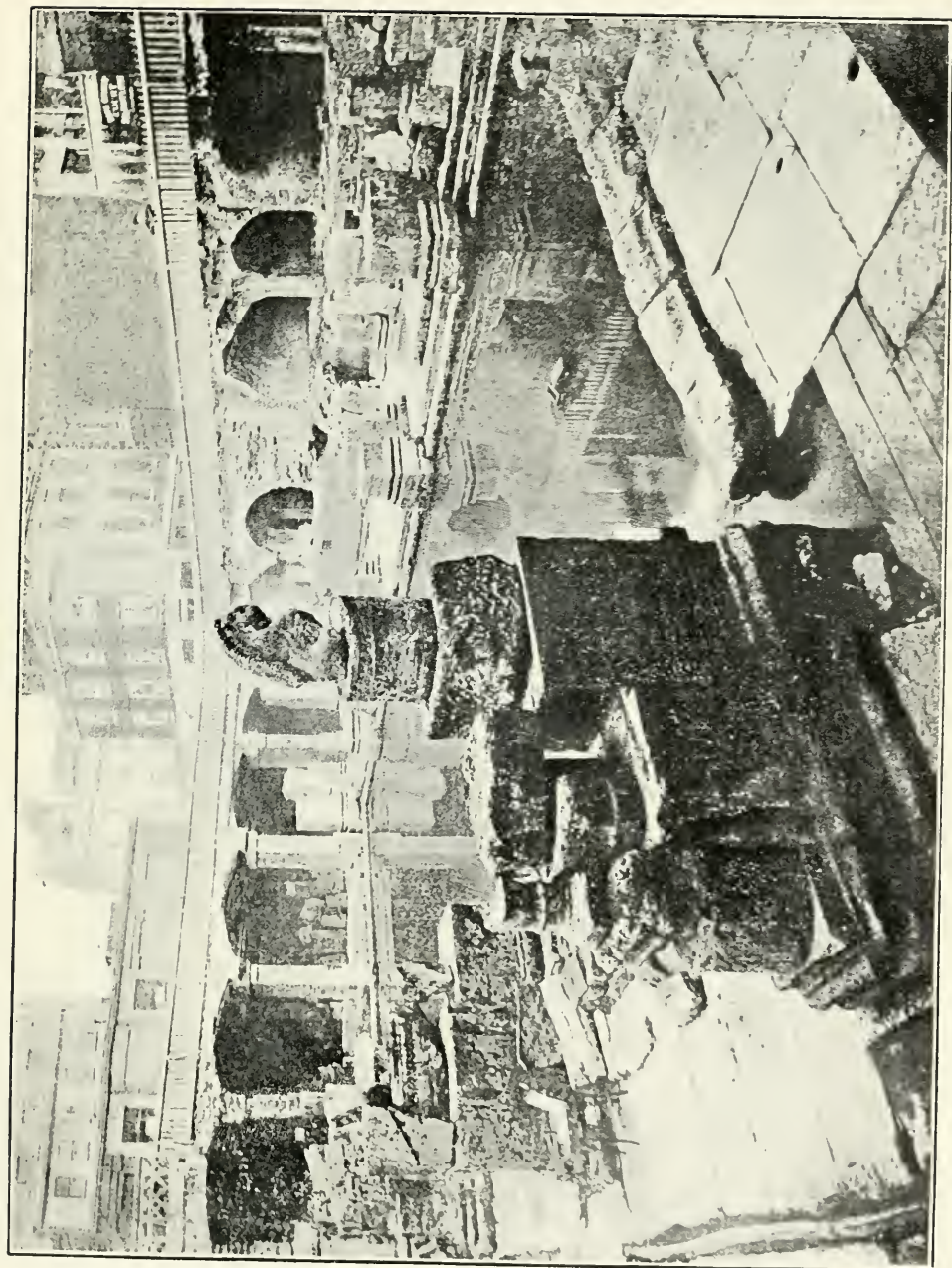
II., and greatly helped General Monk in the Restoration, after which he was re-instated as "Farmer of the Customs" and made a Baronet. It was shortly after this that a chartered company was formed prosecuting the African trade under the name of "The Company of Royal Adventurers of England"; but before long war broke out with Holland, which was its death-blow, and in 1667 the Royal Adventurers were left with only one fort—that at Cape Coast Castle; Coromantine and its dependent factories fell into the hands of the Dutch, owing to the successes of the great De Ruyter, and the Company, exhausted by the expenses of the war, surrendered their Charter to the Crown. Sir Nicholas did not live long enough to see the complete downfall of his favourite enterprise, for he died in 1666, bringing his eventful life to a close peaceably in his bed at his house in Hammersmith, respected and beloved by all. His body was interred with his ancestors in the Parish Church of St. Mildred in Bread Street, Cheapside, where there was at the upper end of the chancel a most beautiful glass window, placed there by him, and in one compartment of which appeared portraits of himself and his wife and children; but this church was one of the many entirely destroyed in the Great Fire. His heart, as we have said, was taken to St. Paul's Church, Hammersmith.

Sir Nicholas's house at Hammersmith went through almost as many varied changes as he did himself. It was first of all sold to Prince Rupert, who gave it to Margaret Hughes, the actress, who lived there ten years; then it was purchased in 1698 by Timothy Lannoy, Esq., a man of very old Huguenot family, who made a fortune as "a scarlet dyer." From him it passed to George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, who left it to Thomas Wyndham. Subsequently it was the property of Mrs.

A Loyal Heart

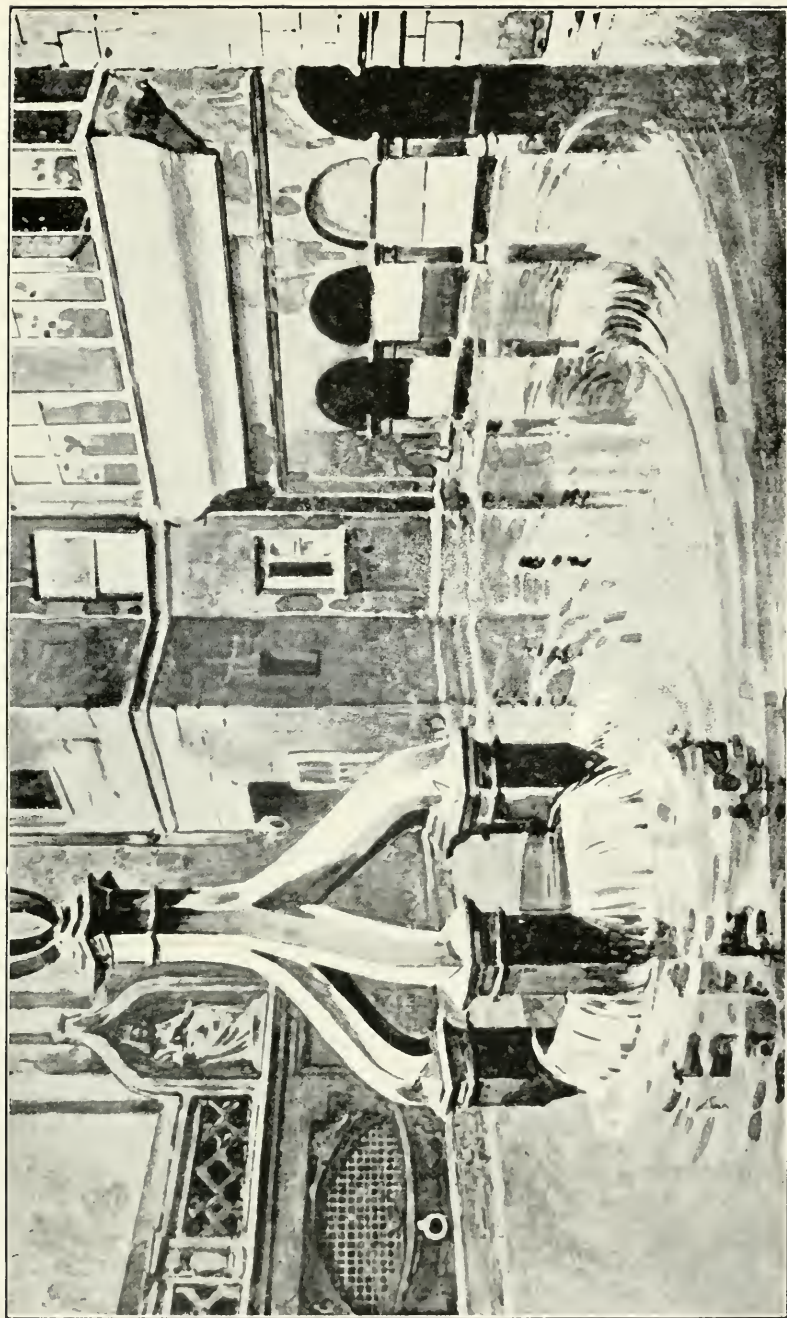
Sturt, who gave there the celebrated entertainments honoured by royalty and the *élite* of fashion, *tempo* George III. In 1792 it was sold to the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, and was reigned over for twenty years by that wonderful lady, formerly Lady Craven, and *née* Berkeley, who became his wife. She continued to entertain there, and gave dramatic representations. Not last in notoriety was its final occupant, Caroline, wife of George IV., who in its walls tried to keep a small court, pending her trial in the House of Lords, and died there in 1821. Soon after this house, so replete with interesting associations, was pulled down, and the materials sold by auction, and a large factory now occupies the site.

No lineal descendant of Sir Nicholas Crispe in the male line now exists, the Baronetcy becoming extinct at the death, in 1740, without issue, of his grandson, Sir Charles Crispe, fifth Bart. ; but several collaterals of his house were remarkable even in their day, the one perhaps most known to modern readers being Samuel Crispe of Chessington, a man of letters and fashion, the "Daddy Crispe" of Miss Burney's "Letters," and the friend of Doctor Johnson. In the female line many families can trace their descent from he of the Loyal Heart.



BATH: THE OBLONG ROMAN BATH BEFORE RESTORATION.

Reproduced from the "Bath Pictorial."



BATH: THE KING'S BATH AND MINERAL SPRING, SHOWING JOHN RIVETT'S RING.

Reproduced from the "Bath Pictorial."

THE BRAZIER AND THE EARL

IN the city of Bath, where the medieval Roman baths, said to exceed in interest anything of the kind, excepting possibly the baths of Caracalla at Rome, are still existing, is to be seen at the entrance from the King's Bath to the Queen's Bath a massive ring on which is inscribed the following words:—

“I John Revet¹ His Majestys Brazier At 50 Y^{rs} of Age of July 1674 Received Cure of A True Palsie From Head to Foot on One Side. Thanks to God.”²



Fourteen years before, at the time of the Restoration, when this John Rivett was living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, an action was brought against him by Jerome Weston, second Earl of Portland, for the restitution of a brass statue of King Charles I., which had formerly belonged to his father and which he consequently claimed as his property. The history of this statue is a curious one.

Richard Weston, the first Earl of Portland, was a remarkable man constantly employed in diplomatic matters by King James I.,

¹ Rivett was his real name. Mr. Rivett, M.P. for Derby in the last century, claimed descent from him, and the present Rivett-Carnacs are said to be the same family.

² Early in the seventeenth century many persons left some memorial of the benefits they had received from the waters of Bath. This mark of gratitude assumed the form of large copper or brass rings fixed in the wall of the bath and inscribed with the name of the donor, and they served at the same time the purpose of helping the bathers to keep their feet.

The Brazier and the Earl

and was rewarded by very considerable grants of money and raised to the peerage as Baron Weston of Nayland. With James's successor he became a still greater favourite, and King Charles I., in consequence of his great financial abilities and his zeal for the Royal Prerogative, made him Lord High Treasurer. Honours were multiplied fast upon him; he was elected one of the Knights of the Garter and created Earl of Portland, and had large estates bestowed upon him, including Putney Park, formerly called Mostlake Park. Here he built himself a stately mansion, which he called Roehampton House, where he lived in great state and magnificence.

Furthermore the King arranged a marriage for his eldest son, Jerome, with his Majesty's cousin, Lady Frances Stuart, daughter of Esmé, Duke of Lennox, which marriage took place in 1632 in Lord Portland's private chapel at Roehampton House, lately consecrated by Laud, Bishop of London. The King gave away the bride in person, and Ben Jonson wrote the "Epithalamion," which finishes with the following lines:—

"See! now the Chapel opens, where the King
And Bishop stand to consummate the rites;
The holy Prelate prays, then takes the ring,
Asks first 'Who gives her?'—'I, Charles,' then he plights
One in the other's hand
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The solemn choir cries, 'Joy' and they return 'AMEN!'"

In 1633 Lord Portland gave a commission to the celebrated Hubert Le Sueur¹ for an equestrian statue in brass of King Charles I., which he proposed erecting in front of Roehampton House. There is a memorandum in the Record Office of a

¹ Le Sueur, who was a Huguenot refugee, had been a pupil of John of Bologna.



JEROME WESTON, SECOND EARL OF PORTLAND, K.G.

From an Engraving at Swallowfield by Hollar, after Vandyck.

The Brazier and the Earl

draft of the agreement between Lord Portland and Le Sueur. The statue was to cost £600, which was to include the setting up, and it was to be completed in eighteen months. Lord Portland desired that it should be a foot larger than life-size, and the sculptor was to "take advice of his Majesty's riders of greate horses, as well for the shape of the horse and action as for the graceful shape and action of his Majesty's figure on the same." The statue was cast at Covent Garden "near the Church" in 1633. Polnitz says by the same workmen that cast the horse of Henri IV. at Paris. The Lord High Treasurer died soon after its completion. Notwithstanding all the benefits and favours bestowed upon him, the latter part of his life was anything but a happy one. The natural haughtiness and irritability of his temper became greatly increased by a complication of illnesses which caused him acute sufferings. His wife and daughters were avowed Catholics, and his own inclination tended that way, all of which added to his unpopularity, and at the time of his death it was said that no one regretted him excepting King Charles, whose regard continued undiminished, and who sat by his dying bedside till the end, though the ordeal was almost unbearable. Lord Portland was buried with great honours in Winchester Cathedral in the Guardian-Angel Chapel, which was converted into a chapel for the Weston family, and where there is a fine recumbent figure of him in bronze by Le Sueur. By the King's orders the whole court went into mourning for him on Palm Sunday. Richard, Lord Portland, left many sons and daughters. Benjamin Weston, his fourth son, married Elizabeth, Countess of Anglesey, and from their daughter, who married Sir Charles Shelley, Bart., are descended the Russells of Swallowfield, where there is a very fine portrait of Lord Portland by M. Jansen Mirevelt.

The Brazier and the Earl

Jerome Weston succeeded his father as second Earl of Portland, and held two of his appointments, Captain-General of the Isle of Wight and Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, which were lucrative posts in those days. The latter one he held conjointly with his brother-in-law James, Duke of Lennox and Richmond, but in 1642, when Portsmouth declared for the King, Lord Portland was displaced by the Parliament and committed to the Tower on the ground that he favoured Popery, and he was also accused of too great expenditure in entertainments and in the drinking of loyal toasts. The principal inhabitants of the Island drew up a petition in favour of their "noble and much honoured and beloved Captain and Governor," and stated that not only was he a good Protestant, but that there was not one Papist in the Isle of Wight. On the other hand, the lower orders, led by Moses Read, Mayor of Newport, declared in favour of the Parliament, and the latter received orders from it to seize the fortress of Carisbrooke, secure Lady Portland and her five children, who were living there, and other relations who had taken shelter with her, as well as Colonel Brett, the Warden. Accordingly Read marched upon Carisbrooke with the Militia and four hundred sailors. The garrison of the Castle did not exceed twenty men, but Lady Portland would not surrender excepting upon honourable terms. With a lighted match in her hand she walked deliberately to one of the bastions, declaring she would fire the first cannon at the foe. Moses Read was astounded; he expected no resistance—but women must have been made of sterner stuff in those days than now, for we doubt if any fair Countess would at the present day be found to defy the enemy as did Frances, Countess of Portland, unless indeed it were another still fairer Frances!

Moses Read agreed to come to terms with the bold



FRANCES STUART, 2ND COUNTESS OF PORTLAND, DAUGHTER OF ESMÉ STUART,
DUKE OF LENNOX.

(From an engraving at Swallowfield by Hollar, after Vandyck)

The Brazier and the Earl

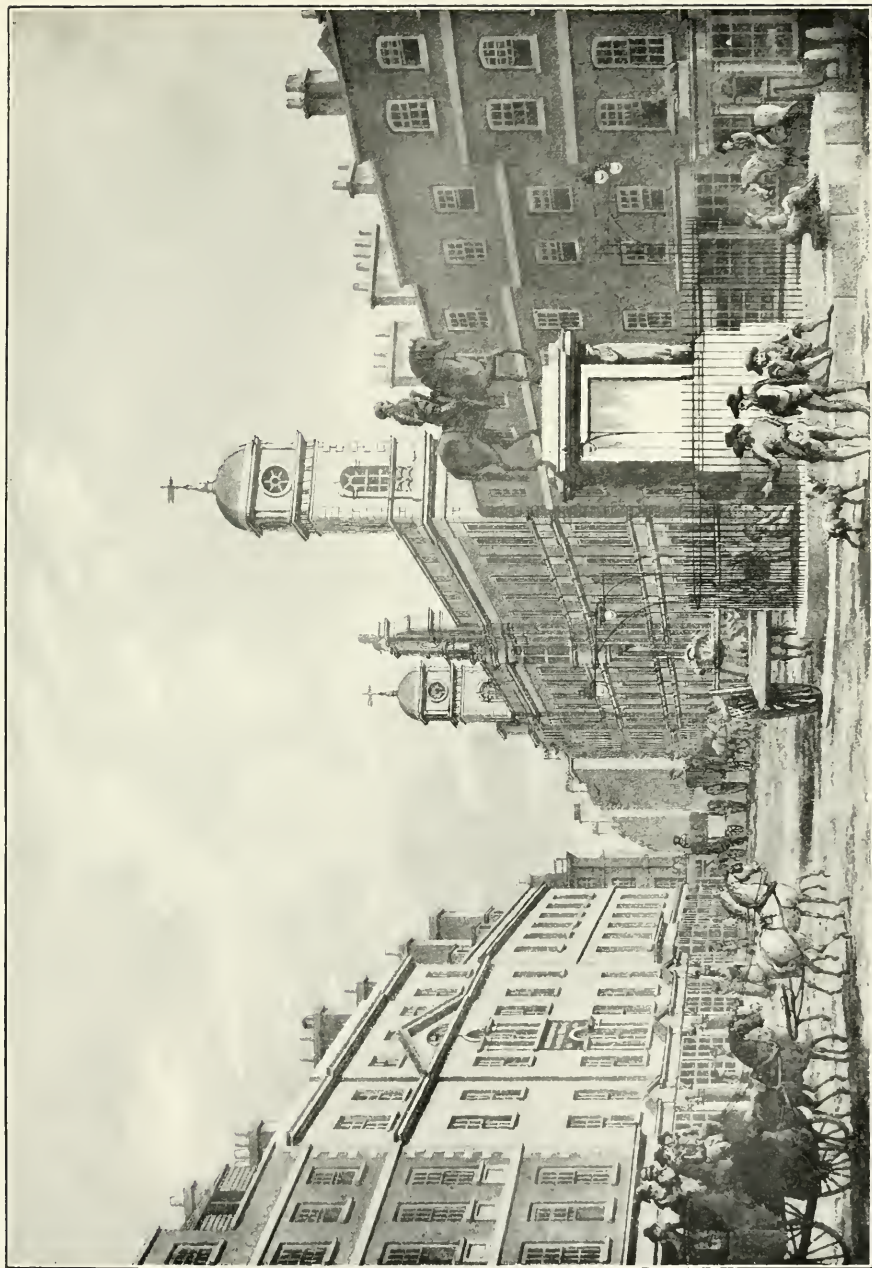
Countess, and the Castle was surrendered on conditions. This episode was depicted in the Pageant held at Carisbrooke in the summer of 1907, but in the accounts of it given in the papers the heroine was incorrectly described as "Duchess" of Portland.¹

The following year Lord Portland was denounced by his cousin, that turncoat Edmund Waller the poet, as being privy to the association in favour of the King known as "Waller's Plot." He was, however, soon discharged, but his estate remained under sequestration, and he lived in retirement until the Restoration. And now comes the curious adventures of the brass statue of King Charles, which had been erected by the first Earl. In "Domestic and State Papers" we find in the Reports of the Committee for the advancement of money, that "on the 11th September 1644 the Statue of the King on horse-back in brass at Roehampton House is to be sold by the candle towards the Earl of Portland's assessment." When the day of the sale arrived, John Rivett, the late King's brazier, to whom we have already alluded, appeared on the scene, and, pretending that the metal would be most useful to him in his trade, bought it. He was given strict orders to break it up, which he agreed to do, and soon after drove a thriving trade by selling to Royalists small articles of brass, such as knives and forks and various handles, &c., supposed to be made by him from the metal of the statue, and which the buyers valued as mementoes of their murdered King. Their Royal sentiment, however, was misplaced, for the astute brazier, foreseeing better times, did not break up the statue, but hid it away safely in his cellar! and when the Restoration came he proudly produced it. Jerome, Earl of Portland, then thought it should be his and

¹ The Bentincks, Dukes of Portland, have of course nothing to do with the Westons, Earls of Portland.

The Brazier and the Earl

laid claim to it, and in the Convention Parliament of May 1660 he petitioned that, as the Courts of Law were shut, the House would order it to be protected until his title to it was decided. In July of the same year complaint was made that John Rivett, brazier, refused to deliver to the Earl of Portland the statue, and consequently a replevin was served on the said statue. A great deal of litigation ensued between the Earl and the brazier. Apparently John Rivett established his claim, for he presented the statue to King Charles II., who had it set up at Charing Cross by an order from the Earl of Danby in 1674. It was placed on a pedestal, generally stated to be the work of Grinling Gibbons, but also attributed to Sir Christopher Wren, whose work it resembles and who was Surveyor-General of the works at the time. The carvings on each side, which are chiefly heraldic, have been much destroyed by our climate. Waller celebrated the erection of this statue in a well-known sonnet with a most courtly panegyric, while Andrew Marvell made it the subject of a clever satire. Horace Walpole, who observes that "the commanding grace of the figure and the exquisite form of the horse are striking, even to the most unpractised eye," is not correct in its history as given in his "Anecdotes of Painting," &c., inasmuch as he attributes the order for the statue to Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. The sword is a modern one; the original one fell to the ground with its appendages in 1810, the belt having given way; it was replaced, but finally disappeared about the time of Queen Victoria's Coronation, when the scaffolding erected about the statue afforded an easy manner of carrying off the sword. Shortly after it found its way into the so-called Museum of the notorious Captain D——, where it was carefully numbered and labelled! Formerly on Restoration Day the statue was regularly decorated



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS, BY HUBERT LE SUEUR.

From an old Print at Swallowfield.



JEROME WESTON, SECOND EARL OF PORTLAND, K.G.

From a Portrait at Swallowfield by Mirevelt.

The Brazier and the Earl

with oak boughs, which has now given place to wreaths and flower tokens, placed there by members of "The White Rose Society" and other admirers of the Martyr King, who flock to Trafalgar Square on the 29th May.

After the Restoration Jerome, Lord Portland, constantly attended in Parliament, but he died in 1662-63 at Ashley House, near Walton-on-Thames, and was buried in Walton Church, where there is a slab to his memory. He was succeeded by his only son, Charles, third Earl of Portland, who went as a volunteer with the Duke of York when he took the command of the English fleet against the Dutch, and was killed in action off Lowestoft, fighting most valiantly. Earl Jerome's four daughters all became nuns in the convent of the Poor Clares at Rouen, so that their widowed mother, Frances, Countess of Portland, whose early life had been so brilliant, found herself alone, and she had the misfortune to outlive the dynasty of the Stuarts, and to see the honours of her father's and her husband's families bestowed on strangers.¹ Her three brothers, Lords John, Bernard, and George Stuart, all fell fighting for King Charles. Lord George left one son, whose wife was "La Belle Stuart." She had no children, so the Dukedom of Lennox and Richmond expired in 1672. Her only son having also died fighting for his country, the Earldom of Portland became extinct in 1688 at the death of his brother-in-law Thomas, fourth Earl of Portland.

During her long widowhood, Frances, Countess of Portland, was allowed the rents of the Portland estates in the Fens, and the Crown granted her a pension of £1000 a year. She died in 1693, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

¹ In 1675 Charles Lennox, son of King Charles II. and Louise de Kéroualle, was made Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and in 1689 Hans William Bentinck, a Dutch gentleman, was created Duke of Portland by William III.

THE MERCHANT OF THE RUBY AND THE WHITE ROSE

“The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spell of York.”

“No Plantagenet, by'r lady.
By red rose or by white.”
—FORD.

THAT history repeats itself is a trite saying, but there is no truer one, and especially do we find it so in the matter of false claimants.

The greatest impostor of modern times,¹ the Tichborne Claimant, had his prototype in the fifteenth century in the person of Perkin Warbeck, who for eight years personated the young Duke of York, son of Edward IV. There were many points of resemblance between the two pretenders; in each case they had their “greatness thrust upon them”; in each it was a case of “*Cherchez la femme*,” and both were backed by a woman to spite others. We even find “Bogle”² in the fifteenth century, in the shape of one John Hayes, who had been a servant of Clarence and who primed Warbeck with circumstantial details of places and persons, which, we are told, “seemed very convincing first of all to the rude and barbarous people of Ireland, and afterwards to men of wisdom and high

¹ The *Times* called the Tichborne trial “the most celebrated of celebrated causes.”

² Bogle was the old black servant of the Tichborne family whom Arthur Orton met at Sydney and from whom he obtained so much information.

The Merchant of the Ruby

nobility." Warbeck also claimed the evidence of three marks on his body which those who had known the Duke of York in early days could vouch for. Furthermore, there was the analogy that, just as in modern times, many who did not go so far as to say "the claimant" was Roger Tichborne, still clung to the belief that he was a relation, probably *du côté gauche*, and pleaded family likeness, so in the fifteenth century many held that Perkin Warbeck was a natural son of Edward IV., and traced a resemblance to the handsome King. Amongst the various authors who believed in Warbeck's pretensions were Carte, Laing, Bayley, and notably Horace Walpole. On the other hand, all early historians, as well as Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, Hume, Lingard, Sharon Turner, &c., testified to his imposture; but the real history of Perkin Warbeck has only lately been satisfactorily traced from contemporary documents and official archives, and that learned historian Gairdner has brought forward such convincing evidence as to render it now almost impossible for any one to have a doubt upon the subject.

Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV. and widow of Charles le Téméraire, whom Bacon describes as having the character of a man with the malice of a woman, bore a mortal hatred to the House of Lancaster and personally to King Henry VII. Determining to set up a claimant for the throne of England, she had employed agents in Flanders to search for a likely youth, who was to be both handsome and graceful. At last they came upon one who seemed to have the desired requisites and brought him to the Duchess, who at once settled that he was most suitable for her purpose. Pierrequin Warbecque (as he signed himself) was the son of a barber of Tournay in Flanders, one Jehan Warbecque (said to be a

The Merchant of the Ruby

converted Jew) and his wife Catherine Faron. He had been in service for several years in Antwerp and at Middelburg under different masters, and, having been away from home for a long time, it was considered that it would be less easy to trace him. His age and looks were just right, and he was very intelligent. It remained only therefore to continue his education, and to prime him with the requisite information to carry on the imposture. For this purpose the astute Duchess thought he had best be out of the way of observation, so she arranged with Lady Brampton that he should go with her to Portugal. Lady Brampton was the wife of Sir Edward Brampton, a merchant of London and Portugal, who was a godson of Edward IV., and he and his family were zealous Yorkists. One, Stephen Frion, was sent with Perkin as his secretary and tutor, and, being naturally clever, the Flemish youth soon made rapid strides in foreign languages and also in the history of his newly invented family. After spending about a year in Portugal, he entered the service of a Breton merchant, who took him to Ireland, and it was in the autumn of 1491, when he was about seventeen years of age, that Perkin Warbeck first landed at Cork. The citizens insisted on doing him honours as a member of the House of York, John Walters, who was three times Mayor of Cork, being the prime mover. At first they said he was the son of Clarence, but this he denied, and even took an oath to the contrary before the Mayor. Then they said he was a bastard son of Richard III., but this honour he disclaimed. Finally they insisted that he was the Duke of York, son of King Edward IV., commonly supposed to have been murdered in the Tower, and they bade him not fear to assume the character, as they were determined to be revenged upon the King of England, and they assured him of the support of the Earls of Desmond and Kildare. "And

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so," said Perkin (in his Confession), "against my will they taught me what I should do and say."

He stayed in Cork many months, and then Charles VIII., King of France, delighted to have an opportunity of hampering the King of England, sent over two envoys to Ireland to invite him to his court, promising him a warm welcome and his protection. Perkin accordingly went to France, where he was received as a Royal Prince, lodged in splendid apartments, and given a guard of honour commanded by Le Sieur de Concrès-sault. He was joined by Sir George Nevill with a number of disaffected Yorkists; but peace between France and England being declared soon after, Perkin was no longer wanted as a tool by the French King, and, dreading that he might be given up to the King of England, the pretender withdrew to the Low Countries, where the Duchess of Burgundy recognised him as her nephew, introduced him to her court, ordered him a guard of honour, and gave him the title of "Rose Blanche d'Angleterre."

In one of Henry VII.'s letters, written to Sir Gilbert Talbot at this time, the King says:—

"Not forgetting the grete malice that the Lady Margarete of Burgoigne bereth continually gainst us, as she sheweth lately in sending hider of a feigned boye . . . and now the perseverance of the same, her malice by th' untrue contriving eftsones of another fayned lad called Perkin Warbeck, etc."

The first-mentioned "feigned boye" was Lambert Symnel, the son of a tradesman at Oxford, who about five years before had gone to Ireland and personated Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, and who was actually crowned in Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin, by the Bishop of Meath as Edward VI.,

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King of England ! The Duchess of Burgundy had then sent over to Ireland 2000 Germans, headed by Martin Schwarz, to assist the impostor, who on the strength of this made a descent on England, where he was defeated at Stoke and taken prisoner, and, as every one knows, his life was spared, and he was made a turn-spit in the Royal kitchen. The King pardoned the Earl of Kildare and other nobles who had assisted Symnel¹ and invited them the year following to a banquet at Greenwich, on which occasion their *ci-devant* King brought the dishes in from the kitchen.

One wonders that, so soon after the ignominious ending of Lambert Symnel's deception, a similar impostor should make any footing at all ; but the fact that he was recognised by his aunt, who was not likely to be deceived, weighed with many persons who were only too glad to be convinced that Perkin was what he pretended. "Qui vult decipi, decipatur."

Emboldened by success, Perkin Warbeck next applied for the support of Spain, and wrote in 1493 to Queen Isabella. In his letter he said that he had on his side the Kings of France, Denmark, and Scotland, the Duchess of Burgundy, Maximilian, the King of the Romans, and his son the Archduke of Austria and the Duke of Saxony. At the same time he gave the Queen an account of his adventures. Ferdinand and Isabella were not taken in by his story, and Warbeck's letter was docketed : "From Richard, who calls himself King of England." We next hear of the impostor being at Vienna with Duke Albert of Saxony for the funeral of the Emperor Frederick III., when he was given a high place in the procession to the church. After this the King of the Romans, who had a grudge

¹ After talking to them about their rebellion, Henry said to them, "My Masters of Ireland, you will crown apes at length !"

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against Henry VII., took him again to the Low Countries and publicly acknowledged him as King of England. Now for the first time King Henry appears to have taken some steps against Warbeck ; he sent Garter-King-of-Arms to remonstrate with Maximilian and the Duchess of Burgundy, ordering him to show them who he really was and publicly to proclaim his origin. This did not, however, prevent them from giving their support to the impostor, who had a bodyguard of twenty archers bearing the badge of the White Rose and hung out his arms, three leopards and three fleur-de-lys. However, when the Treaty of Commerce between England and the Netherlands was signed, it contained an express stipulation that the latter country should not harbour any English rebels, so Perkin Warbeck had to leave. He next turned his course once again to Ireland, hoping to receive there the same support as before. This visit, which is mentioned in a MS. in the British Museum, does not appear to have been so satisfactory, and receiving little encouragement he soon after proceeded to Scotland. King James IV., or rather his Regency, welcomed any pretext for a quarrel with the King of England, and they had long held secret communication, both with the Duchess of Burgundy and with Perkin Warbeck himself, who on these occasions went by the name of "The Merchant of the Ruby." As early as the year 1401, we have found the following entry in the Scotch Treasurer's books : "Given at the King's command to an Englishman called Edward Ormond that brought letters forth of Ireland fra King Edward's son and the Earl of Desmond 9 lb." King James received Warbeck publicly at Stirling in November 1495, addressing him as cousin, and the impostor was once again given royal honours and was styled Prince Richard of England, Duke of York. And now his success culminated when the Scottish King gave

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him in marriage his young cousin, Lady Katherine Gordon, daughter of the second Earl of Huntly and granddaughter of James I., said to be the most beautiful maiden in Scotland.

The marriage took place about the middle of January 1496, probably at Holyrood, and in the treasurer's accounts of Scotland at Register House, Edinburgh, we find Royal payments on this occasion including "a spousing gown." Perkin was given an allowance as well as a retinue free of expense.

King James made a brief expedition across the Border in his support, but did not follow it up, and withdrew his assistance soon after. He, however, ordered a vessel to be fitted out at some expense to convey him and his beautiful consort away, and they sailed from Ayr with a few followers in July 1497.¹ One author states that Warbeck had on board his two children, but this is probably not correct, or, if it was so, they must have died as infants, as there is no other notice of them. In the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland there are minute entries of the articles provided for the voyage, including a "see gowne of Rowane tannee" for the Duchess of York.

Perkin and Lady Katherine went first to Cork, where they stayed a month or more. The impostor was then joined by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, with a force of 24,000 men and laid siege to the loyal city of Waterford—"Urbs in tacta," or the untarnished city.

He next sailed for Cornwall, where, after various vicissitudes, he and Lady Katherine landed on the 7th September 1497 at Whitesand Bay, near Penzance. They were admitted

¹ Treas. Acc., July 4, 1497. "Memorials of Henry VII.," by Bergenroth; "Venetian Calendar," i. No. 755.



perkin warbeck nait a Tournay surpse pour Richard
duc d'York frere de d'edouard iv Roy d'Angleterre l'an 1492.
fut pendu a Londres par la fin de l'an 1499

PERKIN WARBECK.

From an old Print.

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into St. Michael's Mount by the monks, who were favourable to the house of York, and put the fortifications in a state of defence. Here Perkin left Lady Katherine, and they never met again. We are told she was devoted to him, and she certainly followed him through many privations. This was not much to be wondered at if the following account of him were true: "Of visage beautiful, of countenance majestical, of wit subtle and crafty, in education pregnant, in languages skilful, a lad, in short, of a fine shape, bewitching behaviour and very audacious."¹ Perkin was joined at Bodmin by about 3000 malcontents. The men of Cornwall had a grievance against King Henry about taxes, and took this opportunity of airing their wrongs. At Bodmin he was proclaimed King as Richard IV., and Exeter was besieged, but Perkin and his followers were repulsed by Lord William Courtenay. In Ellis's "Letters" there is one from King Henry VII. to Sir Gilbert Talbot about the assault of "Excester." The King writes: "Within that our Citty were our cousin of Devonshire (the Earl) Sir William Courtenay, Sir Jo Sapcotes, Sir Piers Edgecombe, Sir Humfrey Fulforth, with many other noblemen of our countries of Devonshire and Cornwall."

Shortly after Perkin heard that the King had arrived at Taunton, and from that moment he seems to have lost heart and to have seen that his cause was hopeless. He fled from the West, and at first took sanctuary in Beaulieu Monastery near Southampton, an Abbey of the Cistercian order, and, later on, in the Carthusian Convent at Sheen. After the battle of Blackheath, in which he was completely routed, he surrendered and made a full confession on condition that his life was spared.

¹ Bacon describes him as "mercuriall, made of quicksilver, which is hard to hold and emprison."

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He was taken prisoner to London, where he was put into the stocks at Westminster and Cheapside, and compelled to read his confession in various parts of London, after which he was committed to the Tower in June 1490. It had been stated that the confession, which Perkin wrote with his own hand, was dictated, but, as Mr. Gairdner so forcibly puts it, the minuteness of the particulars it contained, with its circumstantial statement of facts, was strong evidence in its favour, and all the persons (and they were many) whom he mentioned as being his relations can be verified in the Municipal Archives of Tournay. The confession (of which two copies exist, one at Tournay and one at Courtrai) is thoroughly consistent with the best sources of information we possess.

The leniency of Henry VII. would have enabled Perkin Warbeck to have lived on in comparative comfort had he remained quiet, but he commenced plotting with the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, who was also confined in the Tower, and with the idea of effecting their escape proposed, it is said, to murder the Lieutenant of the Tower. In consequence of this the Earl of Warwick was executed and Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn in November 1499. Thus ended the adventures of "The Merchant of the Ruby."

To return to Lady Katherine, whom Perkin had left for safety at St. Michael's Mount, the King sent Lord Daubeney to bring her to his Royal presence at Winchester. Henry was immensely struck with her beauty and charm, and this, added to the fact that she was his cousin, induced him to place her under the special care of his Queen, the good and kind Elizabeth of York, and he gave her an ample pension. She was sent to the Palace at Richmond accompanied by "a goodly sorte of sad matrones and gentlewomen" (Hallibert).

The Merchant of the Ruby

In King Henry's private expenses the item occurs on the 15th October 1499 of "payment of £7, 13s. 4d. to Robert Buthevell for horses, saddles, and other necessities for conveying Lady Katherine to the Queen."

From the purity of her complexion and also in allusion to her husband's pretensions, she obtained the name of "the White Rose." The next we hear of her is in 1502, when we find in Leland's "Collectanea" that "Lady Katherine Gourdon was in the Queen's train and ranking next to the Royal Family at the *fançelles* of the Princess Margaret to James IV., King of Scotland, which ceremony took place on St. Paul's day at the King's Royal manor of Richmond." After the death of Henry VII. in 1509 she continued in favour with his successor, and, moreover, Henry VIII. made her many grants of land in Berkshire, including Filbert, Eton, Frylsham-Garford, Longwittenham and Fyfield,¹ and she married James Strangways, one of the Gentlemen Ushers of the Chamber, and took up her residence at the last-named place. Her second husband lived only three or four years, and she then married a Welsh knight, Sir Matthew (or Mathyas, as he signed himself) Cradock of Cardiff; he was a widower thirty-six years of age, of an old Glamorganshire family, and had a daughter Margaret by his first wife, who married a Herbert and was ancestress of the present Earl of Pembroke and Powys. Lady Katherine became a widow for the third time in 1531, when Sir Matthew died and was buried in St. Anne's Chapel (now called Herbert Chapel), on the north side of the old church at Swansea, which he had built. Sir Matthew left Lady Katherine the sole

¹ These manors were purchased with their advowsons from the representatives of Lady Katherine by Sir Thomas White, who gave them to the President and Scholars of St. John's College, Oxford, founded by him in 1555.

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executrix of his will, expressly bequeathing to her "all such jewels as she had of her own the day that she and I were married, which included numerous ornaments of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, garnets and gold and silver plate."

Lady Katherine appears to have found the married state congenial, as she took unto herself a fourth husband in the shape of Christopher Assheton, who outlived her.

She died November 5, 1537, and was buried at Fyfield, and her tomb is still to be seen in the chancel of St. Nicholas's Chapel. Sir Matthew had intended that Lady Katherine should be buried with him at Swansea, where on a monument, much mutilated and defaced, is the following inscription: "Here lieth Mathie Cradok Kt., sometime Depute unto the Right Honourable Charles, Earl of Worcēt, in the County of Glamorgan and Morgan, Chancellor of the same, Steward of Gower and Kelvie and me Ladi Katerin his wife."¹ But the worthy knight had not calculated that his loving spouse would still take another and a fourth husband! and in her testamentary instructions Lady Katherine desired that her "body should be buried in the parish church of Fifield, in suche place as shall be thought necessarie and mete by the discretion of my dearly beloved husband."² Her will was proved by her executor Richard Smith, "her loving brother-in-law." After directing the payment of all her debts, "including which might be owing by her late husband, Sir Matthew Cradock of Cardiff and James Strangwis, late of Fyfelde deceased," she says, "I give and bequeath to my cousin Margarett Keymes such of my apparell as shall be thought mete for her by the discretion of my husband and my said executor." Attached to this cousin

¹ Sir Matthew Cradock was son of Richard ap Gwillim ap Evan ap Cradock.

² Lysons says her tomb stands under an obtuse arch, with a roof of rich tracery, blue and gold; over the arch is a cornice of gilt foliage. The Editor of Ashmole's "Collections" says it was called the monument of "Lady Gorgon"!

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Margaret Keymes there is a curious history. Her mother was Princess Cecilia, a daughter of King Edward IV., whom Hall calls "less fortunate than fair." She and her sisters were left destitute, but when Henry VII. chose one of them as his Queen their fortunes rose. Elizabeth allowed them an annuity and gave them many presents, and Princess Cecilia bore her sister's train at her coronation. Furthermore, King Henry arranged a marriage for her with her uncle by the half-blood John Viscount Welles, K.G. The latter died in 1489, and Princess Cecilia then made a terrible *mésalliance* and married one Thomas Keymes,¹ a native of the Isle of Wight—a man of such obscure birth that it is never stated who or what he was, and his name is variously given as Kyme, Kime, Keme, and Kymhe. By this husband Princess Cecilia had a daughter, the "Margaret Keymes" mentioned in Lady Katherine's will as her cousin. She married John Witherby, and left descendants in the female line which can be traced for several generations.² Princess Cecilia also had a Keymes son called Richard, and he left a daughter Agnes, who married John Baldwy of Southampton.

Lady Katherine ends her will in these words: "And whereas I in my life and my husband James Strangwis in the Monastery of St. Mary, over in Southerke by London, founded, constituted and ordenyd in the same Monasterye a p'petual Chaunterye with one priest therein dayly to syng masse for the soules of my fater, the Erle of Huntley and Gordon, and my Lady and mother, his wife; my soule, my saide husband's souls and James Strangwys

¹ Burke calls him "Sir John Kyme of Linconshire"; there is a family of that name there, but the pedigrees printed by the Harleian Society do not give this Royal Alliance, and it is therefore improbable that Princess Cecilia's second husband was one of them.

² Her daughter married John Brooke, and their daughter Agnes became the wife of John Duffield, whose daughter, Agnes Duffield, married first Robert Turnour, and secondly Robert Witherington.

The Merchant of the Ruby

his father and mother and all xten souls: I desire my saide husband my executor to have the oversight of the same Chaunterye, so that all masses and other oraysons may be sung and said according to the very true Fundacōn thereof."

It is to be hoped that when Lady Katherine was arranging for these masses to be said for herself and so many of her relations that in "all xten souls" she meant to include the poor Merchant of the Ruby.



CHARLOTTE BRABANTINE DE NASSAU,
d. of William the Silent.

“THE QUEEN OF MAN”

“’Twas when they raised, ’mid sap and siege,
The banners of their rightful liege
At this she-captain’s call,
Who, miracle of womankind !
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That mann’d the castle wall.”

AMONGST our Huguenot ancestors was Charlotte de la Trémoille. She was the daughter of Claude de la Trémoille, Duc de Thouars, Prince de Tarente et de Talmand,¹ and her mother was Charlotte Brabantine de Nassau, daughter of William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Claude de la Trémoille was one of the leaders of the Reformed Church in France, and fought bravely under the banner of Henri IV. He died when he was only thirty-eight years of age, leaving his wife and family under the protection of his two brothers-in-law, the Elector Palatine Prince Maurice of Nassau and the Duc de Bouillon, as well as of Monsieur du Plessis, desiring that his children should be brought up in the religion in which he died. Our heroine, his third daughter, who was born in 1601 at Thouars, where she spent her youth almost exclusively, seems to have been a precocious child, if we judge from the two letters before us written on ruled paper in a large hand and addressed to her mother. The first one, written when she was only five or six years of age, is as follows :—

“MADAME,—Since you went away I have become very good. Thank God you will find me quite learned. I know

¹ This family had nearly fifty titles, and dated from 1040.

“The Queen of Man”

seventeen Psalms, all the quatrains of Pibrac, all the huitains of Zamariel, and above all I can talk Latin. My little brother is so pretty. He could not be prettier; when visitors come he is quite enough to entertain them. It seems, Madame, a very long time since we saw you. Pray love me. M. de St. Christophe says you are well, for which I have thanked God. I pray to God for you. I humbly kiss the hands of my good Aunt and of my little cousins. I am, Madame, your very humble and very obedient and good daughter,

“CHARLOTTE DE LA TRÉMOILLE.”

The other letter, written when she was eight, says:—

“MADAME,—I am very sorry that I have been disobedient to you, but I hope you will never again have occasion to complain of me. Although I have not been very good, I hope to be so for the future that you will have no cause of dissatisfaction; and that Madame my grandmother and Messieurs my uncles will not find me ungrateful any more, but hoping to render them obedient and very humble service. This new year they have shown their kindness by giving me beautiful New Year's presents; Madame (the Princess of Orange) a carcanet of diamonds and rubies; Monsieur le Prince d'Orange some earrings: His Excellency three dozen of pearl and ruby buttons, Monsieur my uncle a dress of silver tissue, etc.”

These letters are, of course, translations, and in the originals the spelling is so bad that one has to read the sentences aloud in order to guess the words!

The first event in Charlotte de la Trémoille's life of any importance took place when she was eighteen, and gave her a supreme satisfaction which lasted all her life. This was the marriage of her brother, the Duc de Thouars, to his cousin, Marie de la Tour d'Auvergne, daughter of the Duc de

“The Queen of Man”

Bouillon and of Elizabeth of Nassau, and she continued to live on at Thouars with her brother and sister-in-law for the next seven years. Then her widowed mother took Charlotte to Paris and on to The Hague, where we find them in the beginning of the year 1626 at the Court of Frederick Henry of Nassau, Prince of Orange, her uncle.¹ There a marriage was arranged for her, and in July of that year she became the wife of James Stanley, Lord Strange, eldest son of the sixth Earl of Derby. Lord Strange was very handsome, and had a high character for honour and bravery, besides being extremely accomplished and classed amongst the best prose writers of his day. In the *Desiderata Curiosa* will be found the “History of the Isle of Man,” by James, Earl of Derby and Lord of Man, interspersed with long and excellent advices to his son. And amongst the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum there is a sort of Historical Commonplace Book written by him and inscribed on the first page, “‘Ne turba operas meas’—J. Derby, 1645, Castle Rushin in the Isle of Man.”

Mademoiselle de la Trémoille was twenty-five years old at the time of her marriage, and could never have had much pretensions to good looks. There is a portrait of her which was painted by Rubens at The Hague just before she married. It represents her in a corsage of scarlet satin and a hat with white feathers, and she looks bright, blooming, and arch; but if she was not very handsome her good qualities and fine character endeared her to her husband, and they were a most united couple. In writing to her mother, Lady

¹ Frederick Henry became Prince of Orange on the death of his half-brother Maurice in 1625. His son William married Mary, daughter of Charles I., and their son was William III., King of England.

“The Queen of Man”

Strange says: “He (Lord Strange) shows me the utmost affection, and God gives me grace to live in much happiness and peace of mind”; and again she writes, “I have every reason to thank God and you for having married me so happily.”

Directly after their marriage they went to England, and Lady Strange was made one of the Ladies-in-waiting to Queen Henrietta Maria, herself a bride of only one year. But she does not appear to have held this position long, for from the following year we find her living continuously at Lathom House, her father-in-law’s (Lord Derby) place in Lancashire, which he gave up entirely to his son, residing himself at Chester.

Money troubles caused the young couple great embarrassments from the commencement of their married life. The Derby estates were encumbered with debt, and her own family, which had been so powerful and had such large possessions, was suffering greatly from the Civil Wars, in consequence of which her brother, the Duc de la Trémoille, was unable to pay her fortune or marriage settlement. This Lady Strange felt most keenly for her husband’s sake, and she wrote to her mother: “If I had not so good a husband this would perhaps arouse suspicions in him, which however, thank God, it has not done. What troubles me most is that by entering this family I see I have only increased its debts and expenses.”

The sons and daughters that were born to them added to their anxieties. The eldest, Charles, had for his sponsor King Charles I., who gave him at his christening two gilt cups, presenting Lady Strange at the same time with some fine diamonds. The Duchess of Richmond, who was godmother on the occasion, gave her godson “a large basin and a silver-



JAMES STANLEY, 7TH EARL OF DERBY, K.G., AND CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.
(From an engraving at Swallowfield after Vandycke)

“The Queen of Man”

gilt knife, which is used when the loaves of bread have been removed from the table,” and to Lady Strange a turquoise bracelet.

In 1640 Lord Strange succeeded his father as seventh Earl of Derby, and was one of the first who, when King Charles I. declared war, joined him at York with three regiments of infantry and as many troops of horse, raised, clothed, and armed solely at his own expense.

After having taken Preston and Lancaster from the rebels by storm, leading the attacks with the greatest bravery, Lord Derby then busily employed himself fortifying his own house of Lathom; but before he had time to complete his arrangements, he heard that the rebels were contemplating an attack on the Isle of Man. This island had been the private property of the Stanleys since the time of Henry IV., who had granted it to Sir John Stanley.¹ It was a kingdom by itself, and the Earls of Derby bore the title of “King of Man,” which was afterwards exchanged for that of “Lord of Man.”

Leaving the completion of his plans for the defence of Lathom to the charge of his wife, Lord Derby at once proceeded to the Isle of Man. He had scarcely left when Lady Derby heard that an attack would shortly be made on Lathom. No doubt the enemy thought that, as it was left in the hands of a woman and a foreigner to boot, little or no resistance would be made; but they did not realise the character of her with whom they had to deal—a true daughter of Nassau, and granddaughter of William the Silent. Lady

¹ James, tenth Earl of Derby, dying without issue in 1735, the lordship of Man descended to James Murray, second Duke of Atholl. In 1725 the Lords of the Treasury purchased the island at a valuation amounting to £418,000, and it was then entirely ceded to the British Crown.

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Derby worked assiduously for eighteen months, strengthening her little garrison, by increasing her stock of provisions and military stores, bringing in barrels of powder and ammunition secretly by night, and collecting within the walls as many of the neighbours and men of the lower classes that she could depend upon, in all more than three hundred men. These, added to her servants, she formed into six regiments, each under a lieutenant chosen from gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the command of the whole Lady Derby entrusted to Captain Farmer, a Scotchman who had served with reputation in the Low Countries.¹

During all this time Lady Derby never went beyond the courts of the house, and everything was done with such secrecy and so cleverly managed that the rebels were quite unaware of what had been going on. A council of war, held at Manchester in February 1644, decided that Colonel Ashton of Middleton, Moor of Bank Hall, and Rigby of Preston, should attack Lathom. They took up their quarters two miles off, headed by Fairfax, who sent a message to Lady Derby, promising on behalf of the Parliament grace to her husband if she surrendered Lathom. Her reply was that, in a business of so much importance, she must have a week to consider her answer. Fairfax would not agree to this, and asked her to come in her carriage to New Park, a house belonging to Lord Derby in the neighbourhood, for an interview with him. Lady Derby was very indignant at this suggestion and said, “Say to Sir Thomas Fairfax that I do not forget either the honour of my lord or my own birth, and that I conceive it more knightly that Sir Thomas Fairfax should

¹ Captain Farmer was killed at the battle of Marston Moor.

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wait upon me than I upon him.”¹ The General then sent two of his Colonels, who offered her that she and her family should remove to Knowsley Hall, another of the Stanley family seats, and should there be unmolested and have the moiety of the Earl’s estate for her support. She refused all their offers, and on the 7th of March this memorable siege began. The enemy at once set to work to dig a trench, but were much harassed by the sorties made by the garrison. On the 24th of March Lady Derby ordered a sally of two hundred men, who slew about sixty and took some prisoners, the loss on her side consisting only of two. With her daughters, Mary and Catherine, Lady Derby watched over everything, and she was often on the ramparts. When a bullet fell into her bedroom she smiled disdainfully, and it was only after the same thing had occurred several times that she consented to change her apartment. On one occasion a shell had burst in the dining-room during dinner, which broke the glass and furniture; but the children, who were beside their mother, did not move and the meal was continued. At length Colonel Rigby announced a grand attack with mortar-piece and cannon, but sent an insolent message to Lady Derby ordering her to surrender before two o’clock. Lady Derby was in the courtyard talking to her officers when this messenger arrived. She read the letter, and then tore it in pieces before the messenger, and told him to go back to Rigby and “tell that insolent rebel he shall have neither persons, goods, nor house. When our strength and provision are spent we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby’s; and then, if the Providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight, and myself, children, and soldiers, rather than fall

¹ Halsall’s “Siege of Lathom House.”

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into his hands, will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flame.”¹

The rebels then settled on a general assault with a mortar-piece of large calibre, and no quarter was to be given; but Lady Derby determined to make a desperate effort to circumvent these plans. Accordingly, at four o'clock in the morning, Captain Chisenhall and eighty men silently left the eastern gate, and before they were discovered by the enemy they were under the cannon. Meanwhile Captain Fox, who had gone out by another gate, made himself master of the works which defended the mortar, while Captain Ogle beat back the enemy. Ropes were passed round the mortar and the formidable engine was rolled into the courtyard to Lady Derby's feet. She immediately ordered her chaplain to be called and gathered her household together in the chapel to return thanks to God. This remarkable exploit had only cost the lives of two of the garrison, the loss of the enemy being far more considerable. Rigby had been so sure of his success that he had actually invited his friends in the neighbourhood to come on this day to see the reduction and the burning of the house. The sorties of the garrison continued incessantly, and Rigby complained that he was “obliged to drive them back as often as five and six times in the same night.” In most of these affairs Lady Derby was present, and frequently in great danger. Her conduct united the most exemplary piety with the most determined courage. Every action was prefaced by devout prayer, every success acknowledged by humble thanksgiving. At last the garrison was reduced to the greatest distress. The ammunition and the corn were spent, and they had killed for food nearly all the horses. Still Lady Derby held out and

¹ Halsall's “Siege of Lathom House.”

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gave the same answer as before to a fresh offer from the besiegers.

At this time Prince Rupert was marching his army to York, and Lord Derby entreated him to pass through Lancashire and go to the aid of Lady Derby, who was his cousin. As an inducement to the soldiers to lose no time on the march, he promised them a reward of £3000, raised on his wife's jewels, which she had managed to convey to him during the siege.

Rigby on hearing of the approach of Prince Rupert, withdrew his forces on the 27th May 1644, and thus ended this memorable defence. Lady Derby then retired to the Isle of Man with her six children.¹

At the beginning of the year 1647 Lady Derby went to London with the object of trying to get the name of Lord Derby erased from the list of the thirty-six persons who were excluded from the amnesty.² During this visit she visited King Charles I. for the second time since he was a prisoner, and writes that “the King is hopeful about his affairs.” We have no accounts of what she felt during the enactment of the dire tragedy that followed, but soon after the death of the King, Ireton wrote to Lord Derby to surrender the Isle of Man to the Parliament. The noble Earl replied in the following terms:—

“SIR,—I received your letter with indignation and scorn, and return you this answer; that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me that I should, like

¹ Lathom House continued to hold its own against the enemy for six months longer but, finally, was obliged to surrender, when the fortress was razed to the ground.

² Thurloe's State Papers.

“The Queen of Man”

you, prove treacherous to my sovereign. I scorn your proffers, disdain your favour, and abhor your treason, and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this for your final answer and forbear any further solicitations, for, if you trouble me with any more, I will burn the paper and hang the bearer: this is the immutable resolution and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be

“His Majesty’s most loyal and obedient servant,

“DERBY.

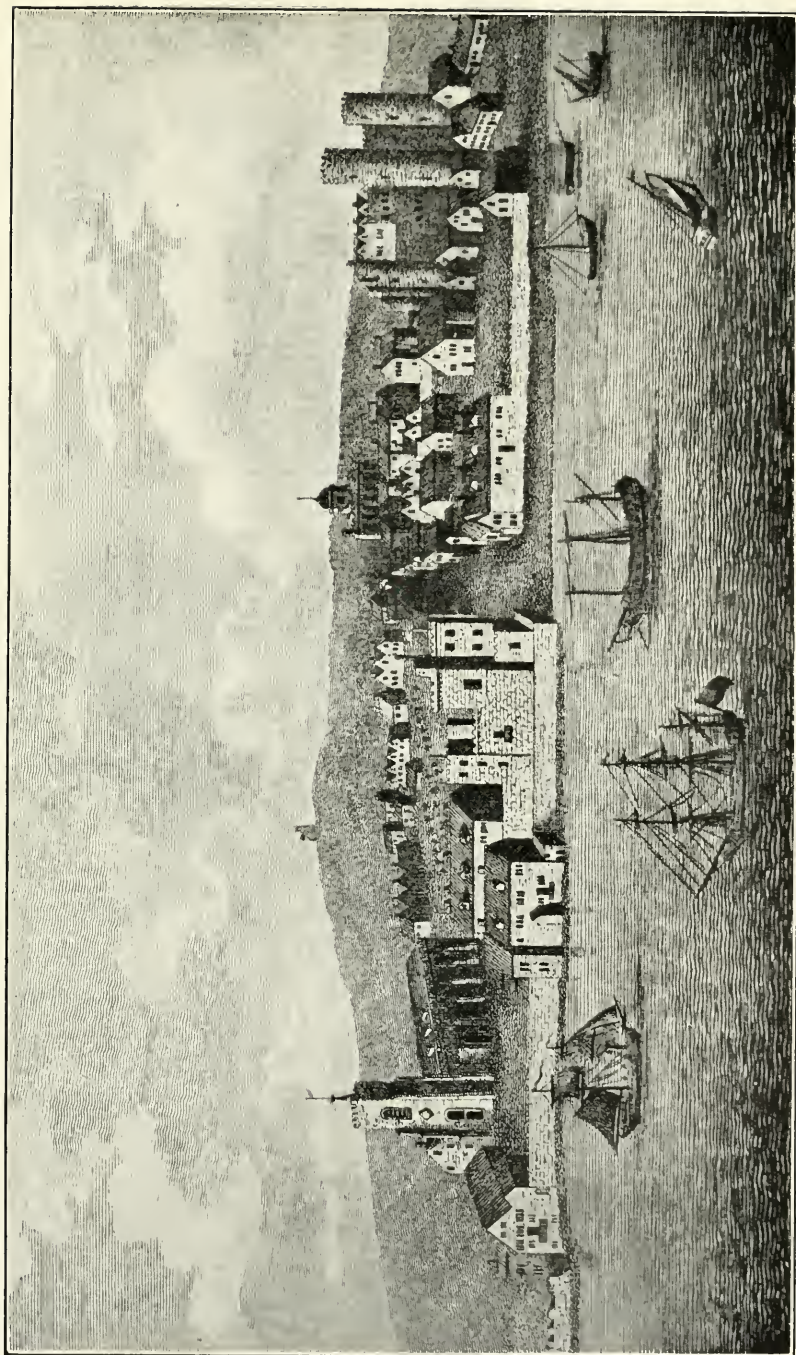
“CASTLETOWN, 22nd July 1649.”

At the same time Lord Derby published a manifesto in London, which ended thus:—

“And I do cheerfully invite all my allies, friends, and acquaintances and all my tenants in the counties of Lancaster and Chester or elsewhere, and all other of His Majesty’s faithful and loyal subjects to repair to this Island (Man) as their general rendezvous and safe harbour where they shall receive entertainment, where we will unanimously employ our forces to the utter ruin of these rebellious regicides and the final destruction of their interests by land and sea. Neither shall any apprehension of danger to my life or estate appal me.

“DERBY.”

About this time Lady Derby’s health began to give way under all the strain of what she had gone through, and she was seriously ill for a considerable period. In 1650 she wrote to her sister-in-law: “Since I last wrote to you I have received news of my daughters in England which afflicts me not a little, and though I can think of nothing to relieve them, I hope to find some comfort in telling you my troubles,



LIVERPOOL IN 1680.

From an Engraving by John Eyles.

“The Queen of Man”

for I know that you will share and if possible remedy them. When I was in England [Lady Derby never talks of the Isle of Man as England] and intending to come here, I was advised to send for Catherine and Amelia and to leave them at Knowsley that they might keep possession of the house and receive the income granted to children of ‘delinquents,’ for so they call us. . . . I procured passports from the Parliament, and they have been there two years without any one ever having disturbed either them or their people; but about three weeks ago a man of the name of Birch, the governor of a small town called Liverpool, took them prisoners and confined them in the said town, where they are now in custody. No reason is given for this, but we hear it is because they are thought to be too much liked, and that people were beginning to make applications to the Parliament in the hope that their father might come to terms. . . . We hear that they are bearing it bravely, and I have no doubt this is true of the eldest; but my daughter Amelia is delicate and timid, and is undergoing medical treatment by order of M. de Mayerne.¹ They are in a wretched place, ill lodged, and in a bad air, but these barbarians think of nothing but carrying out their damnable designs, which could not be worse if all hell itself had invented them.”

Bradshaw, who hated Lord Derby, was supposed to be at the bottom of this treatment, which got worse and worse, till at last Lady Catherine and Lady Amelia Stanley were not allowed sufficient food, and their servants went about from house to house to beg for assistance, or they would literally have suffered from hunger. Eventually application on their behalf was made to Fairfax, who had always shown them kindness; and he wrote

¹ Sir Theodore Mayerne, who was Charles I.’s doctor.

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that if Lord Derby would surrender the Isle of Man to the Parliament, not only should his children be set at liberty but he himself should be allowed to return to England and enjoy one moiety of his estate.¹

Lord Derby, whose motto, “Sans changer,” seems to have been adopted in a prophetic spirit, again refused, saying his children should never be redeemed by his disloyalty.

When Charles II. left Scotland in 1651 to carry the war into England he sent for Lord Derby, who at once started from the Isle of Man with ten ships to join his royal master, and landed in Lancashire with three hundred gentlemen. Marching to Wigan, a town devoted to the King, Lord Derby was attacked by Lilburn, and he and his cavaliers were forced to give way before the superior numbers, but not before Lord Derby had two horses killed under him, and received seven shots on his breastplate and fourteen cuts on his helmet, besides wounds on his arms and shoulders. He, however, managed to escape, leaving most of his friends dead on the field of battle, and disguised made his way, with three attendants, towards Worcester. On the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire he and Colonel Roscarrock met Mr. Richard Sneyd, who brought them to Boscobel House, a small house belonging to the Giffards, a Catholic family who lived at Chillington, and which was only inhabited by a family of peasants called Penderell, who acted as caretakers, and were, like their master, Catholics. Lord Derby rested there for two nights, and then went on to Worcester, arriving there the day before the fatal battle where the Royalists were completely routed by Cromwell; King Charles would not have escaped with his life had it not been for Lord Derby,

¹ Seacome's “House of Stanley.”



Photo: Emery Walker.

JAMES STANLEY, SEVENTH EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

“The Queen of Man”

Lord Cleveland, and Colonel Wogan, who contrived to force a passage for him through the ranks of the enemy, surrounding him and protecting him with their swords, they themselves remaining behind to cover his retreat. Later on they rejoined the King at some distance from the town, and Lord Derby recommended his Majesty to conceal himself at Boscobel, Mr. Charles Giffard offering to conduct him there. Lord Derby, on parting from the King, attempted to get into Lancashire, but was taken prisoner and conveyed to Chester, whence he wrote a letter to his wife as follows:—

“MY DEAR HEART,—It hath been my misfortune since I left you not to have one line of comfort from you, which hath been most afflictive to me. . . . I escaped a great danger at Wigan, but met with a worse at Worcester, being not so fortunate as to meet with any that would kill me. . . . I and Lord Lauderdale had quarter given by one Captain Edge, a Lancashire man, and one that was so civil to me, that I and all that love me are beholden to him.”

Lord Derby goes on to recommend his wife to give up the Isle of Man, which place he says she knows has always been his darling, and make the best conditions she can for herself and children, and so “trusting in the assistance and goodness of God, begin the world again.”

Lord Derby was declared guilty of high treason and condemned to death, with a very short interval for fear of an appeal. Lord Strange, Lord Derby's eldest son, on hearing of his father's condemnation, travelled night and day to London and sent a petition to the House of Commons. It was of a most affecting nature, and the majority of the members were inclined to mercy; but at this critical moment Cromwell and Bradshaw rose and left the House, taking

“The Queen of Man”

many of their friends with them, and the numbers left not being sufficient to form a House the petition could not be put to the vote, and the question was thus decided silently and without appeal. Lady Catherine Stanley, Lord Derby's daughter, also wrote a most fervent appeal to her aunt the Duchesse de la Trémoille, imploring her to use her influence in his favour, but before the Duchess could reply Lord Derby had ceased to exist. He was executed at Bolton, 15th October 1651, preserving his heroic fortitude to the last. He was attended by his two eldest daughters and his son and daughter-in-law, but so hurried were his last days that Lady Derby only heard of his condemnation after he was no more. The following beautiful letter he wrote to her two days before his execution:—

“MY DEAR HEART,—I have heretofore sent you comfortable lines, but alas I have now no word of comfort saving to our last and best refuge, which is Almighty God, to whose will we must submit; and when we consider how He hath disposed of these nations, and the government thereof, we have no more to do but to lay our hands upon our mouths, judging ourselves, and acknowledging our sins, joined with others, to have been the cause of these miseries, and to call on Him with tears for mercy. The governor of this place, Colonel Duckenfield, is General of the forces which are now going against the Isle of Man; and, however you might do for the present, in time it would be a grievous and troublesome thing to resist, especially those that at this hour command the three nations; wherefore my advice, notwithstanding my great affection to that place, is that you make conditions for yourself and children and servants and people there, and such as came over with me, to the end you may get to some place of rest, and taking thought of your poor children, you may

“The Queen of Man”

in some sort provide for them: then prepare yourself to come to your friends above in that blessed place where bliss is, and no mingling of opinion. I conjure you, my dearest Heart, by all those graces that God has given you, that you exercise your patience in this great and strange trial. If harm come to you, then I am dead indeed; and until then I shall live in you, who are truly the best part of myself. When there is no such as I in being, then look upon yourself and my poor children, then take comfort and God will bless you. I acknowledge the great goodness of God to have given me such a wife as you—so great an honour to my family—so excellent a companion to me—so pious—so much of all that can be said of good I must confess is impossible to say enough, thereof I ask God pardon with all my soul that I have not been enough thankful for so great a benefit, and when I have done anything at any time that might justly offend you, with joined hands I also ask your pardon. Oh, my dear soul, I have reason to believe that this may be the last time that ever I shall write unto you. . . . I must forgive all the world, else I would not go out of it as a good Christian ought to do; and I hold myself in duty bound to desire you to forgive my son and his bed-fellow. She hath more judgment than I looked for, and it may be of good use to him and the rest of our children. She takes care of him, and I am deceived much if you and I have not been greatly misinformed when we were told ill of her. I hope you will have reason to think so too. . . . For my sake, keep not too strict, too severe a life, but endeavour to live for your children's sake, which by an over-melancholy course you cannot do. The world knows you so full of virtue and piety that it will never be ill thought if you do not keep your chamber.

“I have no more to say to you at this time than my prayers for the Almighty's blessing to you, my dear Moll and Ned and Billy. Amen. Sweet Jesus! Your faithful,

“DERBY.”

“The Queen of Man”

After her husband's death Lady Derby still refused to give up the Isle of Man, replying to the demand of the Parliament that she held it for the King and would not surrender it to his enemies. She had for some time been fortifying the Castle of Rushin where the crown of lead was kept, the insignia of the King of Man, and she and her children remained there under the protection of its governor, Sir Thomas Armstrong. Captain William Christian, a Manxman, commanded the troops in the island, but he was gained over by the Parliamentarians, whom he allowed to land, and Lady Derby and her children were given up to the Commissioners. After being virtually a prisoner there for two months she was allowed to go to London, where she followed her husband's last directions.

Although, as she wrote to her sister, “all her joy was in the grave,” she occupied herself with the advancement of her family, and shortly after we find her arranging matrimonial alliances for her three daughters, Catherine, Mary, and Amelia, who married respectively the Marquis of Dorchester, the Earl of Strafford, and the Earl of Athol.

At the Restoration Lady Derby was once again much to the fore, and her letters at this time abound with news concerning the Court and its entourage. She saw much of the Dowager-Queen Henrietta-Maria, her former mistress, whom she says charmed all who saw her; and she joined in her grief at the death of her eldest daughter, the Princess of Orange, who died in London either of measles or small-pox—the doctors could not decide which it was—but bled her until she had no strength left. By her death the fascinating Henrietta became “Princess-Royal.” Lady Derby, who calls her “our adorable Princess,” writes about her marriage with “Monsieur.” Lady Derby

“The Queen of Man”

was also much in the company of the Queen of Bohemia, of whom she remarks that, notwithstanding all she had gone through, was of as youthful a disposition as if she were a girl of twenty.

But above all Lady Derby was interested in the (newly restored) King, and fell completely under his charm. Writing in 1661 she says: “Imagine the surprise I had last night; I had only my daughter Strafford with me, when suddenly they told me the King was on the stairs attended only by the Marquis of Ormond.” She goes on to expatiate on his kindness, and finishes by saying: “It must be owned that he is the most charming Prince in the world.” The fascination extended even to his looks, for in another letter, describing the coronation, she says: “His good looks and his courtesy are beyond description.” Lady Derby was much excited about all the different marriages suggested for him, and notwithstanding the difference of religion, her hopes were in the direction of “La grande Mademoiselle,” whom, however, Lady Derby tells us, King Charles refused to consider as she had snubbed him so much when he was very young and a wanderer.

Another marriage in which she was much interested was that of Mademoiselle de la Trémoille, her niece, who was now thirty, and had hitherto refused all the suitors for her hand. Lady Derby writes to her sister-in-law to suggest the Duke of Richmond, whom she describes as the fourth person in England and related to the King.¹ Mademoiselle de la Trémoille, however, married Bernard de Saxe Weimar.

All this time poor Lady Derby was in vain trying to get monies paid to her and her children which apparently were

¹ Charles Stuart, sixth Duke of Lennox and third Duke of Richmond. At his death without issue in 1672, King Charles II. was served his Grace's heir.

“The Queen of Man”

their due. The demands upon King Charles II.'s exchequer were more than could possibly be considered; no sooner had he entered upon his kingdom than all who had any claim on him, however slight, and hundreds who had none, hastened to put forward their demands. From those who desired to be made peers down to the meanest hind, all swarmed round Secretary Nicholas with petitions; some of these were actually dated the 29th May, so they had lost no time! King Charles said that, if he were to ennoble every one who expected it, the House of Lords would have to meet on Salisbury Plain; and to have satisfied all who put forward claims, would, it has been said, have required the wealth of a Lydian monarch and the patronage of an American President! As it was, many of those whom King Charles wished to oblige had to be kept waiting for their pensions for years. This was the case with Lady Derby, though the King tried to make amends for her and her family by all that was in his power. Her eldest son was reinstated in his estates; her second son was given a post about the King; the third was appointed Gentleman-of-the-Bedchamber to the Duke of York; and Lady Derby herself was promised the position of governess to the Queen's children—children which never made their appearance!—but she did not live long enough to regret this.

Early in 1663 Lady Derby's correspondence with her sister-in-law ceased; and on the 31st of March 1664 she died at Knowsley, aged sixty-three, the whilom “Queen of Man.”

PEDIGR

Jean II., Roi de France
mort à Londres.

Charles d'Albret, = Jeanne de France
Roi de Navarre.

1386

de Montford, V. Duc de Bretagne = Jean
et de Richmond; mort 1399.

1417

de Bretagne. = Alain, Vicomte de Rohan,
a quo les ducs de Rohan.

Marguerite de Rohan.

Catherine de Rohan. = Jean, Vicomte de Rohan.

Charles, Comte d'Angoulême. = Louise de Savoie.

Alain d'Albret. = Françoise de France
Comtesse de Périgord.

Charles V. = François 1^{er}, Roi de France.

Louise de Savoie.

Jean de France. = Catherine de Medecis.

Marguerite d'Orléans, = Henri d'Albret
Duchesse d'Alençon. Roi de Navarre.
1503-1555

Henri II.,
Roi de France.

Marguerite. = Henri IV.,
Roi de France.

Elizabeth. = Philippe II.,
Roi d'Espagne.

Jeanne d'Albret. = Antoine de Navarre.

Philippe II.,
Roi d'Espagne.

Marguerite. = Henri III.,
Roi de France.

Louis XIII., =
Roi de France.

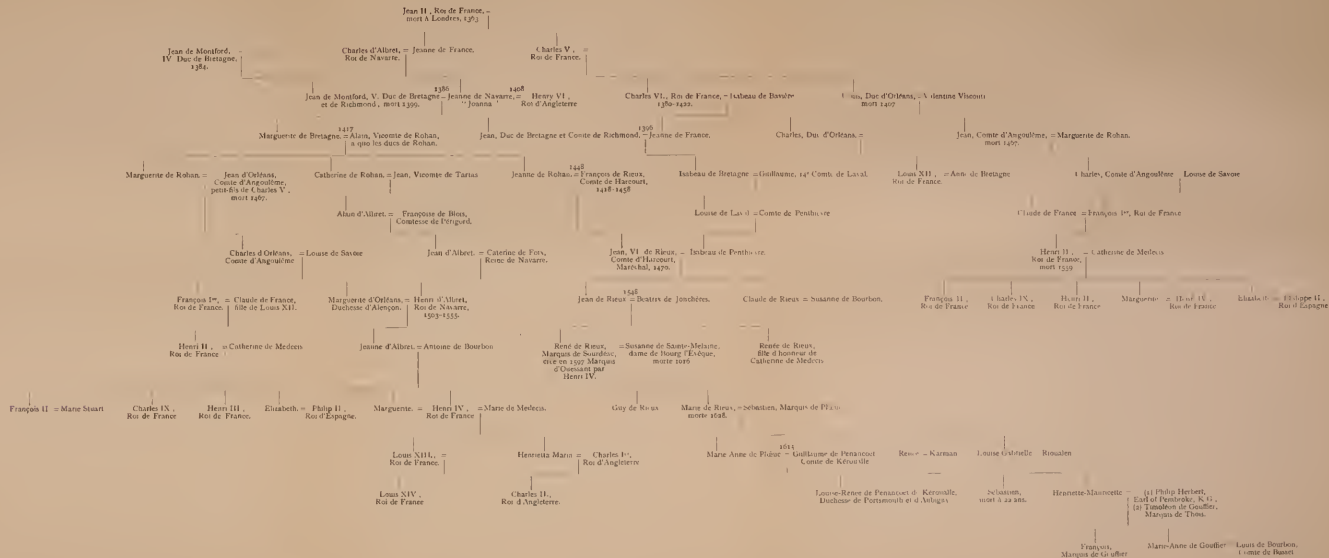
Louis XIV.,
Roi de France.

Antoinette-Mauricette. = (1) Philip Herbert,
Earl of Pembroke, K.G.,
(2) Timoléon de Gouffier,
Marquis de Thoisy.

François,
Marquis de Gouffier.

Marie-Anne de Gouffier. = Louis de Bourbon,
Comte de Busset.

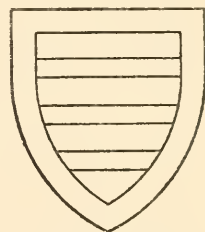
A PORTION OF THE PEDIGREE OF LOUISE DE KÉROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH



APPENDIX

Page 21, line 7.—The Comtesse de Kéroualle's direct ancestor, Guillaume de Plœuc, married Constance de Léon, sister of the Vicomte de Léon; this marriage is proved by the "dénombrement" made for the King of France in 1679, and we are told "cette alliance suffit pour fixer la position sociale des sieurs de Plœuc." Guillaume de Plœuc left only a daughter, who was the last of her race, but she married in 1292 Tanguy de Kergorlay, Seigneur du Timeur, who took her arms and name. The house of Kergorlay, according to Monsieur Courcelles (author of the *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse de France*) was one of the most illustrious of the ancient "chevalerie de la Bretagne," and occupies a glorious page in the annals of Brittany. Their motto was "Ayde-toi, Kergorlay, et Dieu t'aydera."

P. 21, l. 13.—François de Penhoët married on the 10th May 1330 Jeanne de Penancoët, the only daughter of Valentin de Penancoët, Seigneur de Kéroualle, by his wife Adélise de Kéroulas, dame de Kéroualle.



"Penancoët" 1330

P. 21, l. 19.—The motto "A bep pen léaddit" is on the pair of magnificent silver-gilt flagons which Louise de Kéroualle presented to the Corporation of Portsmouth. They have also her arms engraved on a lozenge surrounded by an ermine mantle. Azure 3 bars argent. The flagons are 16½ inches high, and have the hall-mark of 1683.

P. 23, l. 13.—His father, another Guillaume de Penancoët, Seigneur de Kéroualle, fought at the defence of Brest against the Spaniards and the Ligueurs so valiantly that Henri IV. wrote with his own hand to congratulate him, and sent him "le collier de St. Michel."

P. 28, l. 21.—King Charles and some of his retinue went whilst he was at Dover to hear Divine Service at St. Mary's Church. He expressed his dislike in very strong terms at finding that the Presbyterian members of the Corporation had seats at the east end of the Chancel. He said it was an indecent and irreverent thing, and ordered that the doors of the said pews should be nailed up, and they were ultimately

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removed. The Magistrates, however, took an early opportunity after the death of King Charles to replace them at the expense of the parish.

P. 44, l. 8.—In September 1663, King Charles II. went with Queen Catherine to Bath, the preparations for this journey being described by Pepys. Sir Alexander Frayer attended them, and finding the hot waters to be “from the same minerals” as those of Bourbon, sent all his patients to Bath instead of to France. Sir Alexander came there again in 1673 and recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth to go there. A lady advised the Duchess to put into the waters she drank coral, crab’s eyes, and pearls, but the Duchess preferred drinking the Bath water “pure et simple.”

P. 99, l. 20.—Emmanuel, Louis Henri de Launai, Comte d’Antraigues, born in 1755 at Montpellier, descended from a Huguenot financier of the time of Henri IV. He was an extraordinarily clever but unscrupulous character, who had a great but equivocal reputation during the *ancien régime*, the Revolution, and the Empire, all of whom he served in turn, and became a political agent in the pay of France, Russia, and England at the same time. Notwithstanding this he counted amongst his intimate friends La Harpe, d’Alembert, Voltaire, Malesherbes, Mirabeau, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Jean Jacques Rousseau; and in England Robertson the historian. He was also much employed by Canning, and according to his own account was a friend of the third Duke of Richmond for thirty-four years. He first made himself known by his celebrated *Mémoires sur les États Généraux*. His correspondence would have filled a library; much of it is to be found in the archives of Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, and London. He married a well-known French actress, who went by the name of Ste. Huberti.

P. 180.—Captain Mark Horace Kerr Pechell, eldest son of Admiral Mark Pechell, was born in 1867 and educated at Eton, where he was immensely popular, and described by one who knew him there as “the nicest fellow imaginable with a great charm of manner.” On leaving Sandhurst he entered the army; in 1888 obtained his commission in the Royal Irish Rifles, from which he was afterwards gazetted to the King’s Royal Rifles. Whilst in India he was A.D.C. to the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, and was equally popular there. When holding an appointment in Egypt, whither he had gone in search of professional experience, he hurried to South Africa at the outbreak of hostilities and arrived only two days before the battle of Dundee, where he met his death on the hills of Glencoe gallantly leading his men to rush the enemy’s entrenchments. A letter from one of his brother-officers says: “If he would only have

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taken care of himself during the battle he would have had a better chance. When we were lining the wall under the crest of the hill he started to storm the hill alone, then finding that no one followed him he came back under a terrific fire, and was shot in less than five minutes." It was said of him that he was an "ideal English officer, of whom his country and his school might well be proud—the bravest of the brave, he did not know what fear was," and "never did a better or a truer specimen of an English gentleman live nor a more gallant soldier ever serve than 'Jack' Pechell."

Although so young—he was only thirty-two when he was killed—he had already seen active service in six campaigns ; he served in the Hazara and Miranzui expedition in 1891, for which he received the medal and two clasps. In 1892 he again saw service in the Isazai expedition, and in 1895 served with the Chitral Relief Force and gained the medal with clasp. He was in the Soudan campaign, being present at the battle of Atbara and at the taking of Khartoum, and in the Nile expedition of 1898, when he was mentioned in despatches.

Only eleven days after the death of Captain Mark Pechell his younger brother, Captain Charles Kerr Pechell, also in the King's Royal Rifles, met his death with equal gallantry during a night sortie at Cannon Kopje, a fort at Mafeking, said to have been a magnificent example of gallant conduct in the field. Captain Pechell was directing the rifle fire from the fort and thereby drew the attention of the enemy to himself. With a detachment of six men, he ranged up from time to time and picked off the Boers with well-aimed volleys, when a shell from them burst and gave him his death wounds. He was buried at Mafeking under cover of darkness. By the light of a "lantern dimly burning" the chaplain, Mr. Weeks, read the service over him, and the notes of the "Last Post" wailed solemnly and sadly over the veldt.

He, too, was a young soldier of exceptional promise and soldierly qualification, whose personal qualities will always serve as a memory and an example. At Eton he was a famous cricketer and a bowler in the first eleven. An Etonian wrote of him as follows: "Blest with an inexhaustible fund of humour, a kind heart, and generous temper, he brought brightness and laughter wherever he went, and never made an enemy in his life—always keeping his exuberant spirits within bounds of courtesy, loyalty, and honour."

As H.R.H. the late Duke of Cambridge wrote to Admiral Pechell, the Pechell family "have the sad consolation of reflecting that these brothers died nobly fighting for their Queen and country," that Queen

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who so touchingly expressed to their father her "deep concern and sorrow at his tragic loss." Indeed, there was something more than tragic in the fate of those two, who in life were so devoted to each other and in death were not divided.

Page 196, line 3.

Speech by Mr. Leszczyński, Vice-Chancellor of the Kingdom of Poland, at the wedding of Mr. Andrew Morsztyn, Referee of the Crown, with Miss Katharine Gordon, celebrated in Warsaw during the sitting of Parliament in 1659.

YOUR MAJESTIES !

Everybody must acknowledge that your power in this world is equal to that of Gods. It is a mistake to suppose that there is a blind goddess who determines the fortune of men. She would be but a poor goddess if she attempted to compete with You, who are our Gods on this earth. You, and you only, are the distributors of good and evil fortune amongst your subjects. It is from your hands that the thunder smites some, whilst the same hands relieve others of their want. According to your decrees do nations disappear from the face of the earth, and yet on a sign from you they are revived. One word from you is sufficient to make any nation illustrious, or to make its name unworthy of mention. You may give to whom you will treasures equal to those of Cræsus, or you may condemn him to perpetual poverty. Briefly: *Ludit in humanis vestra potestas rebus*. All these things may be merely signs of power, and any one can exercise his powers for evil, but, on the other hand, good deeds are characteristic of Gods. And there are many ways in which you can make the lot of a man desirable to him. You can distribute honours, you can make men practically demi-gods by delegating to them some part of your own power, and in this way also you prove yourselves similar to your Lord in that you make creatures similar to yourselves. You distribute wealth, you give whole nations into the perpetual possession of the families of such of your subjects as you love the most. All these things are extraordinary favours, but yet they do not make perfection. And God himself did not think these favours sufficient. After he had given man all the goods of the earth and had made him king thereof, he found it was not enough, and He went further and gave to man a wife, since without her all the world would have been valueless to him. And your Majesties give a vivid example of

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the Maker of All in the persons of this young couple joined together to-day through your bounty. It would seem to any of us that it was enough honour for a young man like the bridegroom to have been admitted as he was to the court of your Majesties. But you, Sire, did not think so, and you further admitted him to your Chancery, where you made him keeper of your signet, and where you allowed him to be in perpetual contact with the most important of your Majesty's work. And here he did not remain for long; your Most Gracious Majesty made him successively ambassador to different Christian monarchs, placing in this way in his hands many important affairs of your own, as well as of this Commonwealth, and I doubt not he always performed his duty to the satisfaction of your Majesty, and proved himself a wise and prudent minister, worthy of imitation. As soon as he came back you entrusted him with the protection of widows and orphans and of all defenceless and poor people, which is the special privilege of your Majesty. And then what more could he desire! And yet to-day, by giving him a wife, your Majesty adds to all his happiness one which exceeds all the fortunes hitherto conferred on him.

And what shall I say about her Majesty the Queen? Did not she behave towards the bride as did your Majesty towards the bridegroom. And, indeed, what is the power of the goddess fortune in comparison with yours may easily be illustrated in this descendant of the Kings of Scotland. She [the goddess] would scarcely have her born in her own country and snatched her from her mother; but it was of no avail, for the young lady found another home in the palace of your Majesty, where she was brought up in the royal chambers, this Capital of all virtues and religion. Your Majesties have really performed miracles in acclimatising to our Polish soil this daughter of distant Britain.

It is usual on similar occasions to praise both families entering into a new relationship and by this to prove that both sides are worthy of each other. But this is out of the question when a man takes a wife from a Royal house. I could of course speak of the extraordinary services rendered to this country by the Morsztyn family, who brought their old arms from foreign countries a long time ago, and have attained here their present position. I could also compare our nobility, whose chief distinction is liberty, with the foreign nobility based upon pride, but *omnis comparatio odiosa*. I could also (if I had not to speak before your Majesties) say that Mr. Morsztyn would be entitled not only humbly to ask for, but also to claim his present wife as he is quite worthy of her, but

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as I have to deal with your Majesties I must only say : *Non sum dignus Domine*. I could then enumerate merits and services, compare them and so on, but I must acknowledge that in comparison with your Majesties *omnia cum fecimus servi inutiles summus*, and therefore I have only one thing to say in the name of Mr. Morsztyn, and that is to thank your Majesties. He thanks therefore most humbly your Majesties for condescending not only to interest yourselves with his personal lot, but also for finding him worthy of your protégée. He sees quite plainly that by giving him his present wife your Majesties give him more than may be given by honours and wealth or anything else invented for the gratification of man. He realises how much he owes to your Majesties, and he knows that he could not pay for it otherwise than by sacrificing for your Majesties his honour and life. At the same time he promises to love, and respect, and protect, during the whole of his life, the lady whom you entrust to him.

P. 199, l. 1.—The French Ambassador wrote to Louis XIV. : “Do not trouble yourself, Sobieski is too fat to sit on a horse and fight.” The Polish King heard of this message. He at once started for Warsaw, and as he rode past the French Embassy in full armour he shouted so loud that all should hear, “Be good enough to send another message to King Louis ; tell him that I have started for Vienna, on horseback and to fight !”

P. 212, l. 19.—The following is a translation of three letters of the Elector Karl Ludwig to Marie Luise Susanne, Baroness von Degenfeldt, and one of hers to him. (From Lünig, *Literæ Procerum Europæ*.)

NO. 1.

“To the most noble maiden MISTRESS MARIA SUSANNA OF
DEGENFELD, TURNAU, AND NEUHAUSEN.

“I would greet thee more frequently by letter, Maria Susanna, if I had the opportunity ; my every hope in life depends on thee ; I love thee more than myself ; my passion cannot be unknown to thee ; my looks and the sighs I uttered in thy presence must have been an indication of my wounded heart. I implore thee to listen, if I open

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my mind to thee. Thy beauty has taken me captive, thy excellent virtue and thy graceful charms, in which thou surpasseth all, hold me prisoner. Hitherto I knew not the meaning of love; it is thou that hast subjected me to the power of Cupid, nor canst thou wonder at my ignorance, since I could never have loved my wife so ardently. The beams from thy eyes, more powerful than those of the sun, have overwhelmed me; I am now thy captive, no longer master of myself; thee I love night and day; I long for thee, I call upon thee, I wait for thee, I think of thee, I hope for thee, I delight myself in thee, my mind is wholly fixed on thee; thou alone canst save, thou alone canst destroy me. Choose one of the two! Let me know thy feelings; let not thy words be more cruel to me than thine eyes with which thou hast fettered me. If thou dost grant my desire, I shall live happily. Shouldst thou refuse, the light of my heart which loves thee more than myself will be extinguished. I commend myself to thee and thy good faith. Farewell, my life and support. Thine only, thine entirely,

“CHARLES LOUIS,
by God’s grace Elector of the Rhenish Palatinate.”

No. 2.

“For the tender hands of the most charming maiden MISTRESS MARIA
SUSANNA, BARONESS DEGENFELD.

“My beloved, thy letter caused me great joy, but it grieves me that thou shouldst think so little of my love; for, although many may love thee, no one’s passion can be compared to mine. But thou dost not believe it, since owing to Charlotte’s cunning I am unable to speak with thee. If I had the opportunity, would’st thou despise me then? But take back thy assertion that all my labour will prove vain. Be not so cruel; be kinder to thy Elector and benefactor if not to thy lover. Should thou persist, thou wilt be my murderess; be assured thou wilt slay me even more easily than another could with the sword. I ask nothing more, save that thou wilt love me in return; there is no obstacle; no one can say thee nay. Say that thou lovest me and make me happy. Thy ring shall never leave my finger; I will moisten it with repeated kisses as a substitute for thyself. Farewell, my darling; grant me the solace that thou canst. Thy devoted

“CHARLES LOUIS, &c. &c.”

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NO. 3.

*“To the most charming LADY MARIA SUSANNA, BARONESS
DEGENFELD, for her dear hands.*

“Greetings to thee.

“Maria Susanna, thy letter has saved me, though not entirely free from bitterness, which I hope thou wilt remove when thou hast heard what I have to say. Thy letter, signed and sealed with thy ring, reached me safely ; I have read it again and again with frequent kisses, and it suggests something at variance with thy former attitude. Thou askest me to cease to love thee, since it would not beseem thee to follow the fires of a stranger’s love, in support thereof alleging instances of maidens who have been betrayed in a style so polished and cultivated that I ought to admire rather than forget thy talents.

“What man is there who would cease to love when he finds his mistress cautious and prudent ? Hadst thou desired to lessen my love, thou shouldst not have displayed thy learning. This will not extinguish the fire, but will only fan the embers into flame. Come now, at last take pity on thy lover, who is melting away like snow before the sun. If thou dost thus punish me who love thee, how will thou treat one who injures thee ? Oh, my salvation and my consolation ! take me into thy favour at last ; write back that I am dear to thee, that is all I desire. Farewell, my hope ! Thine
CHARLES LOUIS.”

The following is the answer of Maria Susanna, Baroness Degenfeld to the previous letters of Karl Ludwig, Elector Palatine :—

*“To the most SERENE ELECTOR PALATINE, CHARLES LOUIS,
DUKE OF BAVARIA, my beloved.*

“No longer can I resist thee, most Serene Elector, nor refuse thee my love ; thou hast conquered ! Now I am thine ; unhappy woman to have received thy letters ! Many dangers must threaten me unless thy good faith and prudence aid me ; see that thou keep thy word. I surrender to thy love ; if thou dost desert me, thou art cruel and a traitor, and most villainous ; it is easy to deceive a poor woman, but the easier, the baser it is. Nothing is settled as yet ; if thou dost desire to leave me, say so, before my passion becomes more inflamed ; let us not begin what we may afterwards regret having begun. We shall always love to the end. I, as is the way of women, see but little. Thou seest,

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and it behoves thee to have a care for both. I give myself to thee, and trust in thy good faith. I will not begin to be thine except I am to be thine for ever. Farewell, my protector.

“*MARIA SUSANNA, BARONESS DEGENFELD.*”

P. 213, l. 14.—The Electress Sophia, in her Memoirs (translated by H. Forester), says: “Worn out at last by his wife’s bad temper, which he had striven vainly for seven years to subdue, the Elector had made up his mind to have a divorce, and to take the Baroness Luise von Degenfeldt in her stead. In a declaration on their separation, the Elector stated that during the whole of their wedded life, especially latterly, his wife’s conduct to him had been uniformly contradictory, disobedient, obstinate, sulky and rebellious, and that, notwithstanding all his patience and long-suffering, she continued in this insufferable and extraordinary frame of mind.” The Electress added that her sister-in-law was very stupid, thinking of nothing besides her clothes, but that she was handsome and idolised by her brother. It was said that she had given any heart she had to Duke Frederick of Würtemberg, and had been forced into the marriage with Karl Ludwig.

P. 213, l. 24.—The Protestant family of Schomberg or Schonberg (as it is in German) was a branch of an ancient German family, and was settled in the diocese of Treves. They had long been associated with the family of the Elector Palatine. When James I. placed his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, under the care of Lord and Lady Harrington at Combe Abbey, her favourite companion was Lady Harrington’s niece, Anne Dudley, daughter of Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley, and this friendship continued till death severed it.

On the occasion of Princess Elizabeth’s marriage with the Elector Palatine, he presented Anne Dudley with a magnificent chain of pearls and diamonds, and the Princess insisted on her coming to Heidelberg as one of her ladies, which she did, but soon after married Comte Jean Meinhardt Schomberg, Grand-Marshal of the Palatinate, and died in December of the same year at the birth of her son Frederick, who became the celebrated General, killed at the battle of the Boyne. Had she lived to see the laurels won by her son, she would have had mixed feelings, in thinking that they were won fighting against a Stuart, the nephew of her beloved mistress.

P. 46, l. 10.—In one the French King writes as follows: “*Vous n’avez pas besoin de semblables conjonctures pour me faire agréer vos*

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lettres. Il suffit qu'elles viennent de vous pour être reçues en tout temps avec beaucoup de distinction. Soyez en bien persuadée et jugez par ce que je viens de faire en votre faveur de ce que vous devez attendre de la continuation de mon estime en d'autres occasions, et c'est de bon cœur que je prie Dieu de vous avoir ma cousine, en sa sainte et digne garde.

"LOUIS."

P. 95, footnote.—This lady is interesting as having been for three years the object of affection of her cousin Lord Edward Fitzgerald. When he proposed to her in 1786 she refused him, but he continued to think of her and lived in hopes of a change in her sentiments. In 1788 he wrote as follows to the Duchess of Leinster: "As long as there is the smallest hope of being happy with G——, it is not possible to be happy with any one else. I never can, I think, love anybody as I do her, for with her I can find no fault; I may admire and love other women, but none can come in competition with her. Dearest mother, after yourself I think she is the most perfect creature on earth."

His hopes received their final blow when, on his unexpected return from America in 1789, he found on reaching his mother's house in Harley Street that a wedding dinner was then actually going on, given by the Duchess of Leinster in honour of the recent marriage of Georgiana Lennox to Lord Bathurst. Lord Edward's arrival at such an inauspicious moment caused no little excitement, and his sister, Lady Sophia Fitzgerald, rushed from the table to stop him from coming in, and thus prevented an embarrassing encounter.

If Georgiana Lennox had favoured his suit, how different in all probability would have been the future of Lord Edward, and a noble, generous, and well-beloved life would probably have been saved, for it was his disappointment that drove him again from home, and he went to Paris, where the pernicious seeds sown in his heart whilst he was in America became so fatally developed.

CORRIGENDA

Page 39, lines 23 and 24, *for* "wished for no better fate" *read* "wished for her no better fate."

Page 51, line 17, *for* "from 1775 till 1788" *read* "from 1675 till 1688."

Page 86, line 22, *for* "a fid of feathers" *read* "a lid of feathers."

Page 103, lines 22 and 28, *for* "Fouchet" *read* "Fouché."

Page 167, line 11, *for* "confirmed" *read* "conformed."

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